



## Hawkwood Books Blog: Sometime 2019

### Music of the Spheres

My mother, in her later years, drew a charming picture of three violinists, in space, with planets hovering all around. She called it Music of the Spheres and it's quite lovely. I don't know whether she copied it or created it from her own wonderful imagination, but it always moves me to see it. I feel there's a message there, something about the nature of life and music, and how they intertwine. As with most of the questions I've ever asked in life, apart from simple sums, I've found no answers. This may be because I am naturally dense, but perhaps we all go through life with hints of the truth, just nothing definite. Is this because there is no truth, at root? If, as science seems to tell us, there is only probability and vagueness, a scotch mist of interactive particles issuing from nothing, then we struggle in vain to see and understand what isn't there to see or understand.

And yet my mother's drawing tells me otherwise, that there is a harmony of sorts, way beyond us but perhaps deeply hidden within us, too. Trouble is, there is so much distraction, so much noise to smother what we should be hearing. Even 'music', in its widest sense, can be irritating, if it is not composed with care and performed with skill. I don't know if my mother's musicians are supposed to be famous classical figures, they are all old and professorial, but they look as if they know what they are doing and are in tune with something special.

We have a limited range of earthly notes to play around with. To me, the great master understood the most subtle harmonies and how they related to each other. I find it impossible to grasp what they do, but what a gift. Compared to them, the harmonies of popular music sounds crass, almost unbearable. There is such subtlety hidden away, out of my sight, at least, whereas the commonplace sounds of popular, and much other music, hides nothing and reveals nothing.

As with all Art, there are accepted great works and popular crass works, yet they can get mixed up, partly through media hype, partly thorough changing fashions. Anyone who creates anything from nothing is surely trying to convey a resonance, no matter how distant, of the true music of the spheres. It may be our curse that we will never convey it as it is, because it has not ultimate form, but that shouldn't stop us trying to hear it, even to understand it. Or will that only happen at the final closing of our eyes. I feel sure that my mother understood something that I do not, that she was in tune with a truth that I've lost. She would deny it. It's one of those dilemmas that as soon as you claim knowledge of truth, it evades you, completely. The deepest understanding is a resonance only, not the sound itself.