

Total Freedom of the Mahadev

I'm not sure how Cometo found the email address of my hide-away, but with a name like Mahadev he must have powers. He knows all about the electric fairies that play on the small keyboards hidden inside samplers, as well as on the 20 strings of a sitar; they are connected to the soul of the world, like the lyre of Orpheus (see below). So Mahadev's visionary and expressive powers are beyond the scale of mere mortals like us, as is his clairvoyance, which finally managed to grab my ears, despite the Alpine winter's fog and the different obstacles I had set up to protect my burrow from the main roads. He picked me up like a rabbit, by the ears, saying: "You will find the Raag Shivarandjani on your table, you will need to listen to it, and don't forget to report back to me" ... Then he disappeared like only tinnitus can.

At the moment I heard Cometo's voice, a message came in from a friend in Quebec whose name is Roessli and who is the undisputed expert of Orphism. He wanted me to read his latest article on "The therapeutic magic of Orpheus' poetic song in the work and thought of Ficino and other Renaissance authors". So I had a *coincidence* to help me negotiate with Cometo (who by the way collects coincidences as well as the predictions of seers in a notebook that looks like a cloud). And it turns out that Ficino (1433-1499) used to play stringed instruments, like Mahadev, and with the same intention of restoring concord, harmony and symphony between the seven spheres of the cosmos. Cosmos, Costo, Cometo: "Through a sympathetic vibration - such as the cords of a zither," says Ficino, "the human soul is brought back to its natural congruence with the cosmos."

So I listened to Mahadev's four pieces, and by the middle of the third theme, I started feeling relieved of a painful strain, which made me think: How did Cometo know I needed this therapeutic magic, and what are his connections with Ficino, Orpheus, and Roessli? I know that Mahadev must have a meditation room in his chalet in Marly that is absolutely empty except for a carpet, or perhaps for an open book with blank pages on which he sets himself up to practice yoga, right next to a room full of flying saucers and trans-temporal communication devices that he has gathered over the course of his musical explorations of the cosmos. Still, no technology known on our planet is capable of making such predictions. So they both knew, he and Roessli, that returning a natural congruence with the cosmos to me, would ease my painful tension. They knew this through an intuition reached in their higher state of consciousness.

The proverb is clear: If you do not pay your pharmacist, your next cold will linger. So I listened to the Raag quartet over and over again to write my report. And I began to meditate, helped by reading Roessli's text: "Through a sympathetic vibration - such as the cords of a zither ... the human soul is brought back to its natural congruence with the cosmos." Right. There was also a zither, a somewhat modified sitar, and I could feel the sympathetic vibration effect. Now all I had to do was understand the meaning of the word *congruence*...

First theme: Cometo is deep in the soul of Mahadev, he thinks in thoughts, he produces the sounds of the world by playing on everything and anything that can emit sound: warning horns, doors, bleating sheep, slippers beating together, flies flying past, hookahs gurgling,

melancholic horns, *Sturnia malabarica*, yellow-eyed babblers, offended horns, horns that make cows live longer, a shop curtain going up, and the belly of tires pressing against the tender belly of India. This theme is necessarily played on top of a rubber elephant mounted on wheels, an advertisement for a Himalayan mineral water, coming down the Grand Trunk Road of Benares on a rainy day. Cometo goes up and down the invisible strings of the sitar, and the clouds and traffic get out of the way, frightened.

Second theme: Here are the tabla drums, the echoes, the list of returns, gallops, and mills of cycles; it is not just the meditative intention, there is more: Mahadev acting on the world from non-acting, without losing face, and returning in a kind of motionless race to the seat of consciousness. I feel my exaggerated intention of movement go back to its origin, return to my legs, no longer running on the walls like a pale gecko, like an agitated geek. Is this congruence, perhaps? Irreducible tabla drums: strong will and precision, digital fusion, Western view of India in the majesty of noon, and I can breathe better. What would Ficino say of this piece? "It is not surprising that music and medicine are often practiced by the same individuals". Besides, a sadhu sings at the finish line.

Third theme: rock effects on a portion of Pastorius' Birdland, and Weather Report, so there is Bird and Weather or Land and Report, the demonstration that all of jazz emerged from Rajasthan, then there is the third level that connects us to History via inspiration, which is love of music, respect and affection for elders, gurus, and masters, and this is where the *principle of reminiscence* appears in person. And in the middle of this theme, the influence of the masters suddenly produces novelty. It comes from another world; it is the dream of experts, as if the daughter of Pastorius were uncontrollably and proudly returning to her source.

Fourth theme: brings everything back to the unity of indomitable music. The Raag becomes royal, an "oxoriental" masterpiece, I see the world take form in a bluish light, with its centre everywhere and its circumference encompassing the place called nowhere-yet, there is the whole, and I'm looking for the word to name the effect, trance in sobriety, power in serenity, this theme unfolds, comes to surround the first three, now giving them a common meaning, showing that it contains them as one single thing, which is *Love Triumphant!* And all that remains for me to do is to put a finger on the coinciding words of Roessli the seer:

"There are four Orphic furies: The first harmonizes the disconnected and dissonant parts. The second gives the harmonized parts the unity of a whole. The third makes it a unique whole that precedes the parts. The fourth brings it back to the One, which is above the essence and the whole". So, one after another, these are the four arms of this liberating and already legendary quartet by Cometo. And as a bonus, I now understand what congruence is.

Cometo is the free Mahadev.
That was easy to prove.

Om Namaha Shivaya.

Translation: Jeremy Narby