

*Pure music is pure art its extreme
abstraction balanced by its spontaneity.*

Just so Old Jarge's knack for aphorism
a Mediterranean sympathy for the natural

against his department's various Harvard idealisms.
What most people relish hardly music he said

but a *dreamy reverie relieved by nervous thrills.*
What is tedious to the inattentive, a frightening

discord to a sense incapable of discrimination
may break into a celestial choir for one

who can hear the component parts may seem perfect
to one who takes it in in its totality

may be an intellectual essence beneath
the mesmerizing power of the commonplace lullaby

an ultramarine region *where order is free* a realm
wherein the mind is *made familiar with perfection.*

To hear is almost to understand. The artist a highly
suggestible mind *hypnotized by reality*

a dreamer consenting to dream of the actual world
a world all about nothing a mere distraction

to a political animal concerned less with avoidance
of pain and suffering, morality's negative values,

than with art's positive relation to the moral —
the same relation as that of play to work —

as emotion is likewise about nothing and much
of it remains at the end. *All experience*

*pathological if we consider its ground
but also rational in terms of its import.*