

## Chapter 14

### Universal harmony

Life is in a state of perfection, a manifestation of divine harmony throughout the entire universe. From the smallest particles and life forms until the very gross material universe everything is expressing a certain spirit and perfect order behind it. All what we perceive as beauty, colour, form, line, movement and proportion is expressing that perfect harmony and source of all.

Nature gives us a true glimpse of that perfection; the balance of heaven and earth, solar systems and galaxies, the movement of the planets, rhythms of the moon, turning of day and night and change of the seasons, all following a hidden and timeless law, the universal harmony of creation.

This harmony is not a romantic fantasy but the intelligence, beauty and perfection of life. If we look at nature closely we start to wonder about its brilliance in micro- and macrocosm; worlds within worlds, dimensions within dimensions, parallel realities, spheres upon spheres. How does nature know and how can the whole universe maintain its balance? What is the common language or program of life?

Studying some of the ancient scientists and philosophers as well as mythology of mankind gives us clear hints about those hidden laws being musical in their essence.

For some of the greatest masters of philosophy, mathematics, astrology and science like Johannes Kepler, Plato or Pythagoras the universe was based on harmonic laws and musical proportions. Kepler's third planetary law - sometimes referred to as the law of harmonies - compares the orbital periods of the planets and basically describes our solar system as a consonant musical chord. Quantum physics found out the progression of energy in jumps and expresses a very similar model to the harmonic progression of overtones.

"In the beginning was the word" is written in the bible and "God said: Be! And everything became" in the Quran. Many different myth of mankind talk from a sonic essence and origin of life; the song of creation, the music of the spheres, the songs of the ancestors, the heartbeat of mother earth, the angels playing their harps, Krishna playing the flute or Siva playing the drum and dancing the dance of creation and destruction.

In the centre and origin of all existence there is that eternal sound emanating from the Divine, unfolding from unity to diversity, duplicating and multiplying into infinite waves of vibrations penetrating through all existence. We need to imagine that sound being a concentric wave on a three- or multidimensional level and filling all the space. There is a movement or current from the centre outwards towards manifestation and a parallel sound current back towards the centre; the breath of God, the universe in potential and manifestation.

This eternal vibration is the fundamental grid and inner matrix of the universe and always there, every moment pulsating with the creative force of life. The great Sufi poet Mowlana Jalaluddin Rumi said *"if that music would stop even only for a moment, all the universe would collapse."*

Everything originates from that sound; the law of harmony, rhythm and proportion as well as number, geometry, letters, vowels, syllables and language. Even material life in its essence and truth is just in a certain state of vibration, a frequency range

that appears to us as solid, but actually isn't. Reality is not and never was what we thought it is.

The world is sound!

Harmony is the glue that holds all existence in its form and the forms of nature are created by vibration and harmonic proportions. Hans Jenny spent all his life researching vibration phenomena and summed up his studies in a wonderful work called "Cymatics".

Chladni in the 18<sup>th</sup> century was the first to give a clear proof and evidence to the relationship of sound and geometric patterns. By striking a metal plate with the bow of a violin he made it vibrate. The sand on the plate started to arrange itself in geometric patterns and those patterns would change with the frequency.

Lower frequencies were creating simple patterns and higher frequencies more complex patterns of geometric form.

Jenny expanded that research into experimenting with liquids and powders of all kind and came up with the most stunning results. Some of his pictures reveal the creative process of nature in a magical and unmistakable way. Jenny gave another proof that the Bible, the Quran, the Vedas, the Sufis, the Aborigines, the Native Indians, Pythagoras, Kepler, Plato and many more were right; there is a sound at the core of creation that carries and reveals the universal harmony of life and existence.

Sound creates the inner matrix of creation, the vibratory field that connects all life and creatures, worlds and beings, angels and gods. Along that inner grid life unfolds, matter aligns, chemistry forms, molecules build and a body materializes based on that inner eternal harmony.

The fundamental tone is everywhere and nowhere and every little being is a universe, every atom a solar system, every cell a galaxy, held by that cosmic sound.

Sufi Harat Inayat Khan calls the innermost sphere of that vibrating field "infinite harmony". It contains the purest harmonic codes and is untouched by life and change, forever peaceful and luminous.

This innermost sphere of creation is the closest to the Divine and was described by visionary people or different Holy Scriptures in various ways. Heaven, paradise, the realms of angels and archangels, dimensions of celestial music and sacred geometry or simply the higher worlds are like a powerful crystal radiating the divine love and light out into creation and we are forever linked to those dimensions. The language of creation is the language of harmony and speaking directly to our soul.

What do we receive from nature or see in a persons face? What is it that delights us in a painting or a song? What do we appreciate in aesthetic and beauty, admire in form and colour, realize in science, philosophy and religion? It is nothing but the law of harmony, unfolding in infinite ways, expressing the perfection, beauty and diversity of life.

We can distinguish inner and outer harmony; the inner harmony being hidden, the outer harmony being manifested. Both of them are linked with each other, two ends of the same stick, two faces of the same person, one looking inside and one outside. In nature the inner harmony is the essence contained in a seed, the molecular structures, chemical elements, genetic code and all microcosms. The outer harmony is expressed by the mineral, vegetal, animal and human kingdom, earth, moon, planets, solar-system and galaxies, the macrocosm.

From a material point of view the outer harmony is more important, because being visible, measurable and more obvious. From a mystical point of view the inner harmony is more precious, closer to the source.

The blossom of a flower dies away, it's fragrance in a perfume stays. The information and code within a seed is timeless and contains the whole life. Astrology for example describes the inner harmony of a person according to the planetary positions at the moment of birth.

The inner harmony in music is pictured by the overtones of a tone, which carry the more specific information of harmony, feeling and sound-archetype. The inner harmony is always reflecting a certain aspect or picture of the infinite harmony, a selection of overtones out of potentially infinite overtones. The outer harmony in music is the social relationships of the tones; the melodies, scales, modes, chords and rhythms, compositions and styles, all what we generally call music.

Music is a gate into the timeless mystery of harmony. It can open to us a world of secret and true knowledge and makes us realize the universal harmony as the hidden law of creation and life.

### *The magician*

*I stayed for a while on that island and ancient holy place in Central India and experienced some of the most mysterious meetings and encounters with magical spirit in my life. The legend was alive on that island and every moment of life pulsating with the sacredness of thousands of years of spiritual history. The whole place with its temples, temple ruins, pilgrim ways, the Om shaped wall stretching over the whole island and the religious culture of the priests, Yogis and ascetics generated a powerful and saintly vibration.*

*The hill and plateau in the centre of the island was also the centre point of the Om shaped wall and a stairway with a few hundred stairs was leading up there. Once I entered through the gate on top of the stairway it always felt like entering a magical garden and different dimension of time and existence. It was a sacred place with one central temple that was usually inhabited by monkeys, broken pillars and statues all around and one little ashram of an Agori Baba not far from the temple. I started to regularly visit that sanctuary and also Agori Baba and without really noticing it ended up in one of the biggest transformations of my life.*

*Agori Babas are some of the most powerful siddhus in India and connected to the goddess Kali, the goddess of death and destruction. Many times they live at cremation places and take the function of shamanic guides between the different worlds. Agori Baba wear a black robe, a human skull on a string and a sword and basically lived at and around his sacred fire place. He had a black Kali statue at his entry gate and an angry black dog with the exactly same shining eyes then himself. Everybody that entered had at first to deal with his dog that definitely checked out your limits and it was part of the welcome. Usually there were a few people living with him, disciples and visitors. Agori Baba was quite an authority and no one would speak in his presence without being asked to but he liked music and chanting. One evening I came with a friend with instruments and we wanted to play some music. Baba was quietly sitting at his fire place and mixing some remedies for his offerings and pretty much ignored us and our instruments. We waited for a while, drank chai and then just decided to play anyway but somehow the music didn't really pick up. Nothing really worked, the instruments got out of tune a lot and finally a string broke and then another one and all felt a bit weird. I looked over to Baba and suddenly he burst out with laughter and looked at us with*

*a very naughty face. It took me a while to realize that Agori Baba was reading my mind like an open book and every moment was in complete control over what is happening not only in his ashram. He was a very eccentric character and sometimes angry and demanding and at other times loving and generous. His presence was absolute and he always responded to my thoughts; whenever I doubted him he would test me, make me do some work, send me shopping or give me orders just to see my reactions. Only when I was in peace with myself, not concerned with him, he would leave me alone. Being in his place was a constant school and after more than a few days I was in danger to lose my identity and the control over my mind, he simply took over and the reality of his ashram was the only reality left. He had stayed for twenty years alone in the jungle before coming to this ashram and I saw magic things happen around his fire place not only once.*

*Two weeks after I'd left the island I travelled to the South of India where I got Malaria. I had strong fever every evening but the local doctor made a wrong diagnosis and the fever attacks just got worse and worse and the nights became nightmares. One night the fever rose really high and I started to hallucinate and see visions of all kind. At some stage I started to lose control over my body and even over my breathing and saw a kind of milky, half transparent curtain in the middle of the room. There was another world on the other side of the curtain, landscapes, people and all kind of all beings. It was not really scary but one thing was clear, if I was passing through the curtain I would leave my body.*

*I gathered all my last strength and sat up with my back to the wall and started to chant Om Namah Sivaia. My breathing became a bit more regular and then in one moment suddenly Agori Baba was in the room, sitting exactly at the curtain, laughing at me. I had no defences at all and in the next moment he took me over to the other side of the veil. I was afraid but there was anyway no other choice then to surrender to the magic guide and nothing to lose.*

*He took me on a journey that is clearly beyond words and the next thing I remembered was him telling me that I've Malaria, which kind of medicine to get and a particular ceremony that I had to perform in a nearby temple. He left, I fell asleep and until today and I have no idea what really happened in that night, how Agori Baba got there and in which form or body he was present? I just know that as was as real as it can be and probably saved my life.*

*After the Malaria all was new and I felt like after a "restart". I knew I had to go back to the magic island to see him and close the cycle. Arriving there I felt still a bit weak and it took me three days until I was brave enough to climb up the stairs.*

*I passed the gate into the sacred garden, passed the Kali statue and the dog and made a prostration in front of his fireplace as I heard his voice saying "You are already three days here. Why are you only coming now? What are you still afraid of?" In that moment I let go of my last resistance towards him and slowly started to realize the gift I'd got. I stayed in his ashram for the next two weeks and he took care of me like a loving father, cooking my food, giving me a special ayurvedic treatment to prevent the Malaria from coming back and treating me like a king. While life around him was intense as always I had my special corner and protected status in the ashram and could just enjoy observing the life and presence of a real sorcerer, his teaching and way.*