MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF THE FUTURE
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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. RICCIOTTO CANUDO WITH A "PRAISE OF MUSIC" BY BARNETT D. CONLAN

T. N. FOULIS
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LIST OF CONTENTS

Preface. . . . . . xi

A PRAISE OF MUSIC. . . . . . xiii
By BARNETT D. CONLAN

MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF THE FUTURE . . . 1
By RICCIOTTO CANUDO
Translated by BARNETT D. CONLAN
PREFACE

Various are the works in which M. Canudo has presented a musical vision of civilization. In his Metaphysical history of Music and in the poetic rendering he has given of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven there is an insight often as profound as anything we meet with in Schopenhauer or Nietzsche.

In the following Essay an attempt has been made to outline the all-important part that Music is destined to take in the creation of an Ideal World of the Future. Multiple are the developments that will give rise to this New Construction of Art, and all have their origin in the tendency that must inevitably arise sooner or later to centralize the spiritual forces of this and the coming epochs. The Essay will perhaps have value if it has but indicated some of these recent and future developments.

BARNETT D. CONLAN

Paris, June 1913
A PRAISE OF MUSIC
BY BARNETT D. CONLAN
LAUS MUSICÆ
A PRAISE OF MUSIC
BY BARNETT D. CONLAN

All great art is an answer to a demand for synthesis, to a desire for some all-comprehensive form in which the spirit of an epoch or a people can find its most adequate expression.

The Egyptians concentrated all the essential qualities of their genius in the framework of a great architecture, and the spirit of Christianity achieved its consummate flower of beauty in the Cathedrals, wherein all the arts and crafts of the Middle Ages are bound up. In these great symphonies of stone, the aspirations and multiple activities of several centuries find their loftiest expression, refining away through a forest of ascendent ornament to the delicate spire symbol of the flame-like nature of spiritual things. In like manner Dante built a cathedral of language, and by the free spirit of his genius vivified the inert mass of learning and imagery stored through the Ages, lifting it to lyric heights where still it glows in ardent music of speech. Rome constructed her highways and Code of Law, finding her real expression in legislation and the march of armed forces. Order and Disorder formed the strophe and antistrophe of her history, nor did she obtain any revelation through Thought or Art as a result of this perpetual ferment. For Civilization would seem to evolve through xv
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

the great discords of Revolution toward the
great harmonies of Art, and when all is in a
state of dissolution, genius is rarely wanting
to set the impress of its style on the restless
mass. Thus the Revolution that arose in France
produced a galaxy of geniuses in all the Arts and
Sciences, the storm-tossed waters of Europe
flowing into the two great waves known as
Napoleon and Beethoven. The first by an all-
pervading style essayed to gather together the
forces of Humanity in the framework of a vast
Form, the form of Government, and in this
he was Artist and Poet supreme; the second
opened out a path to the Unknown in Man,
and Nature, building up an Art that could
pierce out toward the Infinite element in things,
and go further than the calculations of Laplace
or the visions of Herschel.

For Music which is the direct expression
of Life is in perpetual evolution unfurling like
an endless scroll; it advances on the Thought
of each epoch, Thought following with almost
mathematic echo. Subtle; To-day when thought
is subtle, To-morrow it will perhaps thunder
through a great architecture of harmonies re-
sponsive to War. In primitive periods it is vast
and religious, as with Aeschylus, and power-
ful as are all things primitive.

We are at the dawn of a primitive Age, at
an epoch when the truths of all past centuries
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

are in a state of transformation, and the Arts and Sciences together with that essential force in Humanity that comprises Religion are changing their values, enlarging and passing through a series of discords towards new Harmony. For in Life there can be no finality, and just as in great Music one harmony follows another, so in Art, which is the spiritual flame of all civilization, “Change,” is the first law, the perpetual movement of which gives rise to discord and brings about the constant misunderstanding that ever surrounds the birth of new Art.

In the written word lies almost all knowledge, and the abuse of it is the path to disorder, religious, political, and social misunderstandings arising for the most part from a misuse of terms, that is from a lack of Art, the lack of perhaps the most fundamental among the Arts—that of Words. For Truth being a thing essential, impersonal, and mathematic changes not, and there can be thus no “destruction” of Creeds. A belief that arose from a direct or intuitive grasp of the Essential in Nature remaining a Constant, which evolves through a perpetual change of Expression or Aesthetic. Egyptian Art symbolizes almost all the great mathematic truths that have been cast up to the surface of the Conscience since the Sphinx and Pyramid, and which were then universally ex-

xvii
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

pressed in great Art rather than hidden away in books. The sum of our Conscious knowledge must at all periods be a constant, and no real increase of Truth results from an accumulation of the "particular," the "detailed," or the "personal."

We can microscopically analyse a flower, but it is impossible that we add to its essential significance by this process, what truths result from it being identical in another form of expression with the revelation given perhaps many centuries ago in the musical speech of some poet. The vast Law of Compensation and of Contrast, the law that exacts for every joy its precise amount of misery, for every influx of Life the mathematic outflow of Death, swings throughout the whole of Nature unswervingly, implacably, and unerringly ensuring for every gain a loss and for every advance a retreat.

This is the Music of Nature that we are ever seeking to avoid with the result of Discord. Music may some day invade the regions where this vast and all-pervading Law has its most concentrated expression, and then Humanity will glide surely to another conception of Life, its Conscience sweeping on strong wings to a higher plane.

Those who consider the great Musical Art of Greece, and the spirally ascending Ideal of Christianity as things of the Past, things
A PRAISE OF MUSIC
stroyed by the unyielding onmarch of Time, risk a superficial view of Life.

For the essence of Christianity must be eternal, since it is mathematic, and if its notes have often been shrill and fierce, they were required in order to break the circular harmony that was the Synthesis given by Greek Art, and to create a Music of the Will more symphonic and Indicative of the Infinite.

The real genius of Greece, like that of Christianity, must be ever present since it rests in humanity in just the same way as humanity rests in Nature, but the "classical" vision that erudition has created is often so petrified and stereotyped as to completely obscure for us the true musical magnificence of the hellenic civilizations. We have come to image them in the perfection of frozen marble when the essence of their spirit is an ever-moving harmony. Music, then, and not the Olympian marble, best represents the true spirit of Greece, not because the Olympian calm is motionless, but because our lack of intellectual harmony to-day prevents us from seeing the immense life and perpetual movement that the framework of this great calm enclosed. The discordant but piercing genius of Nietzsche strove to liberate Europe from the superficiality of the erudite and "classical" tradition. Wavering in a flux of discord between the contrast of a Dionysian life of fren-
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

zied lyric quality and Apollonian calm he produced a work essentially synthetic and poetic, but one which must always appear extravagant and violent. Lacking the great inner calm and harmony of Goethe he cut asunder the veil of the Future with the keen blade of piercing hate, the hate of the academic or lifeless vision of Art.

We of to-day stand before what is evidently the Dawn of a Century of Art, and if the nineteenth century was analytic and mechanic in the disposition of its forces, the twentieth century will in great part be artistic. For Art is ever the supreme force in all civilization; and Christianity in its widest and most influential periods such as that of the Cathedrals expressed itself through the greatest Art.

Beauty, as Goethe perceived, contains the “Good,” and since Beauty is always the harmonizing of powers that would otherwise prove dangerous and discordant, the “Good” must necessarily be a manifestation of great power. The decadence of words and a superficial view of Christianity has brought about quite another significance, and the “Good” has now become a synonym of what is deficient. Beauty then is a harmony of immense power, a music of forces flowing through the lines of a perpetual control or style. Thus it is perhaps no coincidence that when Keats died his mask bore
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

a remarkable resemblance to that of Napoleon.

In some ways it is premature to speak of a Musical Religion of the Future, since many may imply from such a title a violent negation of Christianity. No such denial can be of any value to-day, and what value there may have been in it can be found in all Nietzsche's work, which, profound though it be in its purpose, often for reason of this excessive denial runs being personal, partial, and superficial.

Alexander Pope, who can almost claim the palm of pedantry in poetry, seems nevertheless to have written a masterpiece in four words:—"whatever is, is right." For it is certain that the straight road to Truth lies along the supposition that whatever has existed or exists, whether it be desirable or no, has a very mathematical reason for its existence. The Will of Man cannot be contrary to the Will of Nature, since even in his most spiritual activity he is yet a phenomenon, a part of Nature, nor can Christianity itself be out of harmony and in any way separate from Nature, being both an essence and a phenomenon like sunrise or starlight. Genius also is a natural flowering of psychologic forces which in many ways do not differ from other flowers. Thus Shakespeare, like all of us a compound of Earth, Air, and Sun, was in a very natural way
The one consummate flowering of Force that his epoch produced, nor has his influence ceased being yet an organic power, entering into the thought and speech of millions that have perhaps a very limited knowledge of his work or none whatever. Unconsciously he has come to form a texture of their intellectual being, just as the air, invisible though it be, forms the nature of the blood.

For humanity resembles the sea, which, when once it has given rise to some great wave, repeats the forms of the wave through all its waters.

It is the arbitrary severing of the different activities into Science, Art, Philosophy and Literature, etc., that produces our partiality and intellectual bias. For Science, under whatever division it presents itself, is incomplete if considered as a mode of perception in contra-distinction or opposition to the other modes of Knowledge. In its original sense of "Scientia" it was all-comprehensive, and if to-day there is discord between it and the very fundamental and mathematic truths of Christianity, it is not only because these truths in their infinitely mysterious simplicity are misunderstood, but because a general decadence in the value of terms, and words, has brought about quite another significance of them.

In the following essay, Art is said to have...
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

created Religion; in a sense this is so, although its truth is quicker apprehended by a metaphysic rather than an historic survey. For in all Art the content is one and indivisible, that is organic, and we can no more translate the idea of a tree into another form than we can separate the intellectual content of an Art from its expression. Thus Art should be organic and beyond the intellect, a phenomenon of Nature, not a product of the schools.

Art and Religion are for ever inseparable, and since Art is ever in perpetual evolution, Religion is likewise. Thus it transforms, but in essence does not change. To those acquainted with the mathematic truth of the Egyptian symbols, and with the mythology and musically magical Art of Greece, the doctrines of Christianity are at once seen to be the same. They cannot live without Art however, Art of fine speech, and of Musical adoration or sentiment, since humanity can never attain to a sight of Rhythm or Harmony through an expression that is itself a low Art power and lack of Beauty. The Greeks presented their vision of what was most desirable in Destiny, through Beauty of gait, of rhythm of imagery, and Harmony, and the Influence of their work is still very vital and real. The New Testament is full of great poetry and immense insight into the fatal laws of Nature, so on another plane xxiii
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

is Æschylus, and it is this change of Art-planes that creates the illusion of opposition where nothing but pure continuity exists as is ever the case with Nature. The words of Christ in the original Greek as they were transcribed by his listeners have the force of great Art; their power is a simplicity and Christianity took its birth in them. From the simplicity of this language to the symphonic complications of a Cathedral is but a process of Art evolution, the spirit that pervaded both forms of expression being one in its origin.

In a similar way the lyric element that inspired the melody of a Sicilian shepherd boy in the time of Theocritus was not different from that which gave rise to the Ninth Symphony, nor was his Art in some ways less complicated. For the Ninth Symphony on another plane attains this simplicity or unity, and is probably no more complicated when compared with a pastoral air than the world is when measured with a grain of sand, and this we shall see, the day we are capable of gauging the Infinitely small with the same surety that we gauge our own plane.

Music, like Religion, like all the Arts and ascendent efforts of humanity, proceeds direct from Nature, and the very simplicity of this truth is reason for its frequent eclipse.

Poetry by a direct and intuitive grasp of
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

Truth has hitherto been the arch-power of Man in his ascensional march; it alone has defied time by a Form of Expression, for the Pyramids and the Sphinx will have gone when Æschylus and Homer are still preserved and read. Being identical with its form, like Music itself, it reaches beyond Thought into a region where all is organic and complete as in a flower or a star cluster. Thus the philosophic treatises that have for Centuries been poured out by Literature to explain the Divina Commedia, and those that the coming centuries will produce as interpretations of Faust, resemble guide-books that endeavour to initiate us into the complex and symphonic beauty of a Cathedral or the great and powerful harmonies of an Egyptian temple. For the great poem is outside of "Literature," and work such as that left us in the Apocalypse, in Æschylus and Dante, is beyond Thought, being a music of Thought that the thinking of twenty centuries has not altogether penetrated.

Such work by reason of its vast life must necessarily contain an inspiration of Nature, Æschylus being but a medium through which this immense force concentrated itself.

Science may some day come to recognize that Poetry, by reason of its musical origin, must mathematically contain great Truth, for it is a lyric evocation of Truth, a speech of Nature.

xxv
A PRAISE OF MUSIC
capable of explaining why and how a rose exists. The immense advance made by minute research into the domain of Matter and its laws to-day confirms the musical revelation made by Sophocles some two thousand years ago in a chorus splendid in its worship of the powers of Man:—

"θεός τε τῶν ζωτικῶν, Γαῖα"—
"Earth first, among the Powers of Heaven"—
a vision of the spiritual force of the Earth radiating through all its million forms, an energy that attains to its swiftest and freest life in the high, durable, and divining Arts.

That Man, in the future, may obtain such powerful spiritual radiation, within or without him, as to pass beyond the atmosphere of the Earth and invade the interstellar spaces, is by no means uncertain. It is far more certain that at the epoch when this occurs and becomes "practical" all surprise at such power will have passed away into the winding sheet of Familiarity. For Humanity is ever protected by the veil of Familiarity, which it casts like a cloak over every step gained in the Unknown, and thus treads across the Abyss of its Destiny on the stretched cord of the Reason, or far more often on a very sure plank of Banality. This unawakened condition of the Mind, to the immense tragedy and music of things, may be a very mathematic necessity, for insight is born
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

of much ignorance, and the state of ignorance may be no more than a storing of vital energy which the great Artist spends in order to Reveal. Thus great Artists as Nietzsche saw are spendthrifts absorbing the accumulated energies of mankind and spending them through a Form.

Great visionary poets rend asunder the veil of the Unknown, with the sharp invincible steel of the Imagination. They open up a road, and Reason, with her army of scientists, rushes in, led on not necessarily by poetry, but by the general intellectual rhythm wherein Poetry is the advance guard. There is little doubt that in the Centuries to come the symbolic language of the Apocalypse will be found "scientifically" justified, and the most fantastic dreams of the poets become practical. Perhaps it is more important to recognize that these powers of divination are nourished rather than diminished by the scientific or relative spirit, and that the "divine" in Man, or his intuitive power of divining Truth, is for ever in the van of his Reason.

Imagination, like some intrepid leader, advances fearlessly into the Future, holding high the torch of its enthusiasm to illumine, like Fire in the Night of Time, the unending, untravelled, paths of the Unknown. Once we can regard Man as the most subtle and consequent-xxvii
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

ly the most powerful emanation of Nature, we shall see that nothing can enter the realm of Imagination that has not realization as its raison d'être. Poetry in its own synthetic phase, that of Religion, has for centuries advanced far beyond sight of the reasoning faculty, and it is the immense effort of the latter to follow on what is but a parallel track that has created the illusion that Science is destructive of Religion and of the Ideal.

Religion, however, be its expression what it may, will fast retake its own march, and the swift, keen sword of the Intuitive Spirit once more gleam and marshal mankind to the gates of Mystery. For the Spirit governs by right of might, and the day is perhaps not far when psychologists will show how the spiritual power of individuals varies between them as greatly as the radiation of a grain of radium varies from a grain of sand. Such alone can explain how a Jean d'Arc could lead armed hosts where captains and kings could not take them.

From time to time we can see the multiple forces of Humanity, which mostly spend themselves through varied channels of activity, converge to some such focus as Patriotism or Religion. The result is a high poetry, since the essence of all Beauty is a harmony or unity of forces flowing through the framework of some unique purpose.
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

Thus War, in certain of its aspects, is highly poetic, a tragic poetry no doubt, yet none the less a stimulant of high morality.

For the emotional flame in humanity, which in time of peace flickers mostly through an harmony or discord of personal relations, unites in time of War into a pyramid of Fire seething up into that vast Impersonal unity known as Patriotism.

Thus War, like Religion, is also a great Music, sweeping the million centres of limited power and personal influence into one all pervading circle of patriotism, from which the hopes and aspirations of a whole people sweep in a cone of flame toward the high uplifted point of focus.

It is evident to all whose ears are susceptible to sincerity, that the word “Morality” has lost what sense or sound it originally may have had as something pleasant or desirable in itself. Patched and withered like a dry leaf, in the winds of hypocrisy, it remains the skeleton of its former self. And yet the essence of Morality is in Harmony, a music that guards against the excessive movement of Force, Passion or Misery being often but a violent spending and storing of forces that could otherwise be musically acquired or measured out. Thus the thousands that are forced in all great industrial cities to follow a daily life, wholly out of tune with
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

their intellectual or spiritual powers, will find in Music an open door that leads out from that hell of spiritual destruction and steady stagnation of all the highest faculties, known as "Routine."

That this has already occurred is shown by the fact that the great industrial centres are ever those most appreciative and desirous of possessing Music.

Almost all the Western races remain essentially "practical," and this even in their religious aspirations. For the adoration of what is useful or tends to the acquiring of well-being is a tacit religious instinct of the million, and Music can answer this demand with the same surety with which it replies to the highest and most subtle aspirations of spiritual refinement.

It is essentially practical or applicable, whether it be through the rhythmic refrain that facilitates the manning of a ship, or the shifting of an iron bar, or the symphony that sets in order the inner discord daily arising from the short and broken rhythms of what is called "city life!"

For Harmony is the goal of all power and all action, just as Beauty in its widest significance is the only high end to the striving of wealth, and has ever been the flower of all-powerful civilizations. There can be no Progress without Harmony, for it alone is the most powerful...
A PRAISE OF MUSIC

disposition of Force and Man by his instinct, for power marches ever towards it. And Evil, which in large part is a necessity, will always exist until harmonized by opposing forces and by a Morality which is purely mathematic in its surety of balance. Music alone, since it is the most essential of the Arts, can transform the discordant complicated Life of to-day into a complicated harmony.

In this it will act like Nature, which is ever opposing contrast to contrast, keeping the disc of Day harmoniously opposed to the cone of Night, that would otherwise advance on us as an irreparable disaster.

Paris, June 1913.
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF THE FUTURE
"Reglas de Músicas sonoras" (Espronceda)
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF THE FUTURE PART ONE

The Traditions of our race have handed down to us Religious Forms of the greatest beauty, and we have inherited those Ceremonies and Ideals which from the springtime of Hellas to the Autumn of Christianity approach nearest to the aesthetic principles at the foundation of all Religion. For Religion is ever the Esthetic of an epoch or a series of epochs, and in the glow of a new era we have seen religious forms of the purest tradition fade to the thin ivory tints of winter.

During the nineteenth century several generations of Revolutionary politicians confounded Politics and Philosophy. This low error was committed by the politicians, those vague mediators between the Artist Philosopher and the mass of the people who serve him much as the actor serves the writer.

They are not to be held responsible, however, for their faulty ideas, for their unique task was to please the people and to be lacking voluntarily or not, both in ideas and in culture, in a word in intellectual dignity. Unfortunately the Revolutionary spirit, the sombre nineteenth century Spirit of the "Rights of Man," invaded also the domain of Philosophy, Literature and Art. To-day we can judge otherwise of these materialistic and democratic "Truths of the nineteenth century." Truths that pro-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

ounced the death sentence of Idealism, and culminated in the Non-Art of Realism.

For Idealism is neither a Philosophical system, nor a scheme of Morality, but the effort to overcome the obstacles and limitations which the world of the Actual opposes to the world of the Spirit. It is an effort, individual or collective, towards the World of the Intangible. An effort to pass beyond the world of the Real, to the immaterial region of the Ideal. The most beautiful things are for the most part the least tangible, and if the form of the Christian religion be broken a new religious development is necessary to satisfy the sublime efforts of the Idealist.

The ceaseless expansion that we see in the religious restlessness of to-day seems to show that its tendency is toward a new and absolute value of Life. At all ages the value of Life has been estimated, but this Age so strangely composed of Rationalism and Individualism has found no value for it.

Formerly there existed a number of moral values. They are now forgotten, and the effort of Nietzsche to create new ones is not yet crowned with success.

For the moral work of Nietzsche, like all prophetic work, resembles those climbing plants, such as the ivy, that never attain to their full development but advance constantly into space.
THE FUTURE    PART ONE

In this they symbolize the Soul which ever progresses towards a future that, existing only in the Will, never attains to realization, since Tomorrow when realized becomes To-day.

Nietzsche's work then is one that brings to us a formidable promise of the Future, and exhausts itself in a Present that endures for centuries. It is the work not so much of an overheated brain as of a prolonged torment and anguish, for the "Moral of the Strongest," the only sincere moral formula that humanity can construct, had divided the thoughts of thousands from the Greeks to Machiavelli, and from Machiavelli to Stürmer, to finally take birth from the great tormented soul of Nietzsche. Humanity has perhaps at last arrived at a degree of maturity that allows this formula to be taught, the only moral formula that Nature can suggest, and one which fear alone prevents men from accepting. But as Zoroaster said, "Fire has power over wood."

To recreate the moral values of Life then, it would be necessary to change the sentimental tendencies of the World.

The most popular writers and those that every true artist should hold rigorously in check only appear before the public so long as their appeals to sentiment are constant. Against such stiflers of energy we must rear heroic scaffoldings and construct a new conception of senti-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

ment that is based on the modern doctrine of
the “Selection of the Instincts.”

For the development of the Individual does
not consist in the gradual suppression of the In-
stincts, that is of all those organic powers of at-
traction and repulsion that exist between one
being and another, and whose two extremes are
Asceticism and Hedonism. For Asceticism
holds them all in check, Hedonism exalts them
all, and yet without these extremes all of them
can be accepted, and the work of their selection
should be one of the highest functions of the
Will.

Thus by the aid of new moral values, the great
currents of sympathy and antipathy which are
as much at the foundation of the moral as of
the sexual life will be definitely regulated.

To acquire this Power of Selection we must
learn both to love and hate the Instincts recog-
nizing the profound dualism that exists be-
tween the mind and the sexual organization,
and that the blending of these two produces the
secondary function we call Sentiment. Thus we
can compose the new Code of Sentiment and
Moral Values which our conception of life to-
day requires.

Such a Code could never satisfy, however,
our highest desires and our frequent need to
plunge as it were into the great oceans of Hu-
manity. For this we have to again kindle the
THE FUTURE    PART ONE

mystic flame of a vast spiritual communion, and to forget the daily contingencies of our existence, and the perpetual analysis of our separation one from another if we are to attain to those vast syntheses where humanity, mingled together in what is deepest in its nature, discovers that sublime force of collectivity out of which every Renaissance of Art is born. For our Individual sensibility exasperated by our critical faculty has lost all power of ecstasy, and this it is that we must regain since it alone is fruitful in great ideas, in great and heroic works.

In a word, we require that Power of Oblivion which religions at all times have reserved for their faithful, and to forget the world without us, which our Will directs badly or not at all. We require to mingle with these vast innerwaves of the multitude in perfect spiritual communion, and thus receive from it an ocean of strength.

At all epochs we are in need of that surplus energy that the multitude can always give to the individual, so as to arrest the spiritual dispersion that creates our discontent and nourishes the poisoned flowers of Individualism. Finally we have to create a new way of oblivion for which no moral values will suffice since the ecstasy they yield is poor when compared with that all-powerful fire we are in search of, and which aesthetic values alone can supply.

For the value of Life does not consist at some
Music as a Religion of

would pretend in a certain relation between ourselves and the things of the material world, but rather in the concentration of our highest tendencies towards some vast synthesis of our desires.

To the Aesthetic rather than to the Moral world, then, is it that we have to look for a new way of Oblivion.

Part Two

A curious genealogy, and one at all times apparent, although rarely established, is this, Aesthetic creates Religion and Religion creates Morality. The need for expression, for synthetic outlining and then for evocation, which is the soul of Aesthetic, always reveals itself in a religious form; whilst the necessity of living wisely and practically according to the law exacted by Aesthetic and a formal Religion determines those special relations between man and man that we call Morality.

Our epoch has necessarily confused and separated all these values, destroying the framework of the spectacle and rending it into two forms completely separate one from the other—the Theatre and the Museum. Likewise it has destroyed the religious Code extracting certain chapters from it, to publish them abroad under the heading of “The Rights of Man.”
THE FUTURE PART THREE

PART THREE

From the commencement of the Revolutionary Period all these elements have been officially separated. The sentiment of Aesthetic has been divorced from the traditional Religious Sentiment, and Morality has been separated from Religion.

But a phenomenon has recently appeared which has had a profound influence on the most advanced intellects of the day. The need for a religious synthesis has become more and more profound as can be seen by the natural mysticism both of landscape and of the human figure, which no longer form parts of the religious conception of the Age but have become desirable for their own sakes.

The leading artists of to-day reveal to us a mystic development which with the increasing subtlety of their technique is making itself more and more felt. The signs of this awakening are innumerable, and all naturally appear in the region of Aesthetic.

We have reason to believe that these symptoms are also those of an awakening Morality, and that from the spiritual fermentation of to-day the new religious synthesis that we require will arise.

In Nature we see but one moral law, that of the secret aspiration of every organism to-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
wards its highest point of subtilization towards
that state of being which is constantly aspiring
to the condition of fire.

It is this aspiration that causes the metaphysic sap of the world to rise from the stone
to the plant, from the plant to the animal, and
on to Man and to the Thought of Man, vibrat-
ing like the light.

On the other hand the Moral force of Hu-
manity is but the sum total of the conventional
liberties established between one individual
and another, and admitted and enforced by the
majority.

Morality, therefore, which is always in a state
of evolution, can never be more than a State
function.

To-day its transformation has become al-
most violent, although the setting of ancient
morality, crystallized into hypocrisy, yet per-
sists in the lower spheres of society, and in those
badly cultivated, whether they be of a formal
aristocracy or of the people. The last phase of
this transformation is perhaps the most primit-
ive. From abnegation, hope, and charity, we
have passed to the rights of the individual based
on a false conception of equality and carried
out by the contrary principle of the develop-
ment of each according to his own nature.
Thus from a moral theory based on Renuncia-
tion we have passed to that of absolute non-
THE FUTURE PART THREE

renunciation, and it is this contrast between the efforts of supreme individual affirmation and the collectivist tendencies of Society that is responsible for all the radical evils of our epoch.

Either Morality, then, or Aesthetic must suddenly mount to such a degree of abstraction as to give rise to a new religious conception and Morality as we see is incapable of it, since the relations between one individual and another which are becoming more and more of a practical nature exclude all communication with the Ideal.

Every effort, individual and collective, tends more and more to confirm that Morality diminishes the field of vision of the Ideal, since its ruling principle is one of instant well being. Of the three moral values of Christianity, Faith and Hope have been abolished, whilst Charity, which left sufficient liberty to individual initiative, has been replaced by the right of the Many, and is now tending to be, more and more codified.

Such a Morality can therefore never possess sufficient power of abstraction to raise the Ideal to the height of a general idea, and so transport it even outside the realm of Morality itself, a necessary condition if it is to be religious and to form part of that vaster plan in which it becomes but a sublimated element.
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
Aesthetic then can alone attain to this indefinite enlarging of the Ideal in which Thought becomes mingled with the religious idea and sensation becomes fused into Sentiment, and it alone seems capable to us of directing the vague metaphysic tendencies of our time into a definite religious faith.

For Religious faith is the governing principle, the unique direction imparted to the multiple mental and sentimental life of a collectivity and unanimously accepted by it, and such a faith is alone capable of imposing a style to the total life of any epoch.

PART FOUR

Religion is always a manifestation of Art, although the contrary has often been erroneously held, for Myth is derived from Art and does not create it. The Art faculty being the expression of the abstract faculties the religious aspect of the Universe is necessarily an aspect of Art.

This aspect is particularly governed by the conception of the Future which must always remain a pure abstraction for us, knowing as we do of but one Reality—the Past.

The Future can only exist, then, in the imaginations of those who create it, dispose of it, and regulate it, discounting beforehand the in-
THE FUTURE  PART FOUR

fluence of those past events which are at the basis of all human experience.

Beforehand! is it not precisely there that resides the force of the Future, and is it not the work of a poet to imagine it?

For the vegetable world the Future can have no existence, and we do not know that it exists for the animal world. Humanity, on the contrary, such as it is constituted, could not live except in a perpetual withdrawal from the Present and in ceaseless calculations on the Future. We cannot live without Art; which by its power of laying hold on all forms comes to give expression to our faculties of abstraction.

Religion, then, is an aspect of the Future, whilst Science, that deals only with the Past, is built up of experience not yet composed into concepts.

Science, by constantly asserting Experience, writes History, and in the course of Time is being constantly rendered obsolete. It is the apotheosis of the accomplished fact, which it regards as perpetually existing and the Future as an infinite repetition of it.

Religion, on the contrary, is an aspect of Art. From the earliest times until to-day, the religious aspect of Art has been determined by the special tendencies of each epoch, by its epic temperament, by its force of resistance to the terrible contingencies of Nature, and by the
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

conscience of its physical and moral health, that is, by its courage.

Thus the religions of Persia, Egypt and Greece only differed in degree in the degree of serenity with which each fixed the fleeting movement of the human countenance, whether in the formless masses of sacred granite or in the living marble. At all ages Man has revealed the power of his artistic dream by the creation of religious ceremonies in which he has transfigured and magnified his own force; at all ages he has worshipped himself in giant stature, every religious manifestation resolving itself into an heroic adoration of Man. Thus he created his Gods, and later those Heroes of Christianity the Saints, not so as to gain belief in his strength (which would have then been an Art fiction) but in order to increase it. During the last three Centuries in which the Christian faith has declined, man has become egoistic without self adoration. In the Theatre he commenced to blend the Profane with the Sacred, creating a sentimental and pastoral form of the Spectacle, which by degrees absorbed all his representative faculties, and eventually evolved into the Lyrical Drama. He commenced then to regard Nature freely, by representing her in the plastic Arts without any admixture of the religious idea, in this way breaking the mould of the religious conception which had compelled Titian
THE FUTURE  PART FIVE

one of the greatest worshippers, pure and simple, of the human figure, to find sacred subjects whereby to justify his paintings of the Nude. Thus the Landscape and the Portrait resulted largely from the downfall of the Christian sentiment.

To-day our force of artistic abstraction has been so transformed that we can conceive of a Religion that has no definite precepts nor any human standard, a Religion that possesses neither spiritual outline nor form, nor expresses any idea of collectivity.

PART FIVE

It is certain that the secret of all Art and consequently of all Religion resides in the faculty of Self-Oblivion. An absorption into all beings and all things is necessary to the health of the spirit. No Age has resisted this necessity when it has presented itself, whilst all epochs of transition have suffered from the lack of it.

A New Religion then must be necessarily without form, and of an abstraction so perfect that Music alone among the Arts of to-day is capable of creating it. The psychical action of Art and religion must be clearly understood, nor must we confuse Religion and Mysticism.

For Mysticism is a form of Sensibility, of the Sensibility open to the innumerable and all-

15
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
powerful currents of the formless life that surrounds us, and to the sway of those indeterminate forms that the mind only has glimpses of, and can only apprehend through intuition, having neither sight nor control of them.

It is the Sensibility, touched confusedly by these complex states of the Soul, that influences the Acts and determines the Conscience, and Religious movements, being a canalization of these hidden currents, are thus a sort of mystic "modus vivendi."

During periods of Religious transition, such as ours, we frequently see an unformulated mysticism breaking out into morbid manifestations which have as their object a Self-Oblivion, not merely of the personality but also of the individuality.

The Contemplation of a Work of Art is a projecting of the personality more or less completely into an exterior harmony, and Music is the art, which the most completely imposes this projection, casting over the captive and attentive listener a veil of deep Self-Oblivion.

Presenting to the mind no known forms nor exact concepts it does not narrow the faculty of sensation to Thought or Sentiment, but permits the listener to plunge to those extreme depths where his personality is drowned.

Music does not create "Ex Nihilo," nor does it offer a vision of the Universe drawn...
THE FUTURE   PART FIVE

from individual or collective experience, but
gives rise to certain states of the soul in which
the personal sensibility of the listener attains
to the limits of his imagination. In like manner
it can plunge a multitude into a state of har-
mony and Oblivion, thus exercising a collective
function, at the same time leaving the utmost
liberty to the spirit of the individual.

If one should apply the Cartesian Theory,
which assumes that to arrive at Truth we must
first forget all accepted theories and then re-
construct them afresh from our own mind, we
can see how Music is the only Art that would
permit of this.

For the spirit thus absorbed by Music comes
near to all Truth, to the form even of Truth,
being divested of its individual characteristics,
and free of all normal restrictions and personal
constraint.

Under no matter what conditions it appear
historical, ethical, or lyrical, its perfect identity
with the ruling principle of the world is made
manifest and revealed. By Music let it be under-
stood that we refer to pure Music and not to
that which is so often diluted and weakened by
a dramatic libretto or a symphonic programme.

If the listener then perceives forms and re-
cognizes ideas during the musical seance, such
forms and ideas arise from his personality and
surpass by far those obtained from any of the
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

other arts, which are always limited by the
reason. In this way Music produces an abso-
lute oblivion of the personality, for the forms
suggested by it arise from the individuality and
not from the personality of the listener, that is,
from the most powerful faculties, those which
he possesses in common with all humanity
which are alone in relation with what is im-
personal and eternal.

PART SIX

to-day Music can give us this indispensible
condition of Oblivion which all Religions have
bestowed on their faithful. For it can offer us
direct communion with Nature through the
most hidden of our senses, that of Number, and
crook all forms through the power of rhythm.

From the Greek hymn of five notes, and from
the broad Gregorian consonances to the most
subtle of modern dissonances, Music by means
of the slow but sure enriching of recognized
harmonies has developed by a self complica-
tion resembling that of Society itself.

Contrarily to what has arrived to the other
Arts—Poetry excepted, which is a form of Mu-
sic—its technical evolution has been that of its
very essence, whilst the technical evolution of
the plastic arts has had no necessary relation
with the intensity of life that they represent.
THE FUTURE PART SIX

The Primitives of Painting, for instance, are far more intense than many great painters of succeeding epochs; on the other hand Adam de la Halle is greatly inferior to Wagner. Music then has evolved on the same principles as Commerce, which, although in most ways opposed to it, is none the less based also on calculation. Both have evolved in accordance with the numerical progress of the world. The simple exchange of a few articles between man and man has now reached the scientific importance of modern economy with its formidable complications, and by a similar progress the forest cries of primitive man have evolved into the harmonies of modern music, into our highly complicated science of counterpoint of harmony and of fugue.

As a result the expressive power of Music has reached such a degree of intensity, and our minds, consequently, in creating it, that today it is capable of carrying us into deep gulf of Oblivion, where it can hold us as long and as powerfully as any religion has ever held us, and in this way replace our lost sense of Oblivion.

For by answering to our contemporary religious impulses which as yet remain unsatisfied, it can become all-powerful. Its action already is beginning to be felt, and the great sphonic seances that rapidly increase in
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
numbers show how the public is becoming more
and more faithful to Music.

That weekly concerts of pure music gain
such countries as Italy, still rooted in the anci-
ent cult, and still refractory to the enjoyment of
modern music, is a proof of the answer that Mu-
sic gives to the mysterious and agitated demand
made by the mysticism of the modern world.

Both in literature and in philosophy Ma-
terialism commences to slacken its hold, and
without labelling the literary movement that is
to follow as idealist, we can see that among the
Arts of to-day Music alone represents itself as
the supreme consolation offered to those over-
whelmed at the sight of a mysticism unsatisfied
and defeated.

No sectarian solution that appeals to faith or
to the intelligence can be of any use to us, what
we require is a formless abstraction with tor-
rents of light and valleys of shadow, in which
we can at our leisure recognize those forms
which it pleases us to prefer. And they will be
those which come nearest to our mystic in-
stincts, those which are the least definite and
the least revealed. For we have need of a Re-
ligion without ritual, and this Music alone can
furnish, by casting over us those waves of Ob-
vion in which we can renovate the world of
our daily sensations, ideas, and immediate pre-
occupations, by forgetting them.
THE FUTURE  PART SEVEN

Thus we shall appease our fiercest and most burning psychical needs by plunging them into the world of the Formless, and communicating with all the scattered forces in the universe of Harmony. And after a long musical religious culture, after long years during which the human spirit will transform itself according to some as yet unknown form, imposed by the unforeseen contingencies of musical Chaos, and after whole generations have appeased their profound religious desires in it, someone will perhaps arise and set free new forms.

PART  SEVEN

RELIGION in the sense attributed to it by the Ancients will be born of Music. Numerous activities as yet scarcely sketched out will contribute to this event, activities as yet hardly revealed, such as, for instance, the Art that tends more and more to the explanation of music.

With the exception of Edouard Schuré, who has set himself to give an explanation of Wagner's music, and the writer, who has given a vision of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, few artists have, so far, applied themselves to this form of writing. Nevertheless, a great many poets have for long written poems, inspired by certain pieces of music, and these are almost all valuable as explanatory sketches.

21
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

The spiritual labour of several generations, concentrated in producing not an explanation that evolves into a musical guide or a psychological critique, but in a sincere and moving expression of the vision suggested by the music, cannot but create an altogether new literary activity which some day a great intellect possessing immense power of synthesis will coordinate into a new and total vision of the Universe. Thus through Music he will come to construct a new system of Religion.

Up to then, Music will have conferred on us its wonderful gift of Oblivion, deepening the mystic gulf where the most restless spirits and those most sensible to the call of Evolution seek untiringly.

For the creation of a Temple of Music is doubtless at hand, and such Temples already exist in an elementary and imperfect form in all the large cities. Their directors are for the most part occupied by purely material considerations, and care little for an apostleship of which they are as yet scarcely conscious, or of the great part they are called upon to play.

In the fierce complexity of modern life great musical additions alone can offer an oasis to our constant spiritual activity. For the epoch is one consecrated to calculation and to a terrible expansion of all the individual instincts attracted by one unique worship —
THE FUTURE PART SEVEN

that of gold. Thus the value of life exists only in relation to the price the majority assigns it, and whilst the rivers of gold that drain every form of human activity formerly poured into the vast spiritual ocean of religion, to-day the pilgrimage is toward rivers that are devoid of any destination being no more than torrents breaking over rocky valleys.

We have need of a new Ocean and we have set out on its discovery ever since the fatality of time caused us to lose track of the old ocean of religion, which thousands will agree with us has disappeared from the surface of our psychical life.

For three centuries we have been journeying towards an Ocean of Music and have finally caught a glimpse of its sparkling in the new dawn. And it is perhaps due to the refinement of the modern Spirit and to the wonderful subtlety of our intuitive and expressive faculties that we owe this search for Music as a religious power capable of dominating us.

For we are seeking a religion that renders nothing precise, and one which neither demands that Faith be sanctioned by Reason or that Reason be submitted to Faith. To-day we have arrived at a state of culture that allows the soul (which is the sum total of our mentality and sentimentality) to obtain from Music that sublime joy of oblivion that our ancestors
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
possession by their faith in another life.

Such a deep musical enjoyment would be
free of all those contemplative or sentimental
qualities that figure in ancient myths and an-
cient religions. One may see this at the great
symphonic seances dedicated to Beethoven,
who is now surrounded by an aureole akin to
that of the Saints, and whose masque, of which
a million copies are scattered broadcast, con-
centrates its white intensity in the corner of
many an artist's studio.

At such seances, especially if they be en-
hanced in value by a great orchestra or a great
conductor, the theatre will often appear to us
as the nave of a church or the sanctuary of a
temple. Of no importance are the reasons that
have brought the orchestra and the public
there, nor the vanity of men and women attract-
ed often by self-advertisement, nor their spiri-
tual poverty and lack of comprehension, nor
the stupidity of technicians who listen with an
open score book and a treat of harmony in
their heads.

For the entire assembly soon becomes little
more than a mass of humanity, a crowd seated
or stretched out, attentive and dumb, wrapped
in music, clothed in the floating drapery of mu-
cical clouds, which the orchestra sends up as the
sea and valleys send up clouds under sun and
wind.
THE FUTURE  PART EIGHT

PART EIGHT

The spiritual power of the modern orchestra has in good part replaced that of the lighted altar, to which it in many respects bears a resemblance. From its sonorous depths the mystery of Sound breaks forth, rises and expands. Science cannot solve the mystery, nor even so much as recognize it. Science can deduce how sound results from the simple cause of vibration but cannot solve the mystery that follows, and which appears so soon as one ceases to regard the movements of the orchestra and attends to that invisible image of harmony which sets the atmosphere into rhythm and imposes a sense to it that our ears alone can comprehend.

The whole mystery of music resides in this invisible imagery which, suddenly arising from the instruments of wood and brass and cord, spirally expands and penetrates the whole audience, material like liquid, immaterial like light.

The conductor who stands alone among the chaotic clouds of sound sways all humanity, both audience and orchestra, by setting to rhythm and giving form to the aerial chaos that surges around him. The audience, soon drowned in the waves of sound, rests breathless or in ecstasy, for in every musical seance that is closely followed the listener is inevitably carried out of himself.

25
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

Music, then, neither imparts emotion nor reaches that sentimental pathos which determines emotion, but is more or less beautiful, more or less genial, in proportion to its power of bestowing oblivion on the attentive listener. The audience of a symphonic concert has thus a great advantage over every other assembly insomuch as it can completely separate itself from the rest of the world, and concentrate on itself alone, without losing a single aspect of the harmony presented by the musician.

The mystic character of music is a part of its indefinite nature, for it suggests, and is the only Art that can suggest to us visions of the Infinite. Its profundity is always in proportion to its power of abstraction whilst the other arts, Poetry included, impose exact forms and determined emotions.

When the listener, who, at the conclusion of the Ninth Symphony, has lost all precise notion of his human identity and has been floated away into an ocean of universal sensations, hears a voice ring out "Brothers!" his mind receives a severe shock and one which almost seems to wring a cry from him in the depths where he was plunged. For the mystic cloud has been swept away, and in the midst of what he concluded to be the Infinite, he receives a violent recall to what then appeared so infinitely small, a recall to our humanity, to our sentiment, and to our
THE FUTURE PART EIGHT

fraternity. His mind which was lost in wonderful and endless vistas is thus forced to rapidly recover its conscience and even its reason. A black point is formed in the midst of an immense field of light, and he suffers from the fact that he is inevitably forced to regard this point, to watch it spread, and finally absorb all the light, while the chorus replies to the call and continues without cessation.

The symphonic cloud is thenceforth nothing but a whirlwind precipitated about the black point that defines humanity and comes to impose its right in the very centre of the Infinite. The composer himself seems to have felt this, and to have produced the painful effect with intention, for previous to this sudden cry the music precipitates itself into a rapid crescendo of all the instruments, swelling into a passage of unrivalled violence, after which the chorus bursts out like a stifled cry from the surprised audience. The Ninth Symphony shows the abyss that separates the vast forest of Pure Music, from the little gardens and narrow glades of the Theatre, both lyric and dramatic.

Nothing is perhaps more opposed to that absolute Oblivion to which every Art should tend, if it is to remain worthy of its profound metaphysical origin, than the spectacle that is offered to us by the Theatre. The preciseness both of the sentiments and the vision, present-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

ed by the actors, keeps us constantly back from those endless spaces where the Soul, free from every formal restraint, sets out in search of its sublime sources, by drowning itself in the immensity of Nature, and communicating with her freely and powerfully so as to finally attain to that ecstasy which music alone can give.

In the Theatre, on the contrary, the play and expression of the actors is a heavy chain of humanity, to which we feel constantly bound.

The almost divine superiority of music consists in this omission of pathos, and when composers of lyric dramas, as they have long done, express a pathos that language itself can contain, they commit an infamous sacrilege due to their ignorance of those arts they vainly endeavour to mingle.

The rapid spiritual advancement of our epoch allows us to perceive these incongruities, although they are often carried out with complete cynicism even by very profound minds; it also indicates that we are on the verge of creating a new musical drama in which the dramatic chorus would appear almost as an absurdity. This new form is not as yet clearly defined but will probably approach both the Ballet pure and simple and the Oratorio. Music thenceforward will be synthetic expressing itself not through an analytic phrasing of sentiment nor through a tacked-on language, but from within.
THE FUTURE  PART NINE

The Russians have recently sketched out a form of Ballet which is childishly rudimentary and often very foolish, but the searches made by the new creators of this Art are being ceaselessly continued, and for the honour of our entire Aesthetic Evolution the day is not far when “Musical Drama” will appear to us as perhaps the most dishonourable creation that the Artist has produced in any age.

PART NINE

An aspect of Oblivion, and one which all forms of religious adoration bestow, is that of Prayer. Prayer appears undeniably as one of the oldest necessities, being in its essence primordial and eternal. It is through prayer that the multitude, kneeling in the sacred nave, attains to its maximum amount of absorption in the Universal and each individual of it to a complete self-oblivion. For in Prayer the conscience becomes quiet, and by a transformation, in which the idea of self is destroyed, attains to an unlimited enlargement, resulting in an intense projection of the individual towards some external point, towards some all-powerful generalization. And the sacred spectacle, the religious ritual, whatever it may be, is ever connected with Prayer. For it is according to the vast framework of the Ritual that the prayer of the indi-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

dual unfolds, and rises up silen-like incense, to be gathered into the collective prayer represented by the Ritual. And the benefits of such prayer are undeniably very real, since the individual by the creation of an external and imaginary point, a divine image, comes thus to forget all the vulgarities and hindrances of his contingent existence.

For it is on the unconscious part of the individual that the religious suggestion acts most powerfully, the personality resting asleep whilst the individual part of his nature is projected from the narrow orbit of his daily life and conscience. Thus he comes to create the centre of power which he invokes, and he creates it without those ephemeral qualities that are inseparable from himself and with a force that expands his innermost being to the vastness of the Image. Moreover, he meets the outgoing force of thousands of other souls in prayer of whom the conscience has also grown vast and intense and converges towards an imaginary point that has become all-powerful. For the benefits of Prayer are incontestably real since it is by prayer that man creates the Deity, and it is only by praying that he can create him.

Mechanical prayer, such as Dominic de Guzman devised with the Chaplet, has a great influence on the individual, and this focussing of the inner powers, if carried out by a mind
THE FUTURE PART NINE

deeply absorbed, imposes arrest on the conscience which is both beneficial and stimulating.

Religious epochs are distinguished by the creation of such a psychic point of focus, which they name in a variety of ways, but which is always Divine. At all times, above all, in periods of religious transition, and particularly during our time of perfect spiritual emancipation, superior spirits have created their point of psychic focus; that is the real object of their prayer, and often as in the Cult of the Dead this particular point becomes generalized and spread over a collectivity.

No Cult offers more scope for prayer than that of the Dead, since the individual, once free of his bodily form, has greater freedom and greater sway over the mental and sentimental powers of the world.

We are not certain if the Soul be immortal, but we know that our energy, both mental and sentimental, is not identical with our physical powers. To a certain degree we can follow the movement of our thoughts, but it is absolutely impossible for us even for a moment to follow the hidden movements of our blood or the labyrinthine processes of the body. We see then that these two consciences cannot have an identical death, since that which is mental is far more vital and vibrating than that which is corporeal. That the soul thus lives on for an-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
definite time after the body we have no possible
reason to doubt. This period may be prolong-
ed by the memories of those surviving, and it
is certain that the great men whom our thoughts
ceaselessly evoke are by the very fact of so mul-
titudinous an evocation actually living, and as
it were floating amidst the perfect reality of
other minds being disengaged from all corporal
restrictions. By evoking their memory we in-
crease through our own mental energy the dura-
tion of their existence beyond the bodily dis-
solution, a duration which is in direct relation
to the memory it has left among men; in this
sense the real dead are those that we forget.
The Cult of the Dead then, to all who pro-
fess it, has not merely an importance due to
the beneficial aspect of Prayer, but creates at
the same time a dense psychological atmo-
sphere, a reservoir of mental power and of freed ener-
gies from whence exhausted humanity can re-
new itself.
At all periods humanity has sought these
energies and followed this Cult, and for this
the Gods and Heroes were created.
Man has ever exalted a greater power than
himself, and the progress of the Intellect is
marked by a number of these perfect images.
Thus he formed the Gods, to his own image
made perfect, and by a supreme exaltation of his
personal attributes created for himself a Being
THE FUTURE PART NINE

that synthesized the Universe, in this way obtaining one of the greatest gifts of Religion—that of Unity.

The great nightmare of humanity, as it gazed out beyond the life of the senses, created the Power of Darkness, and all these powers actually live. They are only real and formidable, however, during those epochs when there exists a powerful belief in them; after which they gradually die, disappearing as the faith in them declines.

The Heroes and Saints, the demi-gods of Christianity, are creations of a less fervent enthusiasm, and the Cult of them in much resembles that of the Dead. Selected from among those who appeared to represent an exalted virtue of the race and sanctified by a life far more opulent and powerful than was their earthly life, they are the creation of Man's faculty of adoration, a faculty which among all others appears as the loftiest and the most subtle. No human conception of Pride, nor the most remarkable manifestations of spiritual energy, have ever attained to the high beauty of this Faculty, which not alone enables Man to adore his Gods but also to create them. To-day the Gods are dead, and the tolerance that permits temples of all types to stand side by side confirms this. Therefore it becomes necessary to create new Gods.

To create afresh a new hierarchy of Gods,
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

Humanity would need to unite and concentrate for Centuries on the same object of adoration. In the meantime, however, we can set our wills in this direction and affirm before our religious Conscience the anxious desire for this new creation, and to this end we will find, as it were, deposited in the depths of our being the first fruits of the Cult of the Dead.

The Saints, who were related to the God of Christianity, as were the Titans to the Gods of an earlier Belief, are to-day wanting. By an implacable analysis we have deprived them of their Divinity and now find them far too human.

For three centuries we affirmed the superiority of the ever-searching Mind, and the worship of Man, the unconquerable; for three centuries we have cast aside both God and Christ, and the Saints, and in consequence have diminished in stature, for we have become content with such titles as those of “atheist” and “positivist.”

To-day our pride as Destroyers grows apace, Art urging us on, and animating us towards a new construction. Thus have we sought our Saints and Heroes, and thus have we discovered them. For they are they who have the most powerfully and most intensely stirred the heart of humanity by their spiritual concentration; they are they in whom Humanity finds itself mirrored whole and entire.
THE FUTURE    PART NINE

They are our Men of Genius, appearing ever as miracles of synthesis, the synthesis of a period or of a race as were the Greek Heroes.

To better understand the immense power that Humanity can confer on those she selects, and to perceive what a fruitful and vital power this is, we need but observe how the term "Genius" is daily misapplied.

Consider the vast and very real glory that surrounds authors of the most common-place talent, versifiers for example such as M. Ed. Rostand, who by the common consent of the many often receive an apotheosis. Then consider the fascination given by the work of a true artist, its power of radiation, once it be brought to light with its total lack of influence until raised to such power on the sonorous wings of Fame. For a work, admired by thousands, whether justly or not, in this way attains an extraordinary power, so that even in the space of a day, that which was previously the object of neglect or derision is by a breath of the multitude raised from mediocrity to fame.

If we consider the work of such artists as Rodin we see how this power, when conferred by the multitude, could, if applied to one of the great names of the Past, create for the world a new Spirit of Belief and fresh power of synthesis.

Two names above all have sunk deep into
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
the modern Conscience, and often appear, as it were, at the surface of those vast lakes of despair where man stays to drown his craving for the Absolute—they are those of BEETHOVEN and NAPOLEON.

It is useless to seek the explanation of this, since no one individual Will has had the making of such a choice, but rather is it the soul of humanity which in the first vague religious unity of modern times has thrown these two names on the hearth of its enthusiasm.

Others add another name, that of Nietzsche, whilst during the last thirty years many have added that of Wagner. Thus Humanity continues seeking out its New Saints and Heroes amidst those who through their thoughts and actions have the most profoundly influenced it. The altogether mystic emotion aroused in us at the sight of the white mask, or the name of BEETHOVEN, is akin to that once aroused by the image of St Francis d'Assisi amidst his contemporaries, and the sense of miracles, always exacted from those who are chosen to be sanctified, is in this instance found in the intense action exercised on the Soul. For the works and the dreams of Genius are always miracles that encounter the vast laws surrounding humanity, and arrest them, as does every work of Art, but in such creative quality that they become a part of Life itself.
THE FUTURE  PART NINE

In Italy to-day there is one Hero who dominates the whole Peninsula, and that is Dante; and despite the magnificent effort and epic Renaissance created by Gabriele D'Annunzio, who has written the “Canzone di Garibaldi” after the style of the “Chansons de Ceste,” Garibaldi today lacks followers like that other profound and unique genius of the Italian Revolution—Mazzini.

The characteristic qualities of these diverse tendencies towards a “cult of great men” and the creation of a new heroism lies in the unavoidable mixture of sentiment and admiration.

The multitude, when it inclines itself to these tendencies, is often very variable, and the motives which decide it are frequently of a very material nature, so that often those faithful to some great name of the Past are carried away by the general trend of opinion while they themselves are wholly ignorant of the works they profess to admire. They are but the undefined wills and new mystic forces that require to be regulated and to receive a name and a style.

Whilst awaiting the development of some such Hero Worship, each of us can cultivate his inner disposition to the end that he increase this new mystic world force. For it is possible that certain individuals of sufficient spiritual power and concentration can influence others even at a distance by radiating their thought
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
and by selecting as a centre of focus, and as a
reservoir of energies infinitely vaster than their
own, some such point as—a star or the sun.
They can even hasten the course of events
by casting in the hidden regions of Realization
a vow as to their future action.

An individual can in like manner create a
point of psychical concentration acquiring sub-
tle and formidable power by the voluntary con-
centration of his thought in the evoking of a
name or an image that others can evoke.

It may be seen what unlimited power a group
of men could create if their united thought be
brought to bear voluntarily upon some point
of focus such as a star, or towards some centre
of spiritual power such as a Genius, of whom
each had in the first instance reflected the liv-
ing thought and to whom each felt allied as the
spectator may feel allied to the constellation he
regards.

In this way a group of individuals could dis-
engage a new power, having an unlimited vigour
of expansion, and one which would be a phe-
omenon in every way resembling the mysterious
birth of sound, of light and of life itself. Like the
Dawn which is born from those innumerable
vibrations proceeding from every atom, like
those sonorous waves of music that rise from
the orchestra without our being able to define
their exact point of departure, their curve of ex-
THE FUTURE PART TEN

pansion or the equation that connects them with the movements of the player's hands, these new powers will arise from sources ever beyond analysis.

The increasing mystic restlessness, so characteristic of the present generation, has to be concentrated then in the evocation of our men of genius in the exaltation of our heroes, and the creation of our New gods. This can only be brought about by a group of men voluntarily creative and furnished with those special conditions of association by which the sacred atmosphere of temples holds sway.

With the individual dispersion of modern life, with the domination of our critical spirit and our reasoning out of reason itself, one power alone can bring about the inner union of the multitude, that of Music.

PART TEN

It is the special character of our aesthetic evolution that allows us to hope for this new miracle, for it is evident that both the Literature and Art of the last half century has tended to the creation of an Aesthetic Pathos quite other than that hitherto pursued; and it is this new source and new direction given to emotion that the recent succession of art movements has given us glimpses of. For we have now come
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

to the creation of an artistic pathos purely intel-lectual, and one that disdains the facile sensi-mentalism with which Art, even religious Art, has nourished itself for centuries.

A sentimentalism which seeks to draw tears, but fails to reach the depths of powerful natures, still dominates all our literature with its facile pathos. The younger generation of writers, however, begins to draw away from it. In the world of music, the works of Claude Debussy have but to be compared with the contemporary Italian Music of to-day to see the wonderful advance that has been made in this respect, whilst in the plastic arts sentimental pathos has been almost completely swept aside by those whose will to create is powerful and purely intellectual.

This tearful sentimentalism in literature, this preference and pity for the feeble and ineffectual, to the condemnation of the healthy and strong, will in future be swept away by the free and joyous expansion of a New Age.

If we must define this new Pathos which is destined to vivify the arts of the twentieth century we should call it the Pathos of Plenitude, that is a pathos of overflowing health and one alone worthy of our magnificent Dawn.

It is that which seized the souls of several great emperors of Antiquity, in the implacable spirals of a cruel desire, oppressing them by excess of power and the too certain facility of re-
aliing all they desired. All being conquered in advance, the value of life was thus taken away and the Emperors forced to such singular cruelty as that of Nero, or to such exasperated sensuality as that of Tiberius. This likewise is the pathos of Boccaccio and of all the joyful lyricism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it is the painful lyricism of Michel Angelo oppressed by his plenitude, and the torment of such poetic characters as the Politian of E. A. Poe suffering from excess of life, or of Zarathoustra tired of his strength.

Such a pathos is quite opposed to what the critics term "sincere human emotion" that figures so often in those tearful and feeble works that must henceforth appear to us as degrading and demoralising.

With the classic writers, sentimental pathos is almost always sublime; in secondary writers it remains facile and vulgar. Times have changed and our efforts should now be directed towards the development of a pathos exclusively intellectual. We have to become worthy of suffering "per excessum" and cease to complain "per defectum," but for these conditions it is evident that Music alone among the arts, and such as it appears to the most advanced French composers of to-day, can suffice.
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

PART ELEVEN

Art we must ever remember has Joy for its origin, and the music of to-day, both revealed and immanent, by playing on the chords of our intellectual emotion, has recalled to us once more this joyous origin.

Art is ever born from despair in profound joy. In his early stages Man had cause to reflect on the eternal youth of the stone, when compared with the rapid vicissitudes of his own life, noting how all forms owe a terrible tribute to the earth in proportion to their freedom from it, and live more or less according to this liberty. Thus the stone has no seasons; plants, however, which have a greater freedom in space, enjoy a procession of seasons, whilst the animal world has but one series, a springtime, a flowering and a winter. In this way the animals live less than the smallest plant that flourishes twice, since their length of life has no value, except in its relation to the desire to live, which is inexhaustible in all beings. The plant therefore that lives a month, but has flowered twice, has enjoyed more life than the centenarian who has had but one springtime and one flowering. Seeing this Man turned towards the stone, and in a tragic anguish struck and reduced it to his own image, thus creating Art, and rendering his springtime immortal. Art then should
THE FUTURE PART ELEVEN

embody only those forms that are springlike, those aspects that are superior by their wealth of life, of sentiment, of sensation, and of thought. Religious Art is for this the richest, and comes nearest to the joyous origin of all Art, for it carries with it a springlike wealth of the sentiment of the world.

The end of Art then is to be perfectly joyful, if by joy we understand a wealth of all the faculties, even in the instance of grief. In certain aspects Old Age may be said to be beautiful, since it is a synthesis of life, for if the artist wish to reproduce it for its pathos of decay, as the non-Art of Realism would pretend to do, then his work is superficial and ephemeral, failing to attain the original law of plenitude to which all Art tends, by a typical expression of beings, through synthesis and symbols.

Despite all theories, however, there exists inevitably a synthesis between the artist and his subject, be it figure or landscape, and the effort made by every true artist is always to abstract from his model its character of eternity. Thus his work becomes a sort of metaphysical blending of his own spirit and that of his model, and this it is that determines his power, for the greater the artist the greater the power of grasping the essential character of persons and things, the more certain the blending and the richer the work in plenitude.
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
The true artist never directly represents an object, but rather extracts the spirit of it, which he projects into his work and makes his own, the figure being like the outline of a vase that contains some rare essence.

This applies equally to all forms of Art.

The model, that the musician discovers in nature, is unknown to him, and it is to this that his incomparable inspiration is due, for this model is always a sum of rhythms, of indeterminate forms, and of organisms in formation that proceed from the innumerable rhythms of Nature.

A Cult based on Music must also be a Cult consecrated to the image of Fire, for Nature exists in its eternal striving toward the "condition of fire," toward the fierce and most subtle expression of its forces in perpetual fermentation.

Music then can alone offer us that violent wealth of exaltation, that ardent condition of being which is always vaster than every desire.

It alone among the arts can determine the supreme communion of spirits, the complete fusion of a multitude, by breaking through the world of forms and through all the formal restraint that exists between one being and another to project them as it were into an immensity of light and shade in which they re-
THE FUTURE  PART ELEVEN

cognize one another through their innermost qualities.

We believe then that a long culture of pure music, in halls constructed by architect-musicians, would render to humanity the serenity of its religious spirit, and the sense of all its lost religions.

Humanity would thus evoke its new Heroes and New Saints whilst awaiting the advent of New Gods.

We of to-day need such a Religion of Music, a Religion in which Morality and Aesthetics will be found blended together, and which will give rise to some new God who will impart to those trained by a century of non-religious experience the need and the possibility of a new moral codification similar to that which all great religions have bequeathed to humanity.

The Morality of Plenitude, so magnificently sketched out by Nietzsche, will rest in perfect harmony with an Aesthetic of Plenitude, and from their union Man will come to understand the fruitful nature of grief, and to protect himself from the profound grief of Joy, ultimately drawing from them the necessary force with which to create his New Religion.

A period of such experience would suffice to establish the Morality of Plenitude, based on the evolutions of Society, and cause it to become as Nietzsche wished it should, an in-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
exhaustible stimulant of energy, whilst preserving for future generations those laws which moralists at all ages have recognized as imperative.

PART TWELVE

In the visionary explanation given to musical works, and in the ardent creation of a type of musical literature, the followers of Music can in time, without any effort or any intellectual speculation over reflective, shape their culture on the lines of a new scheme of Knowledge, of which the essence shall be a perfect blending of the psychological and philosophical affirmations of the last centuries.

Such an elevation of Music into the region of the divine does not, however, necessarily demand its deification. It can be seen how the religious spirit tends to become more and more abstract, by the manner in which Christianity replaced the realism of the blazing altar and the living victim with the candles and the wine, and how this process of abstraction ever refining to-day allows us to replace the human view of Religion by the idea of Religion alone.

And it is this evolution, in the thought and sensibility of the world, that has at length made it possible for all to plunge into the formless

46
ocean of Music and obtain from it the greatest of religious gifts—that of Oblivion.

The metaphysical materialism of Buddhist thought has powerfully aided the modern spirit in its last flight towards abstraction, although the Oriental philosophies which form a wonderful study and assist greatly to render the intellect more supple are fundamentally unsuited to European thought.

A comparative study of religions leads us to hope for one of pure sensation, and one that is neither sentimental nor contemplative, and it is due to the refinement of modern culture that at the very time when we are in search for new fields of light Music has appeared to us as the one Art which with all its splendour and subtlety can evolve parallel with humanity, and complicate along with the ever-increasing complications of Psychology.

PART

THIRTEEN

The followers of Music will have no need of that new Hedonism that the restless generation of Æsthetes and Symbolists, which has preceded us, dreamed of, but which has none the less powerfully contributed to the formation of a new aesthetic conscience.

In spite of Plato and his scheme of morality, the advent of Socrates saw the decline of the
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF
lyrical instinct among the Greeks. Previous to
tthis they had created and worshipped a per-
fekt Hedonism which represented one of the
first victories of Man in the expression of etern-
al youth, and took the form of sculpture,
whilst that of Christianity, being more abstract,
was essentially pictural.

At the close of the sixteenth century, when
Christianity ceased to triumph over the world,
Art accomplished an effort towards an abstrac-
tion still greater and still more significant.

Artists, then, began to depart from that singu-
lar Gothic manifestation with its blend of ob-
ervation and imagination of the real and the
fantastic, in which the animal world melting
into the chimerical world rose to the Invisible
along the lines of the spire that converged to
loose itself in the Illimitable. During the Re-
naissance they began to search for an abstrac-
tion yet purer, and their music discovered rules
mathematically irrefutable, whilst Palestrina
composed the polyphonic hymn of a renaiss-
sant humanity, the Evesong of a religion, and
the matin chant of our music.

At the opening of the sixteenth century there
lived the most tormented musical spirit we
know of, and the only great musical magician
perhaps that has never been able to express
himself in music—Leonardo da Vinci.

Like him the greatest artists of the Renais-

48
sance sought for the widest of abstractions, and to-day their works appear to us not as a
divine representation of Christianity, such as in Giotto and Angelico, but as thoughtful com-
ments to the intellectual affirmations of humanists anxious for a Renaissance.

From this anxiety came Modern Music born at the close of the sixteenth century, when
the heroic impulse of the Renaissance was fading, and when Man saw his faculties of artistic
expression escaping from him one by one. Beneath the cold and persistent glance of Science
the sonorous flames of the Faith died low.

Palestrina first sent up the great cry poly-
phonic and theistic, whilst the musical drama
then offered the hope of a new liturgy more
human and more adequate to the new pride of
Man who at that time unconsciously began to
worship Man.

All the hellenizing efforts of the Humanists
of the Renaissance at the discovery and study
of Greek sculpture and Pagan literature could
not adequately account for the spirit of the
seventeenth century, for all these studies and
discoveries ended quite other than was intend-
ed. The new Hedonism then dreamed of failed
to appear, it being found impossible to con-
tinue the Cult of Beauty as the Greeks had
left it.

For in a World where each instant some-
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

thing new is born and all is in a state of ceaseless transformation, nothing can be continued.

The Spirit of to-day was born from Musical despair, from an uncontrollable anxiety that forced Man towards the widest abstraction of his faculties towards the total vision of his strength. From the country where the new spiritual centre of the world was then established, Descartes gave the last general tendency to Thought, the decisive blow that decided what Francis Bacon from the North and Giordano Bruno from the South had already attempted.

Almost a hundred years previous to the Rationalism of the eighteenth century Man had opened his eyes to wonder not only on the course of the Stars but also on the depths of his own nature. In the vast world rhythm, where he had already realized certain great rhythmic laws, he began to perceive new psychological laws and to evince a wonderful joy in this knowledge of his own nature. The ancient Greek formula, "Know thyself," dominated him, and after a long and slow development came the dawn of a new psychological conscience which Art expressed in a wonderful manner.

In the midst of Nature the plastic Arts discovered the magnificent play of landscape and portrait, which allowed of a joyful representa-
THE FUTURE  PART XIII

tion without any intervention from religious thought.

The Theatre chanted the great human hymns that Shakespeare gave, that the Pléiade murmured, and that Corneille, the poet of rough passion, and Racine, the suave poet of absolute passion, sang in the first rays of the new Dawn.

Then Music with the sublime beat of its wings covered the entire range of expression, and if the Faith kindled the work of Bach and supported it far above all the limits set by the soul in its new researches, the result was the Drama of secular music, and the titanic outburst of the Symphony.

Beethoven in his work resumed ten centuries of the anguish of the Past and perhaps that of ten centuries to come. His nine symphonies might be called the great liturgical hymns of the New Cult, which they lifted with one stroke of the wing to those heights where it has since rested, evolving and enriching itself.

No form of Hedonism, no formal Cult, can now satisfy a humanity that has grown rich in such lofty experiences, nor can the Mediterranean peoples, so little given even as they are to profound metaphysical abstractions, ever again possess a perfect Cult of Form.
MUSIC AS A RELIGION OF

PART FOURTEEN

Every new attempt at Hedonism must necessarily be ephemeral, and any form of it is almost certain to be broken up, as was the case twenty years ago with certain English literary groups whose aesthetic attitude became sterile and mannered.

There remains for the modern world but one great generalizing power capable of containing the essence of all systems, the rhythms of all psychologies, and one which cannot be constrained into a single system, and that is Music.

It alone is free from the restraint of precise form; it alone among all the arts is able to evoke Nature.

Religion, then, will again be an aspect of Aesthetic, a centre of all-powerful concentrations and renaissant energies, and such an Aesthetic which is to concentrate the enormous spiritual dispersion of to-day can have but one sense—the musical sense. It is this that we have to cultivate with the ardent enthusiasm of pioneers; for in Music alone can our call for the advent of a new Religion vibrate.

For Art is not a mirror in which Life appears as in a pantomime, in pale outlines and draped in silence. Rather is it an altar of concentration at which Man creates his victorious energies,
and immortalizes the aspect and spirit of men and things.

It is the image of the central fire that is in all things, the mirror of the flaming source of Life; and it cannot but be joyous even when it expresses suffering, for suffering is but the memory of past pleasure, the memory of the perfect balance that exists between desire and achievement.

The Oblivion then of the world through "sensation," now made possible for us by centuries of refined culture, is the divine power we await from this new cult—the Cult of Music.