

“This universe was not conceived in beauty. It was conceived in tragedy and travail. It evolved, and continues to be, only in the throes of desperate struggle. Pain, and ugliness, and brute force rule it.

In the midst of that continuous hurricane of destruction and death there are born from time to time men and women who resolve this disorder. They create another vision from the fire and dust of disaster. They are poets, and *musicians*, and artists. That is their answer to the ugliness of the world. They do not ask to be understood. They do not even ask to be liked. But without them we should find the universe an intolerable habitation. They lessen its terrors, and ameliorate the eternal torture of its unanswered and unanswerable questions. They are a gallant company. They go singing down the highways of the world, and the echoes of their words comfort us when they have passed.”

From *Kings Row*
by Henry Bellaman



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