

From the far-off Himalayas comes this message to us from one of the greatest painters—greatest idealists and greatest advocates of Peace in Our Time. Nicholas Roerich — we salute you!

The Music of the Spheres

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 exulting 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 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, presenting 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 to achievement, to 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, in labor and in joy, hasten to the predestined Light!

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available, he once told, at the price of twenty-three cents an hour. Stricken in his heart by the premature death of a young wife, comrade in his studies, he was driven towards high destiny by the call of Art. In his early twenties, he was a student abroad. He studied composition in Berlin under Kiel and Urban, his main ambition being creative work. After a brief professorship at Strassburg he yet submitted, at twenty-four, to Leschetizky's discipline in Vienna, an example worth meditating for those young aspirants who deem themselves ripe and ready at the age of the milk-bottle.

In 1885 he gave a concert of his own works in Warsaw. In 1887 he made a sensational debut in Vienna. The Western capitals followed suit. Acclaimed in Paris, he crossed the channel for England's conquest. In 1891 he appeared, comet-like, across the American skies, returning eighteen times since to carry his message of beauty to succeeding generations. By 1897 he was married to a noble woman until lately the inseparable companion of travels ranging from Ceylon to Australia, from Capetown to Canada. Between times, they made their home at the Villa Riord Bosson on beautiful Lake Geneva. It seemed an anticipation of the League of Nations and noble visions of human solidarity to watch the brilliant international gatherings attracted there by the Paderewski cult. "Fame, that wayward girl," as Keats calls her, had smiled at him and remained ever loyal to the elect.

Like Chopin, the "piano-bard" whose scentre he took

whirling arch, but because his character stamped him a leader of men, predestined to become the artisan of Poland's own rebuilding. At the hour of Poland's destiny, he was the eloquent interpreter of her plight and need. At his impassioned appeal, hearts melted, purse-strings loosened. But Poland needed liberty even more than bread. He, whose playing a British critic defined that of a "great gentleman," was qualified by a great gentleman's integrity and prestige to throw open the doors of Chancelleries closed to other men, to unseal the eyes of statesmen, often blind or inattentive to ancient wrongs. His voice, authoritative and "clear as a clarion-call," rang true and convincing—until a great American President saw fit to throw into the scales the decisive word for Poland's liberation. But some more sacrifices were needed. With flaming words and heart, Paderewski inspired the youth of Polish descent in America to dare the supreme sacrifice, to form an army under its own banner, alongside the glorious Stars and Stripes. When the roar of cannons subsided, Paderewski yet risked his own life. On a British cruiser he sailed across a sea strewn with mines, landed in Danzig amidst a hostile mob, faced bullets in the city of Posen. Poland was ravaged and torn asunder, in dire need of peace and unification. He filled the great need of the hour, forging harmony out of disruption, playing on the heart-strings of all the people with that supreme skill that was only his. Spokesman of the Allies at home, called upon to head the Polish Government, he went to the Peace Conference of Versailles as Poland's spokesman. The

by a stately old man, who demanded, "Whose music was that you played?" "Haydn's" came the answer. "Which one of you is Haydn?" Joseph answered. "Young man, I am, as you possibly know, Herr Kurtz, of the opera. I wish you to write an opera for me. The libretto is lying on the table. Please read it."

Success soon came to Haydn. At twenty-eight he wrote his first symphony and shortly after became chief musician in the household of Prince Estherhazy.

The Prince gave him a commission to present each morning a new musical composition. With good musicians at his command, he became the real creator of the modern orchestra. His relations with this family continued through life. Even when Haydn had great success in London, he left it to return to this old friendship.

Haydn's music reflects his joyous mind. He was serious, but contented with good humor. You find it in his Clock and Drum Roll Symphonies; the climax of the Surprise Symphony; the Oxen Minuet and his music for Marionettes and his string quartettes.

Beethoven was his most famous pupil. I should like some other time to tell you about this and also Haydn's friendship with Mozart.

Claude Debussy's Homage to Haydn and M. Ravel's

ROSA PONSELLE

