



## ***The Music of the Spheres***

(Diary Leaves)

By *Nicholas Roerich*

Would you arrest the Symphony of the Spheres? Would you bid the thunders of heaven to cease? Would you still the waterfalls and the whirlwinds? Would you command silence of the birds or interdict the call of the stag? Would you deaden all human song? Would you mute the Divine canticles and harmonies?

What terror would prevail on earth without the Supreme Sounds. One may not even imagine what would transpire in nature, since sound and light are inalienably united. But fortunately no one can effect this devastating barbarism, since no one's forces can touch the symphony of the spheres, which shall ring out and exalt the human spirit towards new creations.

How many beautiful legends from the most remote times confirm the significance of the divine harmonies. As a symbol for all generations has been cited the myth of Orpheus, who enchanted beasts and all living things with his celestial music. Even serpents lose their venomous intent before music, and the wild yak becomes calm and yields his milk to those who approach him with song.

It is instructive to notice how many beautiful human achievements would have remained incomplete if unaccompanied by the inspiration of song and music. Without the trumpet call the walls of Jericho would not have fallen. Finally, there is no home nor hut from which sound may be excluded as the exalting and evoking harmony. We call the book the friend of the home; we raise our eyes through the contemplation of superb lines

and colors. Should we not, then, consider the harmony of the sound as our guide to the highest worlds? It is impossible to conceive of a temple without the harmony of voice or instruments. And King David, the Psalmist, composed his psalms with the thought of their rendition with instruments or voice. Not for the silent bookshelf did the Psalmist King create his invoking and instructive psalms. Not by accident, truly, is sound so emphasized in the Bible and in all other ancient writings. What can so greatly touch the human heart, what will make it forthwith finer and more compassionate, completely broader in the span of receptivity? The expansion of the heart as the all manifest understanding and the broadest striving engender creativeness in all manifestations.

My young Friends! I speak to you in the same language as to your elders, because your hearts are, if not more, equally open to the beautiful. By your ingenuousness, your pure smile of joy, you often approach and enter with unusual ease the Palaces of Beauty. Always, then, whenever you think of the beautiful harmony of exalting music, always then let your hearts throb more firmly, pre-sensing that other wondrous Gates are open for you, which will lead out to a finer highway for your life's journey. Naturally you love music. Continue not only to love it but constantly sensitize your understanding approach to it. Perceive its meaning more personally; it will reveal your creativeness, will nurture your hearts and make accessible that which, lacking harmony and sound, would perhaps remain ever dormant. Regard music as the sesame of your heart; and what can be more necessary, more beautiful, than a heart infinite in its power and its containment?

Each of us recalls the wonderful poem, "Beda, the Preacher," in which the stones in chorus thundered out their response to his call. If stones can

concur and proclaim in harmonious chorus, will men be less than stones? Are they only fit to quarrel and to mumble in contradiction, the unnecessary? A beautiful symphony unites human hearts. People become not merely listeners, but in their heart they become partakers of the beautiful act. And this uplifting call leads them to achievement and to better expressions of life.

To you, my Friends, I send my thoughts for achievement, for those best manifestations of life to which each of you are destined and which only inexcusable neglect can leave unexpressed. Under the best sounds, in song, under best colours, in labour and joy hasten to the predestined Light.

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I remember how in Kuchar in Central Asia, somebody told us a beautiful tale about the perfection of Art. In the sands, that hide the buried city of Kuchar, we were amazed to hear such a living tradition, which uplifts art:

“A certain artist was once in need of money and took his painting to a money lender. The latter was not at home and only a boy was there. This boy gave the artist a very large sum for the painting.

When the money-lender returned home, he was furious and shouted to the boy: “Fool, for these butterflies, fruits and vegetables you gave such an enormous sum!” and he discharged the boy.

When the term was due, the artist returned to the money-lender's surprize with the money and demanded his painting back. When the money lender gave him the painting, the artist exclaimed: “This is not my painting, where are the butterflies?” The money lender was indeed horrified to see that the butterflies had disappeared and only the fruit and vegetables remained on the painting. The artist then told the money-

lender: "You discharged the boy and insulted him, but only he can help you in your plight. Call him back at once". The money-lender had no other way out but to search for the boy and when the latter came, he said: "Now it is winter and the butterflies come only in the summer-time. Place the painting near the fire, and we shall see the butterflies return". And so it was. It appeared that the paint was put on the canvas with such skill and special knowledge of colours, that during the cold weather these colours disappeared and became visible only when it got warm again, following the perfection of nature."

Thus beautifully speak these remote Sarts, glorifying the standards of Art.

Remember the sense of the Beautiful. Keep your enthusiasm and develop creative thought—such thought is the chief thing—that power of thought is the real possibility and it is most practical advice to have pure thoughts.

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Lovingly does Asia guard the traditions about the perfection of quality, which resounds with Cosmos.

Amidst the vast uplands of the Gobi we heard an uplifting song. A lonely bard—a Mongol—sitting on a hillock, callingly addressed himself to the dawn. When we came nearer, the Mongol became silent. We asked him to repeat his beautiful tune. But he refused: "only to the desert is this Song of Shambhala sounded."

*Ne ti, ne ti* says the Hindu of the Unutterable—Ineffable. And will he ever tell you the name of his Guru? The Unspeakable sounds in the heart.

In the sacred fires of the heart will the Music of the Spheres resound, as the highest leading inspiration.