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UMI
Aesthetic Ways Of Knowing

A Personal Narrative

By

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A thesis submitted in conformity with the requirements
For the degree of Master of Arts
Department of Curriculum, Teaching and Learning
Ontario Institute for Studies in Education of the
University of Toronto

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Aesthetic Ways Of Knowing
A Personal Narrative
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Abstract:

This thesis examines the sense modalities and how the human being lives in these modalities in order to learn about the world. It further considers how the life of soul incorporates: thinking, feeling, and willing or doing, in order to create or establish the knowing of the world that leads to meaning making and understanding. It examines sensory literacy in a broad context and its role in aesthetic ways of knowing, including examples from the role of play in human development to aesthetic ways of knowing as developed in the arts.

The author examines how literacy in the sensory modalities leads to the development of the various language forms or syntaxes in the arts, and concludes with a personal narrative account, which serves as an example of how aesthetic ways of knowing were cultivated and developed through personal experiences in the arts of sculpture, eurythmy, drawing and music.
To L. J.

Who had the courage
to enter the crucible of life
and send me on my way
with blessings.
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*Art Work*
The hour is striking so close above me,
    So clear and sharp,
    That all my senses ring with it.
I feel it now, there’s a power in me
To grasp and give shape to the world.

I know nothing has ever been real
    Without my beholding it.
    All becoming has needed me.
    My looking ripens things
And they come towards me to meet and be met.

No thing is too small for me to cherish
    And paint in gold, as if it were an icon
        That could bless us
    Though I’ll not know who among us
        Will feel this blessing.

        —Rainer Maria Rilke
Introduction

In The Beginning

What began as a mere track or spoor, when followed, became a path I set down on my journey of understanding. I have endeavoured to articulate the process by laying each step like a cobblestone set down with intention to join the others along the way. In the beginning I only sensed the binding and magically bridging nature of the arts between experience and cognition. The following is an attempt at travelling over, or traversing it so that upon reflection and in the telling of the story I discover another fundamental principle to join the other cobblestones I have already collected and placed in the process. It is most definitely a work in progress and should be read as such.

Each us gathers experiences, shaping and reshaping our thoughts of the world and ourselves to create an ever-expanding imagination of our lives and this world in which we find ourselves. We carry unanswered, often unspoken, questions like riddles turning them over eternally deep with us. Then events that were brooding like a storm are resolved and in the clearing after a thunderstorm, we witness the rays of the sun piercing through the clouds to illumine the entire landscape with sparkling clarity. Our vision is refreshed, and we are quickened with new energy and direction. In order to situate my personal hermeneutic, I must spend some time addressing the issues that were brooding within me and led to this inquiry and the ensuing narrative.

I had being working in education and in art therapy for a number of years. A simple outline of my background may help the reader to locate the perspective from which I speak in the following chapters. Beginning with my most recent history, I worked for eight years as a eurythmy teacher and as a member of a special education team as a therapeutic eurythmist at the Toronto Waldorf School. Prior to that I had a private practice as a therapeutic eurythmist along with doctors, nurses, massage therapists, art therapists, speech therapist, and music therapists in a private clinic in Bern, Switzerland. I have worked in hospitals specializing in a more holistic approach to general medicine and in psychiatry in Germany and Switzerland. I completed my two-year therapeutic eurythmy training after I had trained as an eurythmist and worked for eight years in the Camphill Schools, Training Centres, and Villages for individuals with physical and mental
challenges in Britain and Norway. As a member of the Ringwood-Botton Eurythmy Performing Group, I toured extensively in Great Britain and Europe for five years. I have my diplomas in each of the following: the performing art of eurythmy, pedagogical eurythmy and therapeutic eurythmy. I studied sculpture for one year at Emerson College in England after receiving my B.A. in Literature from Dalhousie University. My early life and education began in Northwestern Ontario, where I was born and raised.

For those who have not encountered eurythmy, let me include a brief description. Eurythmy is an art form of movement that combines aspects similar to drama and dance with the skill and agility of physical education. The art of eurythmy reveals the creative movements out of which language and music are born. The speech eurythmy gestures and movements are not arbitrary: just as only certain movements of the larynx produce certain sounds in the air, so too only certain movements in eurythmy can make the sounds visible. The eurythmist follows these laws of gesture but is absolutely free in how he or she does so. In a similar way, tone eurythmy reveals the music itself rather than a subjective reaction to it.

Apart from artistic work on the stage there are two further branches of eurythmy: therapeutic eurythmy, which developed as a therapy in its own right in Europe, complementing physiotherapy in hospitals, and educational or pedagogical eurythmy.

Eurythmy comes into being when man learns to use the noblest part of all artistic media, the human organism itself—this microcosm—as an instrument.

...If the human being reveals through eurythmy gestures that which his being inherently possesses as a language which enables the entire experience of the soul to manifest through the instrument of the physical body, then he should be able to artistically express the mysteries of the world.

Rudolf Steiner

In my work with grades two through eight, I had the joy of watching children working with enthusiasm on mastering their own instrument, their bodies, and marveled at their ability to create choreography and express their response to pieces of music at a very early age. Movement was obviously their element, so learning through it and transferring what they heard into form and gesture took place generally like playing, with an unselfconscious ease. I knew personally that one could understand through movement on a very deep level; one simply knew very profound things. Often I would watch children internalize some aspect; for example, the courage to let a copper rod
free-fall behind their backs and to grow in the process of accomplishment. They were radiant and seemed to walk away taller. They were touchingly accurate at creating an image to express what they heard or to give colours, gestures, and choreography indications for making the music visible. Their agility at articulating synaesthetically often astounded me but I also recognized that this was their landscape and it was no stranger to their experience. They were finely tuned to nuance and one only had to give them the opportunity to articulate it.

It was during my work as a therapeutic eurythmist that I became fascinated with witnessing children working in eurythmy with such earnestness, intuitively understanding the relationship of how they were moving in an exercise and incorporating it internally to facilitate a change within themselves. An example of this would be a student learning to master a movement sequence with another person creating a distraction and then, through practice, the student would be able to accomplish the same activity of concentration in a busy classroom. Self-esteem could be created by individuals, revealing itself in the way they moved and carried themselves. One reveals so much about the true nature of oneself through movement and the quality of gesture. It is truly a language of its own.

There was, however, another aspect in my work in special education, and that was the increasing feeling I had that the children had gaps in their experience and therefore in their understanding and had to continually compensate for this. One saw children who did not know how to hop and skip; they moved like old men and women appearing to lack vitality. They seemed to have little interest in things and could often not follow in their imagination the events of a story. They did not see and delight in all the little mysteries of life and often did not even hear what one said to them. Some were tuned out of perceiving what was all around them and of becoming emotionally involved. They found it hard to imitate and therefore learn through imitation. What was this gradual shift from the experiential learning ability one associated with the child and the kingdom of childhood? Imaginative play was something one had to struggle to teach and nurture, one could not simply assume that since it was their heritage it was therefore theirs. There were increasing numbers of children with learning difficulties and one struggled to understand the complex realities lying underneath. Yet, I witnessed simultaneously that therapeutic eurythmy often wrought what I came to call little miracles almost on a daily basis.
Eurythmy became a profound catalyst for change, development, and emotional growth. What was the role of eurythmy and of the arts in this process? Why did it work? Why were the senses and qualitative experiential learning so threatened and was there a link with this phenomenon and the increase in learning difficulties? Why did we not offer an enriched alternative experience in the arts for such problems and give the child the tools of imagination, creativity and self-esteem, to actively empower them for their unique way of learning and understanding? Why were adults increasingly disenchanted and experiencing a profound lack of richness and meaning in their lives? We recognize that our wonder at the world decreases throughout our lives and only rare human beings manage to sustain it. Why are we increasingly disenchanted and running after shadows of reality?

Douglas Sloan in his introduction to: The Computer In Education: A Critical Perspective (1985) makes a clear statement of concern regarding the direction focusing on the computer as the central means of education. Most important is his recognition of feeling in cognitive processes and the need for its development as crucial for symbolic metaphorical understanding or the higher brain functions. Joseph Chilton Pearce also speaks about this lack of development in Evolutions End (1992).

One of these all-important educational concerns has to do with what the Scottish philosopher John Macmurray has called emotional rationality. Macmurray employs this expression to denote the central part played by the emotional-feeling life in cognition. The main cognitive activity of the emotions is twofold. The emotions guide and empower logical reason, setting its goals and providing its energy. And more important, feelings themselves, when properly developed and educated, work as our most penetrating and indispensable organs of cognition. It is only through a deep, feeling awareness that we can come to know the qualitative dimension of life—in nature, in other persons, in ourselves. It is in this larger matrix of qualitative reality that all reason, including the logical and calculative, ultimately finds its ground. Macmurray stresses, therefore, that it is crucial to grasp the primacy of feeling in all cognition. He writes: "It is not that our feelings have a secondary and subordinate capacity for being rational or irrational. It is that reason is primarily an affair of emotion, and the rationality of thought is the derivative and secondary one" Qualitative knowing—the only kind capable of grasping living and personal reality—requires a rich, vital emotional life.... For the feelings to serve as the organs of cognition requires that they be nourished and educated—inner discipline, energetic attentiveness, and discrimination are essential. (Sloan, 1985, p.4)
The increasing lack of education in this dimension of our make-up is also evident in my earlier observations. It is the essential ingredient for a sustained interest in the world that allows the tapestry of meaning to be woven by each individual. Without this deeper context or sense of direction, we lose our overall experience of well-being. What is not developed in the child is never the attribute of the adult without a remedial intervention. What would we need to remedy this increasing sense of malaise, or pathology in both young and old? Douglas Sloan articulates answers to these questions:

What then does an education of emotional rationality demand? A first prerequisite is the nourishment and development of a rich life of the senses. “If we are to be full of life and fully alive,” says Macmurray, “it is the increase in our capacity to be aware of the world through our senses which has first to be achieved.” For the healthy development of growing children especially, the importance of an environment rich in sensory experience— colour, sound, smell, movement, texture, a direct acquaintance with nature, and so forth— cannot be too strongly emphasized. And the fine sensitivity in discrimination which is the heart of emotional rationality arises in working and playing with the materials of the senses—through story telling, drama, movement, music, painting, handiwork, encounters with responsible, involved other human beings. What is demanded is clearly an artistic education in which the senses are nourished and sensibility and sensitivity developed. The lack of such an education can produce only a society that, whatever is cleverness and power, becomes increasingly philistine, insensitive to life, uncaring, because incapable of truly knowing. And it becomes more and more a menace to itself and others. (Sloan, 1985, p.5)

If the sense modalities are inherently necessary for the development of emotional rationality as it is called here, what is the consequence if they do not develop fully? The imagination and a symbolic, metaphoric understanding, then, face this portent of doom. What is required for the development for an inner locus of meaning-making, essential to our human experience? What was the relationship between the development of the senses and cognitive development? By not nurturing imagination and image-making, are we shortchanging the development of the young, and also our common future? If insight is such a prized possession, valued as a human virtue, aspired to for generations, then what are the consequences of a life without insight and imagination?

Closely related to emotional rationality is the part played by the image in thinking. In an exclusive emphasis on the inculcation of utilitarian, operational problem-solving skills as the main task of education, the determinative role of the image in all thinking tends to be forgotten. As a consequence, thinking becomes tied increasingly to old, habitual, unconscious and unexamined - images, and fresh insight that alone can
release logic from its habitual grooves and compartments and guide it into new paths becomes impossible... Images may be of many kinds (visual, auditory, kinetic, and so forth), and a rich vital imagery and image making capacity of the mind are essential for new insight. (Sloan, 1985, p.6)

The role of the imagination in our lives is sorely overlooked. We, however, do notice its lack with great regret and search for its reawakening and long for its re-enchanting quality. Perhaps we do not value the transition in our early lives from a picture understanding, rich in imagination to the later development of the intellect and conceptual thinking. A varied rich life of experience and intense observation leads the world of percept into the defined, manifold, and mobile conceptual life, which is the asset of the competent adult. Our imagination shapes our vision of the world and its possibilities, its potential. I often witnessed a definite lack of the faculty of imagination when attempting to honour the potential for becoming in the young person. The way we see one another as human beings nurtures or limits the ability of the other to unfold. Are we underestimating the role of imagination, and do we know well enough how to cultivate it in our children? I believe we do and we feel helpless when trying to help a child find his or her unique way of being and knowing about the world. I was gratified to find the following quote:

This becomes ever clearer when it is considered that not only insight but all thinking is guided and shaped by our images, and that the quality of our images determines the quality of our thinking and its consequences. We must of necessity rely constantly on our mental images in our efforts to integrate and understand the world...The nature and the health of our image making capacities become all-important, for they will shape the kind of world we come to know, and the kind of world we come, thereby, to give ourselves. It makes all the difference whether our images are living, mobile, and fresh or dead, rigid, and habitual, whether they are more or less conscious or unconscious and, thus, likely to insert themselves unnoticed into our thinking, whether they are responsibly employed or wantonly chosen and applied irrespective of the consequence. (Sloan, 1985, p.6)

We are what we think and we can only be creative in our lives if we have the imagination to do so. We have become starved of the revitalizing affect of creative pursuits to the detriment of our well-being and general health. As a therapeutic eurythmist, I witnessed many an individual rebuilding a life in the face of illness and the valiant attempts to reconstruct a state of the grace of well-being. Essential to this process was always an epiphany moment, the internalization of a profound
understanding of self and situation through the work in the art and the empowerment to begin to transform. It is an act of courage of which I stood in awe, with the adults, yes, but especially with the children. They had an unconditional passion for learning and for the authenticity of becoming.

Our images will eventually give us the kind of world we come to know through them. As Owen Barfield has put it, if we persist in an exclusive preoccupation with mechanistic images, we will get a mechanistic world. It is thus in the imaging capacity of the mind that we find the moral element at the heart of all thinking. We have a responsibility for the images we make and use in our efforts to integrate, understand, and shape the world. The development of rich, healthy, living image-making capacity is the chief task of education that is concerned with the development of a creative responsible living-thinking, and of a living world.

This makes the feeling-life of the school age child of paramount importance for education, for it is here that the education of emotional rationality and the education of strong, vital image-making capacity are joined. It is the picturing and feeling-life of the school age child that the creative, image-making capacity begins to fully come into its own and to cry out for nourishment. The provision of an education rich in sensory experience and with opportunities for developing fine discrimination becomes essential for a living-thinking in which penetrating insight and strong logic undergird one another. (Sloan, 1985, p.7)

It was my perception that this process of sense experience, image making, and cognition, is one of the mysteries that is struggling for recognition in education and especially its link to special education. I experienced daily the power of the arts to nurture specifically this aspect in the children, and through the work they did, they eventually shifted their own imagining of themselves and their becoming. What happens when they are not given this opportunity and even their natural development through play and creativity is hampered? What is it that is lost and can it be regained?

We are living in a time when the feeling, image-making capacities of the child have been already pushed aside and ignored in modern education by a misplaced emphasis on ever-earlier development of analytical, narrowly conceived functional skills. Are we in danger of further subjecting the child to a technology that would seem to eliminate entire sources of sensory experience and living imagery—while accentuating out of all proportion images of a very limited type, all the while inserting the latter directly into the child's mind during its most plastic and formative years? What is the effect of the flat, two dimensional, visual, and externally supplied image, and of the lifeless though florid colours of the viewing screen, on the development of the young child's own inner capacity to bring to birth living, mobile, creative images of his own? ... As
for adults, we may come to see more clearly that the most important human problems are not computable, that besides data and calculation they require understanding, interpretation, and, often empathy, sacrifice, and restitution. (Sloan, 1985, p.8)

The scope of what Douglas Sloan is indicating is enormous and perhaps, though the fact that this introduction was written in 1985, more poignant. The alarming consequences have made themselves felt throughout our western culture and the once pristine places of play where the senses were nurtured have given way to inner cities and virtual reality. The imaginative faculty for understanding and cognition is not developing in our children and I for one wonder how they will build their inner monuments of meaning. Without these how will they discover the mysteries of existence, which have sustained human beings since the beginning? Will they be refreshed at the wellsprings of the most cherished or sacred places of our lives be they in the outer or inner landscapes?

These are some of the issues and questions that were living in my soul and through the power of a defining moment became the catalyst for the undertaking of this inquiry, and more importantly this journey of understanding. More accurately it is a journey in pursuit of understanding. My journey is a process first and foremost, not a specific destination in a final complete attainment of a goal, be it ever so noble. Because of the nature of such a personal journey as a moving, living process, are there images that arise as archetypes and illumine the landscape? Is there a template of the process when lifted that can be used as a method to be consciously used by others and myself? Is the imagination a tool for facilitating archetypes or images that give rise to or inspire understanding and which can foster intuitive knowing as to the direction or the form of our creative response?

Almost all of the most profound journeys and their resulting enlightenment arise out of the defining moment, a turning point, an eventual crossroads where the ways separate. In the language of this journey, one chooses to move toward the light or toward the darkness. This is not a moral question since we need the darkness to allow the seed to geminate. For example, we need the enveloping cloak of sleep in order to remain healthy and grow. Dreams often reveal the profound questions in a language of pictures often most original in their composition. The light is the luminous spark that lies within us and which we share with all of creation. It is only that we forget, neglect to see it, thus losing insight and true imagination without which our lives become parched, arid
of meaning and our hearts shut down, going into hiding, safe in the distant darkness. However, my concern for the inapproachability of the center core of being this, "I am" that we search for in ourselves and cherish most dearly in the other. Today we grasp at shadows; we live in a shadow-land of technical gadgets whose primary function it is to imitate real life and original creations. We neglect to be alert to the fact that they are shadows or mere inventions of our intellect and lack fundamentally the ingredient to make them truly alive, that divine spark, their essential truth. We are proceeding in a direction which does not facilitate development of the naturally evolving higher functions of the brain and many of us can no longer understand the metaphorical or symbolic representations, for we are chasing factual actuality and virtual reality, not attending to the world through the portals we have, the senses. Thus their very existence is threatened; we no longer see or hear and do not notice much of what naturally graces our day. Overstimulation causes a lack of appetite for the substance of true aesthetic experiences and as a result of synthetic nourishment, a watered-down version of the real thing, gruel, is served us or we eat only the bread and water of television, computer and other technical stimulation of the sense modalities. Is this what nourishes our children? Is it no wonder that they appear thin, pale, transparent, and anemic lacking in the vitality to withstand the strength of life's storms? They appear unable to attend to what life is offering them. Should we not ask what is it we are giving them in schools and are they not right to refuse to attend in the face of technological devices and a real shortage of real human beings with whom to engage and to imitate, from whom to learn? Why are we then dismayed that they turn to other things that offer an intensity of experience to break through the numbing reality: thrill-seeking, heightened experience through drug use, and other avenues of escapism? We are alarmed when some of us no longer honour the miracle of the other human being and act in such a way as to violate the other. Has our culture nurtured another alternative? It takes imagination and creativity to find an alternative as well as the inner strength of discipline. Where are these cultivated today in order to facilitate the creative acts the people of the world and our earth both so sorely need? We are at a crossroads and must consciously choose the path we will take as humanity, either the one leading to life and resurrection of culture, or the one leading to destruction of the earth and the death of the planet and of ourselves.

My personal vision is filled with hope. It involves the reawakening of our senses and the rediscovery of our aesthetic instrument and its inherent ways of knowing. However, I came to this through a crossroads experience of my own and to this defining
moment I owe the articulation and strength of my vision. The outer turning point in my
own life is also the inner fulcrum around which I circled, searching for direction. I needed
to take a bearing for my journey into the future and did so by reviewing the potent
moments in my life, and looked for glimpses of an underlying orientation and direction.
The strands or rays I then gathered up and focused as an imagination which, when
projected, guided my way into the future. My path of direction included the people,
situations, and readings that I did along the way. Orientation is also aided by the often-
arduous climb up a hill, even at times a mountain, in order to see the events unfolding in
one's life from a new, heightened perspective. Challenges but more often crisis
moments are ones that urgently demand a creative shift in perspective in order to
facilitate change. So it was in my own life that I experienced the crucible of an event,
which transformed my vision of the world and the understanding of my own life. To it I
own the quickening power to enliven my perspective with awakened freshness and
wonder.

This personal narrative began with a defining moment that gave rise to a
particular journey toward understanding, this search into my own life for threads of
meaning, and through my own personal hermeneutic a researching, a traversing of the
current literature and ideas of our time. The inquiry is at the same moment the axis
around which the process of transformation focused and the investigation became the
means, the path traveled. It is my authentic narrative and yet the catalyst for a magical
alchemy of the soul to re-enchant my life. It was always my hope that my forging ahead
out of an inherent necessity was simultaneously a trail-breaking. The new landscapes I
traversed personally would indeed add to the charting of a new paradigm facilitating an
opening up of new horizons of potential for our humanity. I was not alone for many had
gone before: Jacques Lusseyran, Laura Sewall, Mitchell Gaynor, Dennis Klocek,
Thomas Moore, Robert Sardello, and others who were earnestly researching the
potential of new ways of moving through the landscape of our lives. Others were the
readers of the signposts who have spoken words of warning revealing the stark signs,
scouts searching for an alternative route into the future: Joseph Chilton Pearce, Jane
Healy, Carol Kranowitz, Neil Postman, David Elkind, Douglas Sloan, Howard Gardner
and others. And we have those who celebrate the journey and our unique response to its
challenges: Oliver Sacks, James Hillman, Diane Ackerman, Rollo May, Mihaly
Csikszentmihali and others. We gratefully have others who teach us how to be creative
and improvise in the process of our becoming: Stephen Nachmanovitch, Brian Way,
Peter Slade, Frank Wilson, Betty Edwards, Fredrick Frank, Eliot Eisner and others. And then we have the our ancestors, those that have gone before: Friedrich Schiller, William Wordsworth, Jean-Jacque Rousseau, Walt Whitman, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, Michelangelo, Goethe, too many to mention who have valiantly taken up the challenge with eloquence and grace, all the ancients who have looked into the mysteries of life and, marveling at the world, coaxed her to reveal just one of her precious secrets. They are some of the many who accompanied me and whom I encountered, not to mention whose insight I have added to this work. And finally there are the many other half-unremembered who with acts of kindness have aided in the process, and who bear witness to our individual process through acquaintances brief or sustained.

The following Prologue and Epilogue are the gateways through which I have entered and they are like “Keys to the Kingdom” that one encounters within. They describe the defining moment and its power of resonance and transformation and are essential to an understanding of the context for this personal narrative. Thus do they stand as gateways for understanding and thus are they merely the lens through which I witnessed the moment in my life, that brief second, to which I own the power of transformation that has resurrected the meaning and re-enchantment that have since graced my life.

In the following chapters I investigate the senses as an instrument for aesthetic ways of knowing, their role in cognition, the role of the arts in developing aesthetic ways of knowing, and imagination as a way of knowing, and its profound task in creating inner meaning and understanding.
Prologue

The Windhover

To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! Then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,- the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Our "morning minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin" is encountered in the "dapple dawn drawn" chariot of childhood, where we glide and ride through the atmosphere of magical mystery. We delight in all the experiences "rolling level underneath us", in a steady air of enchantment. In all our adventures with nature we are "striding high there", "how [we are] rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing in [our] ecstasy". "Then off, off forth on swing" to our next adventure like "a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow bend". Jubilating in "the hurl and gliding" we rebuff the big wind. "[Our heart[s] in hiding are stirred for a bird" and we stand transfixed in awe and wonder at "the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!" Why is it that the heart full of wonder and the power of awe are gradually replaced as we are educated into growing up and away from the childlike wonder that is the essential to all deeper knowing, and foundation for all true philosophy. Must we become as little children in order to regain the power of enchantment, and a joy in the magic of the world leaving us enthralled? We are so often
poised straining to the very limits of our being in a terrible touching beauty of reckless
abandon through much of our youth and soar and plummet through the events of our
early life. And yet we own to an event perhaps "the brute beauty and valour and act, oh
air, pride, plume, here BUCKLE!" That causes the fire to break from us then, "a billion
times-told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier."

The tale of my childhood was on such a morning's kingdom of dappled dawn. In
my youth I strained at the bit of experience, often almost reckless in the air, on slopes,
and in rapids, but awaited the event of terrible beauty that caused me to buckle until later
in life, and the fire that broke from me then, a billions time told lovelier, more dangerous
is the beginning of this story. When I look back on it, I see the events like a soaring
falcon does, sharp and clear. I can see now that there were many events leading up to
that moment where things buckled into the turning point of my life.

When like a falcon caught on an updraft, I soar and spiral, turning round the
fulcrum of my life, I find myself again, though higher, over the moment that changed my
life forever. The perspective has changed, but the events like the wind still blow through
my soul; sometimes they rebuff me, and at other moments their breezes gently caress
me. During the autumn term of the year that I turned 44, I felt my life as a teacher of
eurythmy at the Toronto Waldorf School was shutting down around me. I remember
distinctly having the feeling that I was in the wrong life. I had this haunting image that the
play had ended, the curtains had closed, and I was still on the stage. The pain in my
soul was unbearable, and I felt that I was struggling to stand upright against the
rebuffing winds that then pummeled me. There were so many issues and I felt raw. I
remember how tight and painful I was on my birthday, little realizing what was about to
happen. I was moving, plummeting with accelerating speed towards the event which,
when it struck, I would have to embrace. The moment was like a crucible; when entered
it would profoundly change me irrevocably and, at the same time, fire the impulses that
penetrated my being and led me on a most magical journey.

During the week following my birthday, I had to force myself to go to school. I
was so vulnerable, I had no protection, and it was all I could do to keep focused on my
work. I was withdrawing from my life and it left me cold. On the morning it happened, I
forced myself to get into my car and go to school. At one moment on the drive there, I
was high on the hill overlooking Toronto; all I wanted to do was to turn around and go
home. I knew I must gather courage, and with tears running down my cheeks I drove on
down the hill and into the valley. I had this strange picture that I was in a race, and I was
going to fall down just before the finish line; I wasn’t able to carry the baton further. That evening the event occurred that I had sensed was coming: a bungee cord released from under the car and hit me in the eye. My friend took me to the hospital and surgery followed. The wound was so extensive that I never perceived light with my right eye again.

I have always felt that I was catapulted into the future with the same force with which I was physically struck. Nothing happens by accident. Even in those first days over Thanksgiving, I knew with absolute certainty that these were the most profound experiences of my life and a turning point. My task was to meet the embrace of the future that was pulling me into the folds of a new life. First, however, I had to give over, renounce the light of my dear sister eye. I remember having the words of St. Francis in my ears and could understand his picture of compassion for the body and love for all creation. As an eurythmist, my body was always my instrument and now I had the task of consciously sacrificing the one eye to save the other for fear of sympathetic opthalmia. In the next two weeks, I was sent from specialists to ultra sounds and finally, realizing that I had fulfilled the responsibility to do all I could do, made my decision. I relinquished my eye. It was exactly two weeks later that I had the second operation.

There was one person who accompanied me through this experience of being in a living crucible, the trial by fire where all is burnt away and only the strongest and most vulnerable essence of our humanity remains. At the time I knew that I had chosen the only friend I could to accompany me on the hardest journey of my life, for there was no one else who was close enough to my deepest soul to walk with me into the future. He was truly my chevalier during that time.

I believe the impact of this event on my soul was enormous, and with the deed a seed was planted for the future in becoming. All through this time I had my eyes closed. I saw differently, was aware of the voices of people, the way they spoke, the substance they did or did not give from themselves, whether they built bridges or not. I was grateful that most people made the extra step to make a difference, and when they did it was like I was set free or enabled, given a gift or a set of wings. There was a feeling that I was to find a new way of “seeing” and that all the unimportant or unessential was literally burned away, and I could see the tapestry of life in a remarkably new way. I felt that a powerful force carried me, and my life had become enchanted, magically potent, which moved me to the quick of my being. Life had become the metaphor; the events of the
day resounded in my imagination and became pictures layered in meaning like an impressionistic painting.

An example of what I mean is the following, and it is only one of many such experiences at the time. The day of the second surgery I was sitting with my mother across from a man who was, I believe, about to have the same operation as myself. He was delayed again and again because they could not find his consent form. The surgeon appeared finally and, holding his hand, helped him to sign another form and they both disappeared. This solitary man was kind and cheerful the whole time I sat opposite him. He took the situation in stride and assured everyone that he was 'ok'. He was a picture of the quiet human dignity that I was struggling to create for myself in the midst of an assembly line approach to medicine. Later it was my turn and as I walked down the long corridor past five operating theatres dressed in my funny gown and these clumsy “jay-cloth” slippers I felt alone, vulnerable and trembling. I remember thinking what a shabby state medicine is in when there wasn’t even a wheel chair or proper shoes to walk in. I entered the theatre and laid myself down, fully present and extremely aware. It was all so bare bones, raw, lacking in all ways compared to the profound reality that I was living at the moment.

Some days later I visited the school for a faculty supper and I was shown the tree children of Grade Six had made me before the operation. On it were 1000 cranes. The children had made them in their free time. The students had heard the story of a girl in Japan who after the bombing had seen these cranes as an image of hope. The cranes were hung them on a tree and placed in the entrance to the school for all to see with the sign “To Miss Kelly with all our best wishes- Grade Six”. The tree was so radiantly beautiful with all the cranes; it shimmered in all the colours of the rainbow. I was given a few of the crane chains to take home, and that night when I could not sleep I suddenly had this imagination that I had not been alone on that journey down the long corridor. In reality, I had been surrounded with the blessings of the children and many other people. Their loving thoughts were like the cranes; their feathers had created a rainbow coloured mantle to cover my shoulders. Through all these wishes I was given a staff of courage as I walked. I realized in retrospect that I needed to walk upright on that journey in all humility and to do this deed myself in freedom. It was an imagination of the reality that I felt at the time. We are actively creating our own becoming, and the way we do it belongs most intimately and profoundly to our own unique way of becoming. The situation was indeed fitting to my particular destiny; the outer events were blended with
the other inner soul reality in an imagination that sustained me, and still does. I felt blessed, and for the longest time I heard from people from all around the world: they spoke of how they were carrying me in their thoughts.

During the next months, this experience was like a rudder on my little boat as I was relearning everything. I often thought of the children I had worked with, how they had courageously met the challenges they each faced with the conviction that the world starts today out of the moment, and so I was learning from them.

One month later the dreaded sympathetic ophthalmia appeared and I began to loose more vision. I was put on very powerful medication and began the wait to see if it would turn back the tide. I didn’t sleep much and took to sitting and watching the break of day and the receding of the light in the evening. I wanted to witness them and not miss the events of light dawning and departing. I now experienced them with a new intensity. It was the first of Advent, and it became the most profound time as I humbly experienced this feeling of having to live with faith and the willingness to accept what my destiny would bring. I awaited the ultimate decision of whether I would lose the light of my sight or not. Inwardly, I quietly resolved that in the future I would attend to my senses and not take them for granted or ignore their gifts as I had in the past. Yet, in my deepest heart I was grateful for the way my life had become enchanted by the most profound experience of living the metaphor and the way the unessential was burned away. As I sat for hours with my eyes closed, I learned to see in a new way and to discover a luminosity, another source of light within.

I decided to speak to the students of the school at the assembly to mark the second week of Advent. I spoke of the Advent garden that had happened the week before in the kindergartens and told the story of how a young girl became lost in a wooded area and found she was following a trail deeper into the forest. At one moment she saw a great flock of birds fly overhead. It became night and, as she huddled under the hill, suddenly the flock of birds that she had seen fly off in the morning returned and settled around her to keep the chill of the night air away, their warmth surrounding her. She journeyed on and found a place on the top of a hill where there was a lamp burning and there beside the lamp were other bowls filled with fragrant oil. As it was becoming evening she took one and lit it and proceeded on her journey. When night fell she noticed another traveler huddled by the wayside and offered to relight her lamp that had been snuffed out by a sudden gust of wind. This she did and the two sat sharing their light and warmth, enjoying each other’s company. During the night that followed the girl
noticed that the oil in her lamp began to swirl with subtle rainbow colours. And so it was that whenever she shared her little flame with others the colours hidden in the oil of her lamp became stronger and more beautiful To the gathering, I spoke of how one can make a difference in life because one can always freely choose to truly give of one’s self in order to change the nature of the situation. However simple the act, be it a reassuring look or a kind word, one has the power to do, and the consequences can be profound for the other as I had experienced. The deed then is a reality in the world, like the lamp whose light joins the lights of others, like the two candles for Advent burning before us. I told them that one must also remember that one never knows how the day will end and so to live it accordingly out of the moment. The children had known this and showed it to me, and for this I was truly grateful.

There is another experience that happened again and again, and I will give two little examples. During this time I would listen to slow-moving music and received a CD of the Bach Solo Cello Sonatas. One evening after I had gone for a walk, I lay down on the floor and listened to this music. I soared with the lone melody. I had a passion for doing eurythmy to cello and had always wanted to play. That night I decided I would try to find some way to learn to play, for I had learned that one can’t put off these deep yearnings of the soul for they lead us on to what it is we should really be doing. After the Advent Assembly at which I spoke, I was walking down the hall to leave and there sat a student teacher whom I knew played the cello professionally. As we spoke, I took courage and decided to ask, “Can an adult learn the cello?” She answered, “Yes of course, I have taught a few adults myself.” I plunged on, “Yes but could I learn?” somehow questioning in my mind if it was still a possibility for me.

I sat down as she replied, “Yes, of course and I would like to teach you. I even have a second cello I can lend you. I will bring it in tomorrow.”

I left with my heart about to burst with joy. I remembered the poem of the “Windhover” by G.M. Hopkins (1974) and recited it all the way home. “My heart in hiding stirred for the bird”. The next day the cellist sat me in front of the cello and as I bowed it my whole body resounded with the tone. That night I bowed the cello until my fingers were sore. I felt that here was a way to ease my heart and soul and I felt great comfort in having the tone bathe me in sound. We had a few lessons and they were what kept me going in the next months.
The other example followed soon after. It was during Christmas time in Atikokan when I was visiting some old friends. He was my old geography teacher and she a librarian that I used to like to talk to when I was a teenager. I had been invited to supper and he was talking of his work in the Native communities north of Thunder Bay. I was so inspired by what he said that I asked him if he thought it was possible for me to do my Masters Degree and change the focus of my career. He replied with enthusiasm, "Yes."

Later in the evening, Jan mentioned that they had this piece of property which they were trying to sell; it was 10 acres on a lake. They showed me some pictures of the land and the lake both of which were beautiful. That night I could not sleep. I was so excited and in the early hours of the morning decided that I had three things I wanted to do. The first was to shift my professional emphasis from Eurythmy, which I could no longer do, and begin a Masters Degree in Holistic and Aesthetic Education. The second was to try to achieve my life long wish to own land and to begin to heal my life and my relationship to the earth by eventually learning to do practical things again and by eventually building a place on the lake. The third was to eventually learn to play the cello. I felt that by reaching into the future I would enable myself to move through these present times.

In the course of the next months, life quietly shifted and I was accepted into the program and knew after the first day that I was in the right place. A friend took me up to see the land, and I did indeed acquire it. Since that time it is an increasingly cherished place of beauty and has become a much-loved sanctuary. I have indeed begun to play the cello, and it is one of the greatest blessings in my life. And so it came to pass that I was on my way rising out of the ashes, being reborn into a newly fashioned life.

What appeared to be an event that would cause my life to fall has in reality been the resurrection of its meaning. There is a brute beauty in those moments that shocked me to the core of my being. I believe it is all in the way one is able to see them. The actual fact of the event is like a surface: on the one side, there is the explosion that shattered my life, sending off pieces of an older life. Below the surface the momentum became an impulse which embraced, penetrated deep into my being and was thrust like a seed into the soil of the soul. There it dwelt, quickened, and sprouted, revealing a newly forming life. The flowering and fruiting of this seed is the new way of seeing, hearing, and being in the world such that it awakened, a new kind of knowing which arose out of the events described. The normally unpretentious events and things of life began to glow when seen through a new light, illumined with wonder. The "sheer plod"
becomes the hoofed plod heard when the horse drawn plough cultivating the field of experience turns the soil of the soul like a furrow. Thus making “plough down sillion” shine with new life and meaning. The experiences of the journey along the way have also been like enchanted gifts, treasures, the “blue bleak embers” that glow with warmth when valued dearly. The narrative of the journey is the tale told here. It is a tale like all stories filled with trials but which endeavors to celebrate the crucible of becoming like the “fall, gall themselves”, transformed into the powerful “gash [of] gold-vermilion” through the telling.

“ No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.”

(Gerard Manley Hopkins)
Chapter One

Coming To Our Senses
Coming To Ourselves

Introduction

In this chapter I will examine the sense modalities and how the human soul lives in these modalities in order to learn about the world. Then I will further consider how the life of soul uses the three realms of thinking, feeling, and willing in order to create or establish the knowing of the world that leads to meaning making and understanding. I will examine sensory literacy in a broad context and its role in aesthetic ways of knowing. I will give examples of the aesthetic ways of knowing in life and in the arts. In other words I will examine how literacy in the sensory modalities leads to the development of the various language forms or syntaxes in the arts. In the following chapters, I will give a narrative account from my own life, which serve as an example of aesthetic ways of knowing

Literacy

The term literacy conjures up an image of reading and writing. Its etymology relates to "tongue"; to be literate is to be able to do what the tongue makes possible: to speak, to inscribe language into text, and to decode text in order to secure the meanings embedded within it.... Because meaning is the core of literacy, we can... conceive of literacy in terms broader than is customary. Literacy can be conceived of as the ability to decode or encode meaning in any of the social forms through which meaning is conveyed. (Eisner, 1998, p. 9)

The literacy that Eliot Eisner describes is based upon the fact that meaning is decoded from our experiences of life as well as a result of cognitive functions. This ability to read the various aspects of our lives develops in the human being throughout his or her life. It has its biological basis in the
developing human organism in the sensory system. And this in turn is related to brain development.

The sensory system is known as one of the three main systems in the human being: the nerve-sense system, the rhythmic system, and the metabolic-limb system. The soul forces of thinking, feeling, and willing find their home or domain in each of the respective systems. The development of the broad based literacy that Eisner indicates is a synthesizing activity of these three domains resulting from the personal experiences of the world. The sum total of these experiences are gathered up or united in our experience of the word "I".

The newborn child entering the qualitative world we inhabit comes equipped to experience the world’s qualities through all of his or her sensory modalities... Among the primary resources the child possesses is a sensory system that enables the child to experience the qualitative world he or she enters. I say qualitative world because the objects and process, which we eventually label, are, at base, qualities. Sweetness is experienced long before it is assigned a name. Sound is experienced before it is described as soft or loud... The world of experience is a world rooted in qualities, the ability to "read" these qualities is an ability that can be developed throughout life. (Eisner, 1998, p. 13)

The Twelve Senses

Rudolf Steiner describes the concept of the twelve senses and their role in perception in his first course given to teachers of the first Waldorf School. The normal five, six or seven senses: hearing, sight, taste, smell, touch, balance, and warmth are developed along with others, which are added to the list. The twelve senses have their individual domains that we perceive separately. They are also combined as complementary perceptions that then lead to conclusions and judgments. The synthesis of these judgments forms the substance for our memories, mental pictures and concepts. This is the basis of our understanding the world around us as well as ourselves. The recognition of as well as the cultivation of the senses is central to learning. The activity of uniting them in the making of judgments about the world is key to our ability to understand. We develop our own personal framework or meaning for all our impressions over the course of our lives and this shapes our overall character and habits.
The senses are an aspect of the human being that needs development, nourishment as well as protection. Great care should be given to the environment of the young people and their educational process in order to safeguard them. The following examination of each of the twelve senses will show their manifold nature. I will then explore how we weave together the sensations that create the fabric of our experience and lead to the most profound reality of the self: the perception of our individuality or I.

The four senses through which we gain sensation or experience of our body are the sense of touch, the sense of life, the sense of self-movement, and the sense of balance.

The sense of touch enables us to experience the limits of our body and how the world makes us aware of our physical being-ness as we bump up against it. Through touch the world conveys to us pressure or resistance from outside; the qualities of hardness or softness thus make an impression upon us. Our entire skin can be designated as the organ for this sense and its way of sensing or activity is an archetype for all the other senses.

The life sense is something we are unaware of when everything is as it should be. We experience the sensing of our well-being only when things are not in order. We feel or sense faintness, fatigue, hunger, thirst, or the un-wellness of our general state of being. When we have a sudden burst of energy we sense it as we do a sound or colour. It is a qualitatively different sense experience from when we are ill and all movement or activity is perceived as making us nauseous. The state of our constitution or bodily nature we really notice only when it is out of balance. We are aware of our self inwardly as a whole, and this sense allows us perception of the fact that we are a self-enclosed, space filling, living bodily totality.

Through the sense of self-movement we perceive our own movements as an activity. It is also known as kinesthesia or sensation of bodily presence or movement often recognized as the muscle sense. We sense our own movement as such but also use it with sight in the perception of objects and with touch in order to perceive their shape or texture.

The fourth sense becomes apparent when we are unable to stay in the same position without regard to up, down, right, left, forward and backwards. We need the sense of balance to be able to perceive our relationship to the external spatial world. Establishing our position allows us to maintain ourselves so we don't succumb to
dizziness, fall over or become sea sick. Physiology recognises the inner ear's three semicircular canals as the organ involved with this sense.

These four senses are used to perceive our bodily existence and are used to sense something within us or related to our physical being. We generally experience their sensing activity as a kind of “willing-feeling” or “feeling-willing” when we are conscious of it at all. As we continue to move beyond ourselves to where we begin to interact with the outer world, we encounter the next four senses: the sense of smell, the sense of taste, the sense of sight, and the sense of warmth.

In the sense of smell, the gaseous or finely dispersed particles are spread through the air and are taken in or absorbed as external substances and perceived. Things that do not emit gaseous substances cannot be smelled. They cannot tell of themselves or overwhelm us through the sense of smell, for the nose cannot sense them when we breathe in air, which carries the world of scents to us. We can react with sympathy or antipathy to the world of smells and they have the power to evoke memories, which transport us to other times and places.

In the next stage of sense perception, we not only experience the effects of a substance but we dissolve it in the fluid of our own mouth. We perceive or penetrate to a deeper level of substantiality and begin to sense its qualities or inner nature through its relationship to our tongue and mouth. Thus the sensation of taste is more intimate than smell. We each have an individualized palate of likes and dislikes; a particular sense of taste that can be united with the other senses forming the basis of an expanded sense of taste.

In the sixth sense we are given even more intimate information about the nature of the object. If and how something is coloured reveals the particular way it allows light to pass through it. This reveals more of the nature of its depths – our eyes perceive the red colour of the rose and the red velvety surface tells us more of the rose’s inner nature. Colour supplies only a certain level of manifestation but when we take hold of a piece of ice or steel warmed by the summer sun we sense more deeply into the inner depths of the object and gain more knowledge of its very makeup. We reach further into the very foundations of things through the sense of warmth and their relative conductivity. We often unite these two senses in our appreciation of colour and feel that certain colours are warm while others are cool. In the sense of smell, taste, sight and warmth we perceive our sensing activity as a sort of feeling about our feelings resulting from the qualities that we sense or perceive.
Through the sense of hearing we perceive how an object sounds forth from its inner nature and how substance vibrates or trembles. Thus we discern the objects inner mobility when it is struck. We easily distinguish between whether it is a piece of wood or the bell that is sounding. In a certain way, one can say that the soul of a thing begins to resound to us and is communicated through the sense of hearing. There are many creation stories, which depict the world as created out of sound, with beliefs that each thing of creation has its own individualized tone or sound.

Does our activity of sensing go on to discover other aspects of the world? What else do we perceive as we do sound or colour? Here Rudolf Steiner (1996) introduces three more senses in the overall picture of the human being; the sense of word, the sense of thought, and the sense of the ego of another. Children learn to sense the sounds of words through the sensation of phonetic tone. This is the feeling-tone that is especially functioning when children have certain types of aphasia. Although they cannot grasp the actual words they can grasp the expression that goes with the sounds of words, totally spontaneous, involuntary and expressive. This element can never be simulated or deceived although words taken alone can. Oliver Sacks mentions and indicates the sense of word in his essay. “The President’s Speech” in The Man Who Mistook his Wife For A Hat (1986). “To any falsity or impropriety in bodily appearance or posture, aphasics are preternaturally sensitive. And if they cannot see one—this is especially true of our blind aphasics—they have an infallible ear for every vocal nuance, the tone, the rhythm, the cadences, the music, the subtlest modulations, inflections, intonations, which can give—or remove—verisimilitude to or from a man’s voice” (Sacks, 1986, p. 76). Before children master reason or judgment, they learn to speak by the perception of the inner nature of speech tones. A phonetic tone is not perceived merely as a sound, but, accompanying the sound, something much more inward is apprehended. Thus children learn to sense the meaning of the tones and imitate them in language. Included in this are all the perceptions or sensations of gesture, mimicry, facial expressions and quality of tone, which also give content to the sense of word.

The next sense, the sense of thought, is also indicated in the above essay by Oliver Sacks when he speaks of the phenomenon of agnosia. This is when perception of the expressive qualities of the voice disappear—their tone, their timbre, their entire feeling character — are no longer sensed. One is only left with the comprehension of the word’s literal meaning or relevance to grammatical constructions, (Sacks, 1986, p.79). With the sense of thought we can have the direct and immediate perception of that
which is revealed in a concept through the medium of speech. We sense the thought behind the word or deed. We also sense the thought behind the things that are made in the world. People suffering from Alzheimer’s disease often forget what a thing is used for. They no longer know what a shoehorn is used for and throw it away. To them the thought that made the object useful is forgotten and so to them it becomes useless or senseless without the thought accompanying it. In the sense of thought we penetrate to the most inward aspect or content of another human being and we perceive what lives, soul like within ourselves. We must be able to have concepts ourselves in order to reason and understand another.

We can also call the last three senses the senses of comprehension and they are related to the last of the twelve senses, which we can recognize in our ability to sense the presence, ego or the “I” of the other. We have a sensation of the nature or qualities of the inner being standing before us just as we do with the perception of colour or sound. We sense or know something of the other even before we can put words to it. The sense of another ego is different than the sum total of our experiences as an ego being ourselves.

One can imagine the twelve senses like portals or gateways to the world. The sensations that we gather are like the overlapping threads that we weave together as the content of our souls. They make a tapestry, rich in colour and texture depicting a unique inner landscape. Through this layering we experience, or have a sense perception of our own self or “I”. This self gradually incorporates the substance of all the mental images formed by our conclusions and judgements about the perceptions or sensations we have of the outer world. This is the content of our soul. It forms a basis for the process of our further learning about the world. This instrument of human intelligence is fashioned and used in a most unique way in each individual. The human being is a finely wrought instrument that is being dulled or threatened by its interacting with an increasingly synthetic world and virtual reality. (Healy, 1999) Aesthetic ways of knowing are directly related to how this instrument is tuned and played by the individual. The inner landscape that makes up our soul life is directly dependent upon the nature of the sense experiences and how they are synthesized by the ego activity of that individual. One can picture the “I” in the centre of the circle of the twelve senses. The sensory modalities are our specific way of entering into relation with the world. Their activities are the doorways through which we pass to create the broad based literacy that Eliot Eisner speaks of.
Education can be regarded as a process concerned with expanding and deepening the kinds of meaning people can have in their lives. The construction of meaning depends upon the individual's ability to experience and interpret the significance of the environment, including the ways in which others in the culture have constructed and represented meaning. Forms of representation--visual, auditory, kinesthetic, linguistic, mathematical--are ways in which members of a culture uniquely "encode" and "decode" meaning. The meanings that can be secured from music, for example, have no identical counterpart in any other form. Composers make sound meaningful by the way they organize it, artists by the way in which they compose visual images, writers and poets by the way in which they treat language, mathematicians in the forms they employ to describe quantitative relationships. (Eisner, 1998, p. 7)

The Aesthetic Sensibility

In Our Twelve Senses: Wellsprings of the Soul (1990) Albert Soesman M.D. describes the nature of the activities of each of the senses. We begin to fathom the layers of meaning and understanding that lie hidden within their depths and appreciate their individual gifts. In his chapter on the sense of touch, he describes the paradox inherent in our experience of touch. He gives the example of our touching a piece of wood and how we experience the hardness of its resistance. We also experience, however, that it is a fine piece of polished wood and it feels good when we run our hand over it. This is the peculiar thing: in the hardness we experience being excluded from it and in the pleasure of touching we experience the desire to make an intimate connection. In this we see an innate desire of the human being who actually knows that the sense of touch separates him, excludes him from something, to which he is yet related. The sense of touch, therefore, really establishes a boundary. Soesman refers to others like Novalis, the German poet, who have had glimpses of this mystery: "Novalis says it much more beautifully: "Touching is a separation and a connection both at once."

This is one of the deepest secrets of the cosmos. It is the thread that runs through the entire evolution – this release from the totality, this separation but at the same time this feeling remaining in the human being of being connected with it after all" (Soesman, 1990, p.17).

Here we have an inkling of a secret within the sense of touch. We realize the sense of boundary brings 'us' to the first awakening to 'things'. However, we can go further and say that because of touch the world becomes a riddle. For instance, when we hold a beautiful stone in our hand, we open up to it through wonder and the fact that it is a piece of the world. As William Blake (1757-1827) would say: "to see the world in a
grain of sand”. “Rudolf Steiner said the following about the ultimate secret of the sense of touch: ‘the human being would never become conscious of the divine without the sense of touch’ (Soesman, p.18). This is an aspect of the more metaphysical side of the sense of touch. We also reassure ourselves with the sense of touch when we have doubts about something. It helps us feel grounded in our understanding of the world, for we are like Thomas in the New Testament eternally needing to touch the wound, the center of our knowing to keep our faith.


When at eight I suddenly became blind... with it, a miracle took place. I found again complete within me the exterior light, which had been taken away. Objects, the most distant and closest, reached me again, they changed their location, they rubbed against my soul. I haven’t lost a single one of them... I have become blind, and the sun has turned back on itself. It left its physical sky, it jumped into me, it remains there, it shines there. The plants follow it, so do the stones, and the furniture, all the forms and their joys – right down to the gas outlet on the sidewalk. Everything is near. Everything is so much closer than with eyes. Becoming blind is like changing one’s centre. It is being thrown so completely into oneself that this “inside” is no longer one’s own, and it grows, invades the space, brings it close to you, and then releases it and makes it vibrate. And it is the pulse of a new life. (Lusseyran, 1998, p.43-44)

This is a wonderful description of the miraculous way we can develop our sense of touch by projecting our inner space and enlarging it. When I asked a blind friend how he knows where the walls are in my apartment or where things are when we walks, he replied, “I feel a kind of pressure on my body. Often,” he said, “I feel it on my face.”

When we are able to dive down into the wellspring of the sense of touch, worlds appear. Lusseyran describes also how it was with people as well and not only the objects of the world:

I wasn’t suffering until my adolescence...I was too much filled with sky; there was no room for suffering. Nevertheless, that could not last. The only thing that remained in human beings was warmth. I felt them press themselves on me, very much like a compress. Some were icy cold, others burning hot. They either wanted for me good or bad. Or, most often, they didn’t want anything, and it felt cold. It was a kind of cold that prevented me from loving. (Lusseyran, 1998, p.45)
Jacques Lusseyran describes this painful moment, during his adolescence, when he was no longer free to touch those around him. He laments the fact that those who see, feel free to touch with their eyes. His way of seeing, through touch, is taken away from him. As a consequence he doubted himself and wondered if he looked like others, and if their bodies were like his. Another aspect illustrated in his descriptions is the question of overcoming the separateness through touch and intimacy. His reflections guide us to an understanding of the layering of experience possible through the sense of touch as well as how it can be transformed to be a vehicle for transcending our aloneness and to the experience of the other or the sense of ego. This is an example of the process by which we all develop the sense of touch, life, movement, balance, as a kind of scaffolding for the senses of hearing, word, thought, and ego.

In the writings of Jacques Lusseyran we have many examples of how he developed his sensory modalities and how he united them to arrive at a heightened sensing or aesthetic way of experiencing the world and others. The activity of the artist can also play a role in the developing of the senses and a heightening of their activity to lead to aesthetic ways of experiencing and knowing.

In his essay called “Hands” in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife For A Hat* (1986) Oliver Sacks describes a patient, Madeleine, who is congenitally blind with cerebral palsy. She had been cared for since birth by her family and they had done everything for her. She had developed an exceptional intelligence and literacy. She spoke eloquently but had never learned Braille. Her sense of touch had never been developed and she describes her hands as: “useless god forsaken lumps of dough – they don’t even feel part of me” (Sacks, 1986, p. 56).

Oliver Sacks describes the process by which she learned to use her hands and how she subsequently began to learn about the world. “And this sort of recognition, not analytic, but synthetic and immediate, went with vivid delight, and a sense that she was discovering a world full of enchantment, mystery and beauty” (Sacks, 1986, p. 59). This delight in objects and her discovery of tactile images stimulated the desire to reproduce them in clay and she became a sculptor whose work was “somehow imbedded with a peculiar power and humour, with flowing, powerful and chunky curves reminiscent of an early Henry Moore” (Sacks, 1986, p. 59).

Oliver Sacks goes on to describe how her recognition, attention, appreciation, increases and how her interest moved from objects to people. She had a need to
explore the human face and figure and he describes what it was like to be "felt" by Madeleine.

Her hands, only a short while ago inert, doughy, now seemed charged with preternatural animation and sensibility. One was not merely being recognized, being scrutinized, in a way more intense and searching than any visual scrutiny, but being 'tasted' and appreciated meditatively, imaginatively and aesthetically, by a born (newborn) artist. One felt, not just the hands of a blind woman exploring but of a blind artist, a meditative and creative mind, just opened to the full sensuous and spiritual reality of the world. These explorations too pressed for representation and reproduction as an external reality. (Sacks, 1986, p. 60)

Madeleine explores and learns to recognize the objects of the world by creating a whole series of tactile images. She builds a new landscape of form to meet her previous imaginative world, the one that she had created since birth through language or the sense of word and thought. This was the inspiration for the wonderful creativity that was revealed and blossomed through her sculpture. She processed through her artwork. What was first a synthesizing activity in the beginning eventually became her artistic genius.

In Madeleine the sense of touch and movement, when added to the highly developed senses of language and thought, became her gift as a sculptor. "Goethe writes 'in the beginning is the deed' a first step, a first movement, a first perception, ...where there was nothing, or nothing with sense before. 'In the beginning is the impulse'" (Sacks, 1986, p.58). Out of her first impulse to do, to move toward an object and to perceive Madeleine creates the inner impulse that initiated a wonderfully creative process in her sculpture.

With Jacques Lusseyran, touch became the profound portal to the perception and understanding of the other that became his gift and was the key to his success in the French Resistance. As head of the French Resistance he interviewed all perspective new members and personally accepted or rejected them. He was renowned for his ability to know his fellow human beings, true character. Only one time he did not acknowledge and heed his initial reaction to a man and this man eventually betrayed the whole organization and resulted in his being sent to Buchenwald. He developed a finely-tuned sense of touch, hearing, word and thought and the sense of the ego of another, he cultivated to an extraordinary degree.
This is only one sense, the sense of touch, where I have endeavored to unravel the threads of its activity back to its deepest secrets or hidden essence. All the other senses have equally profound aspects at the heart of their existence. I have chosen this one because it has an archetypal quality that is similar to all the other senses. One could pursue such explorations further, but I will continue with the original line of thought.

One of the most profound aspects of our sensory experience is its syn-aesthetic nature or the way we perceive by over-lapping our sensory experience. We also know intuitively what quality in another sense corresponds or complements the other. For example, the sound of a tone produced by one musical instrument or another can be expressed in terms of colour. Similarly we with taste we over-lap sense impressions in order to articulate the aesthetic experiences especially when the sense of taste is developed as in wine tasting. In the act of aesthetically comparing one experience against the other we intuit or understand added dimensions of our experience and often our concepts of things hold this secret at the heart of their existence.

One can look at the twelve senses as one juxtaposed against the other, for example:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sense of Touch</th>
<th>Sense of Ego (or the another)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sense of Life</td>
<td>Sense of Thought (concept)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sense of Self-movement</td>
<td>Sense of Word</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sense of Balance</td>
<td>Sense of Hearing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sense of Smell</td>
<td>Sense of Warmth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sense of Taste</td>
<td>Sense of Sight</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Thus, they reveal themselves anew when related to another. For example; the balance organ or the three semicircular canals and the organ for the sense of hearing are both located in the ear. The sense of self-movement as expression and gesture are also subtle aspects of communication and comprehension and are related to the sense of speech or word.

The lower bodily-centred senses such as touch can be transformed and enhance the sense of ego. The previously mentioned connection between the sense of taste and the sense sight, unite in the appreciation of colour. The sense of movement when developed allows us to be moved by the words of another. And empathy allows us to move with or to be "in sync" with the thoughts of another. Through the synthesis of the different domains of the twelve senses, we achieve a profound aesthetic sense and
develop an aesthetic power of knowing that intuit the truths encoded within the various worlds of quality.

Sensory Integration Dysfunction and The Role of The Arts

Education, by recognizing and nourishing the twelve senses, facilitates in the creation of the substance out of which children's imaginations are woven. This is an essential activity in play and a necessary part of childhood. The layering of sensations and mental images creates the understanding or underpinning that is essential for knowing about the world. From experience and observation the thoughts of the world can be formed like an extract or essence that develops in children over time. The memory of the mental images is an essential part of this extracting process. With over-stimulation of the senses and an overdose of virtual reality the human being becomes less active in attending and less interested in the living sense experience. The sensations are weaker and thus only a faint impression is made.

Naturally, if we merely stare at a sense experience, this also leaves an impression, in keeping with the laws that govern the relationship between the sense organs and the outer world. Impressions we only stare at, however, are not carried further within soul life. You must meet them with the power of attention from within. The more intense the attention is, the more easily the soul continues to carry sense experiences in its memory pictures. (Steiner, 1999, p.115)

Boredom in the young today has become an increasing concern as a result of over stimulation of the senses. Steiner makes an interesting comment that is helpful in understanding this: “Why are we bored? It is produced by the independent life of our mental images. The old images in us are the source of our desire for new impressions; they want to be enlivened and refreshed, to have new impressions...these mental images... develop their own life in the soul and seek re-enlivenment...If they remain unsatisfied their unsatisfied longing...is expressed as boredom” (Steiner, 1999, p.101). This happens when the outer world seems to have nothing to offer us. We journey through the world but it doesn’t leave any impression in our souls. Fast flashing visual stimulation like those of computer games and television creates an inability to attend with interest to much of life. The increase of boredom among the young can also lead to an increase of children at risk and different types of thrill seeking, addiction and violence.
The lack of substance gathered in the soul that Steiner indicates is directly related to the undermining of the reflective process that I believe is necessary for the weaving of the threads of meaning that create the tapestry of our lives. “Will contemplation become obsolete? ... In the most extreme view, by submitting to such synthetic ease people will end up as info-serfs serving a disembodied Machine Intelligence. Certainly, cramming the young so full of data that they believe they’re thinking when they’re not, and hooking them into dependence on virtual pleasures, would be a start in this direction”(Healy, 1999, p.309). The spiritual void and emptiness that have become a part of our culture are issues that, I believe, are direct results of interfacing the growing mind with a synthetic world and the emphasis on artificial intelligence.

Jane Healy renowned educational psychologist is deeply concerned with what she calls “Endangered Minds” or the lack of cognitive development that many young people suffer from. “One of the gravest errors committed in the name of “progress” is to expand young people’s heads at the expense of their hearts. We tend to forget that the digital intellect is a mentally impoverished companion for human dreams, emotions, and imagination” (Healy, 1999, p.318).

In her recent book Failure to Connect: How Computers Affect Our Children’ Minds – and what we can do about it (1999) Jane Healy outlines some of the consequences that result from the interfacing of young children and technology. The idea that the computer is “only” a tool comes quickly to the fore and Healy responds.

Just because children ...are performing tasks that look technologically sophisticated does not mean they are learning anything important. Moreover, the activity inevitably takes time and attention away from other types of learning. Today’s software is far more powerful, far more compelling, and, far more dangerous than anything we conceived of back in the early days. The brain undergoes certain "critical" or "sensitive" periods in both childhood and adolescence when learning environments exert special kinds of effects and when certain types of activities and stimulation are most appropriate and necessary to maximize mental potential. By providing the proper kind of experience at different ages, we help shape not only the intelligence of brains, but also children’s “habits of mind” for a lifetime. If we waste or subvert these developmental windows, the losses may be irrecoverable. (Healy, 1999,p.27)

Hidden behind the fact that “90% of regular computer users experience visual deterioration” (Healy, 1999, p.113) is the fact that the eye movements used in book
reading, called saccades, differ from the ones used in electronic hypertext and hypermedia, where to read the eyes are more likely to produce a static stare. Reading and comprehension are dependent on the natural integration of the senses. Dr. Ann Barber, developmental optometrist, states that: “some children don’t get enough practice integrating their visual systems with body movement in the three dimensional real world and may be short changed in perceptual process important for school work and even for integration of thinking skills. Balance, laterality and body image all take lots of experience. Movement is so important to both visual and mental development,” Dr. Barber emphasizes “when the child is born the wiring is all there; the light hits the retina but he makes no sense of it. He needs to learn by touching, putting things in his mouth, moving around, and then he has to integrate all this with vision and other senses to make an intelligent child that’s ready for school” (Healy, 1999,p.114). There are so many processes that go on in the integrating of all the senses and movement. “The child must also learn to focus on what’s important and to make sense out of the world” (Healy, 1999,p.114).

Healy concludes that “improper visual motor development may account for some causes of attention problems, either because children haven’t gotten the sense that their brain can control their body, or because trying to compensate for poorly developed visual skills puts a great strain on the entire nervous system” (Healy, 1999,p.115).

Many parents believe that children are learning more on the computer than when they are in the playground, or in the gym. “Not only is physical activity – preferably out doors—vital for health, good sleep patterns, dissipation of excess energy and socialization, but the subtle learning and problem solving that takes place in spontaneous play are important for mental development as well” (Healy, 1999, p.121).

There is also research that indicates that exercise also reduces stress, anxiety and counteracts the effects of depression. Scientists suggest that the type of exercise most likely to achieve this are “the type of spontaneous play in which children just naturally engage” (Healy, 1999, p.121). Children today spend extended periods of time at the computer or watching television. They have as a result increasing postural problems and skeletal weakness that hinders healthy development. Muscles and joints need movement in order to grow in a sound and healthy fashion.

Research in neuro-physiology recognizes the need for body movement and sense experience to develop human intelligence and now suggests “that children who have difficulty organizing stimuli at a sensory level may have problems organizing other
types of inputs, as in reading comprehension or making sense of a math problem" (Healy, 1999,p.122). It is increasingly recognized that musical intuition and the sense of musical form are also grounded in the brain's experience of the body during development. This has been my experience in teaching eurythmy – an art of movement taught in Waldorf schools. We begin to recognize that the ability to play and to investigate the world with our senses and the body, are related to our mental ability to understand the world and eventually assimilate abstract concepts like sequencing. "As a child learns to put movements in order, brain areas are primed to put words and ideas into logical sequence" (Healy, 1999,p.123). Healy raises the issue of how playing with a computer leaves something essential out of the developmental equation.

A recent article in Scientific American states that: "human intelligence first solves movement problems and only later graduates to pondering abstract ones. Use of artificial intelligence will relieve the need to move around and cope with the demands of the physical world and this will inevitably effect our abilities in planning and comprehension" (Healy, 1999, p.123).

Carol Kranowitz in her book: The Out-Of-Sync Child: Recognizing and Coping with Sensory Integration Dysfunction (1998) is concerned with the lack of sensory integration of many children and has written a book on sensory integration dysfunction. The sensory modalities do not develop in a healthy fashion and therefore sensitivity, literacy, and meaning making are all jeopardized.

"Technology does not have to be the killer whale in the pristine pools of humanism, just as it is not the new incarnation of truth" (Healy, 1999, p.292). When one reflects on this quote in light of the previous discussion on the development of the senses in human being, the aesthetic instrument for developing meaning and a sense of the truth, one can begin to recognize what is indeed in jeopardy with our present cultural trends.

The cultivation of aesthetic sensibility and aesthetic ways of knowing are key to this discussion and especially the role of the arts in education. As in the story of Madeleine, they are the way of synthesising or digesting the curriculum as well as life. The arts are not additions to learning; they are the way to incorporating and processing content to create an individualized intuitive understanding of the world. The development of aesthetic judgment or the appreciation of beauty is described by Steiner as health giving: "the soul's inner experience of beauty spreads such an endlessly warm satisfaction throughout the soul...thus, nothing is so easily found whereby the conditions
for a healthy soul life are so strongly developed as when we surrender to beauty” (Steiner, 1999, p.124).

Perhaps this is also an aspect of the disenchantment with life that many adults suffer from today. My experience of art therapy has led me to believe that the arts are a largely untapped resource. They are the healing modalities for much of what Jane Healy and Carol Kranowitz describe in the lacks and dysfunction facing children today.

Education has to do with developing capacities and not with creating products. Some of the finest and most profound aspects of the human being are at risk as a result of the interfacing of technology and the child. The authentic playground for the developing human instrument and our humanity is being usurped by virtual ones and by cyberspace. The following quote from Putting the Heart Back into Teaching (1997) is an example of how, as a result of integrating movement, form drawing and an imaginative story a letter of the alphabet is developed in Waldorf pedagogy.

The Grade One pupil who draws with crayons an S and a Y, learns the curved and straight lines, which make up the shapes in our universe, and acquires physical and mental capacities through practising them. The pupil who learns his letters on a computer keyboard performs the same action for each result, but the results appear on the computer screen, not in the pupil, who has learned only one repetitive action. One of these constitutes education, the other training. It is a symptom of the illness of our century that the one form is so readily mistaken for the other. (Mahler, 1997, p.2)

In his book The Disciplined Mind (1999) Howard Gardner describes multiple pathways for education that are an antidote to the monopoly of any one pathway such as ‘The Technological Pathway’. The different pathways have different textures or landscapes and they offer various answers to the turn of the century. I would like to include with his ideal pathway as an alternative to the modern trends mentioned earlier:

The Understanding Pathway... For those who believe that human beings have a desire to explore and to understand the most fundamental questions of existence, and that curricula ought to be organized around the tackling of these epistemological concerns—familiarly, the true, the beautiful, and the good. Students in this pathway visit and revisit these classical questions, armed, in succession, with literacy skills, disciplinary skills, and the possibility of multidisciplinary or interdisciplinary approaches. They exhibit their understandings publicly; they are motivated to ponder these questions, and their interconnections, well after formal schooling has ended. (Gardner, 1999, p.226)
Forms of representation are visual, auditory, tactile, gustatory, and even olfactory. They manifest themselves in pictures, speech, the movements of dance and gesture, in word and number. Each social device carries meanings that represent qualities we have experienced directly or though recall or imagination. Hence, experience that is visual may be uniquely represented by forms of representation that exploit the visual—a picture is better than a paragraph when we want to know what someone looks like. If we want to know about a sequence of events over time, a story is usually better than a picture. If we want to convey the vital and dynamic experience of our emotional life, dance and music are probably better than a string of numbers. (Eisner, 1998, p.26)

Eliot Eisner describes four educational uses for any form of representation. The first is to develop and stabilize our thoughts or our knowing. In order to project a thought into a representation we must hold on to it and only then we can revise or edit it. We are able to make it more refined, clear and powerful. This is the second role of representation or portrayal of an idea or image, the editing process. The third function of “using the form of representation to externalize the internal is that it makes communication possible” (Eisner, 1998, p.27). The fourth function given by Eisner is that it provides opportunities for discovery. “The creative act is an act of exploration and discovery” (Eisner, 1998, p. 27).

This activity of representing that is so essential to the artistic activity is a way of thinking or knowing in the most expansive and inclusive. It allows the student to learn and to express in a highly unique and individualized fashion. Each art form has its own form or framework to facilitate expression, representation and requires a definite level of skill in order to do so. Eisner indicates that all forms of representation have a syntactical structure:

The term syntax comes from the Latin 'syntaxis', which means to arrange. For example, forms of representation used in painting or drawing require the student to arrange the qualities within the work so that they cohere. The same is true of musical composition or choreography. The syntactical structure of these forms are structure- seeking or figural. What the individual seeks is a coherent, satisfying form...ironically, the arts, are an area of thinking that has the most to offer...the arts are models of work that do emphasize the creation of coherent structure, that do encourage multiple solutions to problems, that do prize innovation, that do rely on the use of judgment, and that depend on the use of sensibility. In short, the arts are a most important means of celebrating thinking. (Eisner, 1998, p. 28)
Essential to the discussion of representation are the development of the image and the powers of imagination. When they are strengthened and enhanced they become a way of processing and knowing about the world. They are a real and concrete way in which sense perception and thinking are related and how they can remain mobile and alive.

The Languages of the Arts

Literacy is broader than language because the meaning systems humans have invented to convey meaning are broader than language. Just where are these other meaning systems to be found? Upon reflection it becomes clear that they are nearby: Meaning is conveyed in the visual forms we call art, architecture, film and video. It emerges in the patterned sound we call music. It appears first in human experience in movement, then gesture, and then dance. It emerges in the ways in which social relationships are constructed through rites and rituals that represent and express our highest aspirations and deepest fears. Becoming literate, in the broad sense, means learning how to access in a meaningful way the forms of life that these meaning systems make possible. What we ought to be developing in our schools is not simply a narrow array of literacy skills limited to a restricted range of meaning systems, but a spectrum of literacies that will enable students to participate in, enjoy, and find meaning in the major forms through which meaning has been constituted. We need a conception of multiple literacies to serve as a vision of what our schools should seek to achieve. (Eisner, 1998, p. 12)

The various arts have their individual world of quality in which the artist plays, explores and discovers. The artist, or any individual involved in the arts, can also choose to mix the various mediums to find the exact mode in which to express themselves and their specific content. They encode their meaning in their created work by projecting the landscapes of their imagination and giving them substance and life as perceptible realities. These languages of the imagination can be: form, space, colour, sound, movement, gesture, or language. The fine arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, drama, dance, and eurythmy all have their own forms, syntaxes or languages in which to explore and discover. Each artistic domain requires a specific activity of the senses and their integrated working together to weave a multi-layered, multifaceted experience. The artist’s activity stands as a threshold between the visible and the as yet invisible. The medium allows the artist to explore their inner landscape or question and to give expression to it by projecting it outside of him or herself. The setting out or
representation of the meaning is encoded into the product creation and likewise needs aesthetic sensitivity to the medium of expression in order to decode the meaning hidden within it. This is the connoisseurship that Eisner speaks of.

Our world is first a qualitative world. We are able to experience colour, texture, smell. And sounds—qualities that permeate our world. Becoming conscious of that world or some aspect of it depends on a skilled and intact sensory system. We often do not think of the senses as being skilled; they just are there. However, the qualities of the world are not simply given to human experience, they must be one. Experience is not simply an act or event, it is an achievement. We learn to see and hear. We learn to read subtle qualitative cues that constitute the environment. We learn to distinguish and differentiate ... Eventually if we care enough, we are able to see qualities ... and the complex nuances ... If we care enough and work hard enough we achieve experiences. We become connoisseurs of some aspect of the world. (Eisner, 1998, p. 23)

Like the circle of the twelve senses, which surround us, or our "I", in aesthetic experience, I believe the arts encircle the activity of our developing humanity. They stand around us and act as entrances or doorways to adventures of exploration and discovery. It is often an enchanted landscape that we traverse but the achievement of creation as well as the jewels of knowing that we find are uniquely ours. In similar fashion, so are the trials and difficulties with which we are fraught with along the way. This extract or kernel that we win is indeed mysteriously turned to gold by the alchemy of the process and lives in our souls for eternity as our most treasured possessions.

The Zen of the Senses

What is Zen?
Zen is: being in touch with the inner workings of life.
Zen is: life that knows it is living.
Zen is: this moment speaking as time and as eternity.
Zen is: seeing into the nature of things, inside and outside of myself.
Zen is: when all living things of the Earth open their eyes wide and look me in the eye...

(Franck, 1973, p.9)

Each of the twelve senses is a portal or gateway to the sensing or perception that is particular to that sense; through it one enters a mysterious world of quality revealed through its own sensibility. All of the senses have hidden within their nature a zen-like activity that intuits the being-ness of the
world through their own unique capabilities. Furthermore, each individual develops this zen-like aesthetic instrument for knowing in his or her own unique fashion throughout life. Its activity is the foundation upon which we build or construct the temple of meaning which is the center of our existence and whose oracle guides the very values and impulses for action. It is the eye through which we create the vision or imagination of our biography and that perceives the magically interwoven golden threads in our unraveling destiny.

The life of Zen begins with the opening of 'satori'. Satori may be defined as intuitive looking into, in contradiction to intellectual and logical understanding. Whatever the definition, satori means the unfolding of a new world hitherto unperceived.


The arts are modalities for aesthetic experience as well as representation. The language of quality that each embodies in its own quintessential way also informs and develops into a knowing explored through the art form. Just like the sensory modalities the arts have a limitless richness. When we work within them they lead us from layer to layer of experience and knowing which spans from the simple to the sublime. One can therefore speak of the Zen of seeing that develops out of drawing and painting or the Zen of hearing that develops in music. Poetry develops a Zen of the sense of the word and thought, dance the Zen of movement and thought, drama the Zen of gesture, word, thought, and most profoundly the Zen of the sense of the other.

In education the role of the arts in developing the aesthetic sensing is endless and in general the role of the arts in developing the aesthetic ways of knowing is just as multifaceted and multi-layered.
Chapter Two

A Theme With Variations:
The Development of the Aesthetic Instrument

Introduction

How is it we develop the instrument of the senses in our early life and how is that worked on or wrought such that it becomes the instrument for aesthetic ways of knowing? How do we learn to discover or see into the qualities of objects, situations, and people so that they tell us something of their often hidden nature? Is this essence an extract so essential to its existence that one may say it reveals its central kernel of truth or being? When we are able to refine all the impressions we have and burn away the excesses or nonessential, does that substance, when placed in relation to the rest of our experience form an image or imagination potentized with new life and meaning? To me this is an alchemical process in which the memory, upon reflection or contemplation, reveals the process of turning the events of life into a golden essence that when woven reveals the true thread of our biography or destiny. Perhaps that is the aesthetic element in the process of learning to know our own destiny.

The period of early childhood is when, through the development of the twelve senses, we fashion this basic instrument for knowing. Just as the foundations for the senses are formed early on in the embryo within the womb, so too is their development nurtured in the period of early childhood. The health of the instrument for knowing is dependent on the environment in which the senses develop and the nature of the sense experiences available. The way in which the becoming human being forms its relationship with the world governs the way in which the nerve sense system develops and functions. At an “Education Through Music Conference” in May 2001 Joseph Chilton Pearce spoke of how the biological imperative becomes the imperative that what is not used does not develop: ‘use it or lose it.’ He then added that necessary for all development is also the model imperative and at no time is this more essential than in early childhood where the learning is mostly done through imitation. What the child
perceives through the twelve senses nurtures and fashions the system, which later unites percept with concept in the act of cognition. The richness of this experience is also nurtured through healthy play life. It is through play that the senses and the brain learn to function and through repetition are practiced as well as refined. This is where the work of childhood takes place, it is the womb where fantasy and imagination are nurtured, it is the way of knowing that lays the imprint for the later development of aesthetic ways of knowing.

**Individual Development of The Senses**

The development of the individual human being follows a similar journey as did humankind through the ages. The senses have evolved physically over time and the human consciousness has therefore developed and changed through the centuries and indeed millennia.

The journey of the individual along the path from childhood, through youth to adulthood moves through the circle of the twelve senses from the bodily experiences of our inner world in the will senses: touch, life, movement and balance through the portals of the middle senses to the outer world in sight, smell, taste and warmth. These are the senses that give us the feeling, qualitative experiences of the soul. The higher cognitive senses of hearing, word, thought and the sense of the ego of the other are the portals through which we develop as ego beings and join with others in discovering the most profound and potentially free aspect of our humanity, our human spirit.

The will senses or bodily senses: the sense of touch, the sense of life, the sense of self movement and the sense of balance are the forums for much of the first experiences of the new born child. Although the other senses are ever present they are not so obviously being fashioned by the child. We recognize the need for touch to nurture, the sense of well being in the general physical comfort and discomforts according to whether the infant is hungry or satisfied, wet or dry. So too do the limbs begin to move and the child is working on the instrument of self-movement and refining it constantly. The child encounters space and gravity in the effort to balance in crawling and eventually overcome gravity by standing and taking that first exciting step propelling her or him into the world.
It is interesting that the child in his first years, even if only dimly and in a
dreamlike manner, really possesses this consciousness of earlier
humanity. He does not regard the outer world, but pays attention to what
takes place within him. Children are mainly interested in their own body;
they do not regard the outer world but possess just a dreamlike
consciousness, of being enclosed as in a sphere, which really takes in the
effects of the outer world as picture. The child really feels the skin as a
kind of envelope and pays attention to what takes place within as pictures
and sounds. —This ceases to an increasing extent later. (Willi Aeppli,
1998, p.46)

The child further explores the world through the middle senses: the sense of
taste, the sense of smell, the sense of sight, and the sense of warmth. These senses
quite clearly overlap the development of the will senses, but the period of childhood is
perhaps the time of discovering the qualities of things in taste, smell, colour, form and
sound. These are the senses that delight in the world and bring the intimate messages
from the environment, especially the world of nature in plant, mineral, and animal
kingdoms. The child, up to about the fourth year, possesses a kind of general organ of
perception, is a kind of sense organ from head to foot, finely tuned to all the subtly
changing nuances of its environment.

We must not forget that the first perceptions of the baby are not so
sharply defined by the individual sense-spheres as is the case with the
adults. That the infant has rather a quite general perception of the world,
which is conveyed by the whole body. And also in the following years,
although the individual sense organs are externally localized, they extend
over much wider realms than they do later. The small child hears music,
for instance, less with his ear than with his whole body, which vibrates
and lives in this musical element. His tasting is not confined to the tongue,
but extends beyond this to stomach, liver, and spleen. (Aeppli, 1998,
p.46)

The more cognitive in nature the senses are the longer they take to develop.
Therefore the higher senses: the sense of sound or hearing, the sense of utterance or
word, the sense of thought, concept or representation, and the sense of the ego of
another are developed slowly throughout childhood. They reveal the world of human
beings by means of interaction and are mostly learnt through imitation. These senses
continue to evolve over the whole course of life and are deeply bound up with the
conceptualizing, contextualizing of our lives and its meaning making.
The entire process of cognition of the adult is not uniform but divided into the two components of perception and thinking. How is it in respect with the small child? The one component, the forming of concepts and judgments, is not at all present in him. Therefore one can say in a certain sense, that his process of cognition is still a uniform one. The small child lives in the world almost as an exclusive being of perception. He is 'completely sense organ'. He is with all his senses completely open to the impressions of the surrounding world: he is completely exposed and unconditionally given up to them. Just because he is not yet in the position to catch and digest the sense impressions with consciousness, so can they penetrate without hindrance, and directly, into the child's organism. The saying 'the child consumes sense impressions' is meant more than just metaphorically. He has no other choice than to incorporate the effects of the surrounding world by way of his sense-organism. All perceptions call forth in the child vegetative processes, secretions of glands, and so on. If a child, for example, sees colours, there arises in his organism metabolic processes of some kind. It is no exaggeration to say that the child builds up his physical organism according to the sense impressions he receives from his surroundings. (Aeppli, 1998, p.47)

It can be revealing to follow our own development from childhood into adulthood. We are able, using the vehicle of our memory, to review and witness our personal growth and glean some of the more objective, universal and archetypal aspects or truths inherent in it. The stream of our biography is like the warp of a woven tapestry and, although the shuttle of our biography flies one way from left to right into the future, we can journey back through the memory and send the shuttle back from right to left into the past. What we are thereby able to perceive and acknowledge can lead us to an aesthetic understanding of our own lives. We can learn to sense the direction of our becoming tapestry of destiny and intuit its inherent image. Perhaps that imagination or vision has shaped and guided our very becoming from the first moments. The magical inter-relationships of our environment, the developing instrument of our humanity, and our unfolding biography are unique. What we become or create is a profoundly individual signature of being in body, soul, and spirit.

What happens to this general organ of perception in the course of the individual's development? Can it simply disappear without leaving a trace behind? Or will it metamorphose, like everything living? If we investigate the development of this capacity, we see a surprising transformation. The capacity of perception appears around the seventh year as 'imaginative thinking', or childlike fantasy. Is this thinking in pictures a kind of perceiving or already a kind of thinking? The answer can only be: it is both simultaneously. On the one hand an inner perception of a lively kind, on the other hand a young lively thinking. But this imaginative thinking
also shows the tendency to develop further to the clarity and consciousness of the conceptual thinking of the adult. This demonstrates that our thinking shows a remarkable genesis. (Aeppli, 1998, p.47)

The child moves from a dreamlike, picture consciousness, to a world of fantasy and imagination, and on to an imaginative thinking that meets the most profound truths in pictures as depicted in myths and fairy tales. The archetypal images educate aesthetically and the arts foster the continued development of the aesthetic ways of knowing that allow a symbolic, metaphorical, imaginative understanding of the world. The imaginative thinking fashions a creative ability that then can accompany the developing intelligence in the conscious uniting of percept and concept in intellectual skill in the adolescent. When as adults we focus our aesthetic way of knowing on our own life through a review of childhood into adulthood the images can become metaphors for meaning previously not fathomed.

This is the method of the following review of my personal experiences and in the following personal narrative I describe the environment which nurtured and fostered the development of the twelve senses in my own life and reflect on how the experiences of my early childhood and youth lead to my later experiences in the arts.
A Theme With Variations

ODE

From
Intimations of Immortality From Recollections
On Early Childhood

V

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life’s Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature’s Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.”

William Wordsworth

The Telling

I undertake to follow the spoor or track set down as I entered and journeyed through the initial landscapes of my biography and how this has led me on into the further unfolding of my life, its central direction in education and healing through the arts, and the undertaking of this present research. This process has been like that of Theseus following the golden thread that he left behind along the way as he went to meet the Minotaur and slay him to free the seven youths and seven maidens. I retraced my steps and was led back through the labyrinth of my unfolding destiny to the center of the kingdom of my childhood. At the heart of this were the people I encountered and the experiences I had in the nature of the northern wilderness. This is the landscape, or playground that surrounded me in my childhood. The nature experiences I had evolved,
becoming my playmate, my passionate love and my most profound teacher or mentor. When I was sixteen I met the poem: “Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey” by William Wordsworth in an English class given by the inspired teacher, Mr. Pringle. This is one of the few moments I remember of my classroom education in high school. The most profound experiences and influences came from my wilderness experiences in the “Outers” Program, especially the three day solo in the middle of a two week trip into the interior of Quetico Park. This program was also a high school credit at the time.

I have chosen to accompany this journey back into my childhood and a review of my play life with the work of William Wordsworth who, I feel, articulates most clearly the mood surrounding my early life and how these experiences were transformed or metamorphosed along the way as my destiny unraveled itself. This poem: “Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey” has accompanied my life and it is most appropriate that it accompanies certain sections of this play life review.

The Tableau

Meaning is invisible, but the invisible is not contradictory of the visible: the visible has an invisible inner framework, and the in-visible is the secret counterpart of the visible.

M. Merleau-Ponty, Working Notes (Hillman, 1997, p.x)

I have sensed that situations and episodes of my past can be viewed from the distant perspective of the present like a tableau. One can look back on the events creating a distance through the memory and then the events appear as from a mountain summit and the essential meaning becomes visible as the non-essential fades away in the purple haze that time blankets over all our memories. Throughout this personal journey I have been aware that the inner landscape of my soul and the outer happenings along the way have had a special relationship. A sense of synchronicity has been an active force in the telling of this story. There appears to be lawfulness in the process that I felt objectified it upon reflection. This taught and led me along the way through an intuitive, imaginative understanding. I will attempt to describe my very personal experiences of this process and articulate my insights along the way using the narrative of examples of specific situations. I also sensed that the situations were permeated with meaning and became imaginations when one reflected on them. When I revisit them they are no longer tangled with my own personality but, allowing the insignificant and
irrelevant to be burned away as it were, one views the events like a panorama from a mountaintop with a different perspective. The events held hidden within them archetypal images and meaning. I will describe the events in a series of tableaus and in the reflection sections I will comment on how through the situation one can glimpse an archetype like a reflection caught for a second on the surface of the water only to disappear in the flow of time.

The Acorn Theory

In a nutshell this... is about calling, about fate, about character, about innate image. Together they make up the "acorn theory" which holds that each person bears a uniqueness that asks to be lived and that is already present before it can be lived. (Hillman, 1997, p. 6.)

Many have spoken like Wordsworth has in the previous excerpt from his Ode: "Intimations of Immortality". They describe how we descend into our life and how childhood is surrounded by a special mood as if "appareled in celestial light". Our life unfolds with its own sense of purpose, which occasionally we sense at certain moments or can glimpse when we reflect on our life's journey. James Hillman articulates it well when he says:

Each person enters the world called. The idea comes from Plato, his myth of Er at the end of the ...Republic.... The soul of each of us is given a unique daimon before we are born, and it has selected an image or pattern that we live on earth. This soul-companion, the daimon, guides us here; in the process of arrival, however, we forget all that took place and believe we come empty into this world. The diamond remembers what is in your image and belongs to your pattern, and therefore your diamond is the carrier of your destiny.... Then, the myth implies, we must attend very carefully to childhood to catch a glimpse of the daimon in action, to grasp its intentions and not block its way. The rest of the practical implications swiftly unfold: (a) Recognize the call as the prime fact of human existence; (b) Align with it; (c) Find the common sense to realize that accidents, including the heartache and the natural shocks the flesh is heir to, belong to the pattern of the image, are necessary to it, and help fulfill it. (Hillman, 1997, p.8)

When I was young I felt that I had ringing in my ears the echo of experiences that were the guiding principle of my life. Every once in a while I would have this sense or catch a glimpse of it and then it would disappear. Later, this is the same feeling that arose within me when I met one of my most dear life long friends and I found out that, although one of us was a year older, we shared the same birthday. I always felt her to be
a soul sister in the most profound way, and I had the feeling that we had heard the same things ringing in our ears in our childhood, or perhaps it was that we came from similar parts of the universe when we were born. This has continued and even as adults we have come to share the same artistic profession and work in education. This is an inkling of the mysterious reality that we carry a resolve or plan hidden in our souls and only later in life when we look back can we see it. It has been my experience that as children we sense this and even in our play life begin to play creatively or improvise around the theme that arises out of us like a melody. The episodes of our life are the variations on this theme.

For this reason I have chosen to continue the narrative of this journey on to key experiences that are continuations of this intent played out in childhood. They shaped the destiny with its innate image and which was, I believe, present before it was fully lived. This is a glimpse of the mystery that lies at the heart of my life, which became visible when I reflected back over the experiences. Imaginations arose like metaphors for this innate image. Thus the last episodes, although strictly speaking they are not from my childhood, are deeply bound up with it. They were like seeds waiting to germinate out of the ground or substance of the earlier events of my play life, just like the oak that grows from the acorn.

For this is the nature of an image, any image. It's all there at once. When you look at a face before you, at a scene out your window or a painting on the wall, you see a whole gestalt. All the parts present themselves simultaneously. One bit does not cause another bit or precede it in time. It doesn't matter whether the painter put the reddish blotches in last to first, the gray streaks as afterthoughts or as originating structure or whether they are left over lines from a prior image on that piece of canvas: What you see is exactly what you get, all at once. And the face, too: its complexion and features form a single expression, a singular image, given all at once. So, too, the image in the acorn. You are born with a character; it is given; a gift, as the old stories say, from the guardians upon your birth. (Hillman, 1997, p.7)

To begin with I will describe the social landscape that I came into, and then describe the early years of my family life. Then I will give examples of my play life and in the reflections address how these are examples of different aspects of play and human development.
My Historical Landscape

Coming into this particular body, and being born of these particular parents, and in such a place, are in general what we call external circumstances. That all happenings form a unity and are spun together is signifies by the Fates [Moirai]. Plotinus, II.3.15 (Hillman, 1997, p.ix)

The Family Tree

The first tableau is the situation around my birth. If one is to take seriously the thought that we chose the place or circumstances of our birth as well as our parents, then one should examine this like a prelude for the theme and variations that eventually become our biography. The unfolding of our destiny is a most profound revelation of all the intentions that we bring with us from the divine world like a great secret that we alone were told at the moment of our birth.

My grandparents on my mother's side came from England and Scotland. My grandmother's family, the Chapmans, came from Kent, immigrating to Canada when she was three years old. Her mother worked as an early mid-wife in Sioux Lookout; her father was an engineer on the railway. My grandfather arrived as a child with the Nicol family from the Isle of Skye. The brothers of my great-grandfather were wood-carvers and their work can still be seen in cathedrals in Great Britain. Both of these families arrived in Canada around 1900 and found their way to North Western Ontario. At that time, Sioux Lookout was merely a watering stop and a turnaround station for the engines on the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was an access point to the northern reservations of the Sandy Lake Cree. All the goods for the surrounding area were sent out by bush plane, tractor train over the ice, or dog sled.

The father of my father came from the Watertown, New York. It is generally believed that the Lyng Clan immigrated to Ireland directly from Denmark or perhaps as Vikings during their 9th Century expansion from the north. And that Patrick and Elisabeth (O'Neill) Lyng originated from Kilkenny, Ireland, prior to immigrating to Canada. They were married around 1815 and then after ten years of marriage life, for reasons which are not clear, made the momentous decision to come to Canada in 1825 and split up their little family leaving Mary and James with their grandparents and only bringing Thomas, then six months old, with them to Canada. They arrived and settled south of Ottawa. Eventually the family was reunited and they had a total of eight children. My grandfather's father is a son of the young Thomas who arrived with his parents and is
named after him. When my grandfather crossed over to Canada, he changed his name to Kelly. I remember him as a huge man with very large hands who always smelled of tobacco. He worked on the C.P.R. as well as out west on farms as a young man. He was working as a driver of a horse team for the brewery in Winnipeg when he met my grandmother.

My grandmother on my father's side, Isabel Young, came from Little Britain, Manitoba. I was always told that her uncle, the Honorable Donald Gun, wrote the first history of that province. Isabel grew up on a farm and was working in the Eaton’s store in Winnipeg when she met my grandfather. I remember her as a mere five foot tall woman who still cooked, made bread and cinnamon buns, on the wood stove. My grandparents lived in a very basic dwelling on the outskirts of Sioux Lookout. She raised six kids almost all alone during the Depression and Grandpa drove a tractor-trailer over the ice to Red Lake to make money when he didn’t work for the railway. Uncle Pat tells the story that after such a run he came back to the house with some friends who tied up their dog teams in the back yard and sat down to an all night poker game. Uncle Pat says that he was afraid to go out to the outhouse, as he had to pass all the dogs staked along the path.

Isabel and Thomas had six children: Clara was born in 1913, Jim in 1916, Pat in 1918, Herbie in 1921, Roy in 1924 and Marvin, my dad, in 1930. I was told that the family had porridge three times a day occasionally topped with berries they spent hours picking as children. At the time, Sioux Lookout had a population of about 1500; the road arrived only in 1933. There was no running water; it was fetched down at the pump house on the lake. Bath nights were Saturdays and only the older boys were allowed to go down to the Finnish bath to have theirs. There were only oil lamps to do homework by. All the boys in the family played hockey, my dad as goalie, on the town rinks whose ice was made and maintained by their Dad. They played street hockey with “road apples” left by the horses on the street. Jim and Pat played in the Minor league. Grandpa ran the two rinks in the winter; before he made ice the boys had to clear the rink and only afterwards were they allowed to play hockey. Jim and Pat went into the Air Force and Herbie and Roy, the Army. Herbie was the only one to see action in Europe and he suffered the rest of his life with a drinking problem. The Kelly boys were a rough and ready lot, but they all made a way for themselves and were quite the characters as I was growing up.
My grandpa Nicol owned the drug store in town and did all the shopping for the trappers out along the railway line. When they eventually came into town before they became 'bushed' they always stopped first at the drug store to pay my grandpa and then they went to enjoy their night on the town. The Nicols were active community members in the early days of Sioux Lookout.

These are the relatives I met in my early life as a child. They were examples of modern day pioneers on the frontiers of North Western Ontario in the early 1900's. I absorbed something essential from them and imitated them and their life in my early play. An image of this life and its people left a deep imprint in my soul and the texture of these early experiences is woven into so much of what was to follow that it is like a prologue for my life.

**My Family Circle**

I want us to envision that what children go through has to do with finding a place in the world for their specific calling. They are trying to live two lives at once, one they were born with and the one of the place and among the people they were born into. The entire image of a destiny is packed into a tiny acorn, the seed of a huge oak on small shoulders. And its call rings loud and persistent and is as demanding as any scolding voice from the surroundings. The call shows in the tantrums and obstinacies, in shyness and retreats, that seem to set the child against our world but that may be protections of the world it comes with and comes from. (Hillman, 1997, p.13.)

My parents, Marvin and Diane, went together all though high school and married on January 30th, 1954; I was born was born on September 27th. My parents were living at Ear Falls; my father worked in the office as chief clerk for Ontario Hydro. He was working on building a power generating station at Ear Falls and was housed in the hydro colony. My mother was a trained nurse and the only available medical person for miles around. She was often called out to some emergency, even during her pregnancy. She was working as a teacher at the time she was carrying me since she was the only person with enough education to get a permit to run the school.

On the day I was born, my mother had to make my dad his breakfast first, and then they began the fifty-mile drive on a dirt road to the Regional Indian Hospital in Red Lake. I was born at around 10:30 or 11:00 a.m. I was the only non-native baby in the hospital. When I was young, as children often do, I thought someone had made a
mistake and that I was really a native child. I felt that being born there fit my life plan
because I always felt deeply connected to the native people, especially part of their
nature experience. In my play as a child, I was one of them most of the time, and even
into my early adolescence this mood surrounded me when I spent so much time alone
wandering day and night in the woods.

My parents were very active in the small construction camp and did the first
survey so as to be able to collect taxes for the founding of a school board to fund the
two-room schoolhouse. I slept outside in my carriage every afternoon and learned to
walk well before I was nine months old.

In the spring of 1955 we moved to Atikokan where my sister Shaun was born on
October 27th. My mother worked at the hospital and my dad as chief clerk for Ontario
Hydro. We lived at 30 Maple Road in a house that is still there. When I was two years
old we moved to Kenora. We had a beagle named Kim whom I played with all the time.
He was amazing, perhaps the smartest dog my father has ever seen. The day the family
first arrived in Kenora, my parents stopped to buy something at the store and Kim
jumped out the window and ran off. My parents couldn’t find him so had to drive on to
their new house. A few hours later after my Dad had gone out for a drive but didn’t find
him, Kim barked at the door. We have these lovely photos of Kim pulling me around in a
cardboard box. I was wearing a diaper and a paper bag on my head as a crown.

In 1957, we moved back to Atikokan. Shortly after, Kim was killed. We moved
into a house on Tamerac, a little crescent street; the back yard bordered on an
undeveloped park with swings, a slide, and evergreen trees. It was here I played as
Eddie, who worked at the Steep Rock Iron Mine, and would not come in until my Mom
called me Eddie. My mother says that I played outside all the time but never went
beyond the end of the crescent when I rode my tricycle back and forth. I thought I was
Eddie working four to twelve driving a ‘Euclid’ truck at the mine. In the back yard we
played in the dirt with shovels, pails and trucks. My mother often had to undress us at
the back door and bath us in the basement before we had lunch because we were
covered in the red mud that made Atikokan famous. I didn’t often play with dolls as a
child but was always busy outside.

Another sister was born in 1958; Shaun and I were joined by Karen, a lovely
curly haired little pudding and pie, who ever after we called, “Puddy”. When I was four
years old, my grandfather bought me a two-wheel bike and after two days I asked to
have the training wheels removed. We were lucky to have a hockey rink in the back yard that was made by my dad and we played there all winter.

One December my mother got a phone call from a lady who asked if her girls had red snow suits and sleighs because two such children just went past her house on the way uptown to see Santa at the Hudson Bay store. It was indeed my sister and I. We had picked up an extra sleigh on the way, and were found only after we had finished the nearly two-mile trek.

Very early on, we were taken out to French Lake, camping. We were so active that my parents could never let us out of their sight at the lake. We swam and played endlessly in the water. My mother tells the story that she had to drive thirty miles into town to get my flannel shirt that I cuddled with when I sucked my thumb to go to sleep because I couldn’t sleep without it. My mother read us fairy tales and other stories every night. Later when we came home and recited poems, she would join us and we were always amazed that she knew them. We always had a nap after lunch until we went to school and we also went to bed early as children. We were extremely active and thus ate and slept very well.

I went to kindergarten, because it was right across the street, even though my mother didn’t believe in sending such a young child to school. She felt that this was the age when we could really play as children, more so than when we were older, and thus was reluctant for us to go to kindergarten. We have pictures of the class, all with little graduation caps on, but all I remember was making things with paper bags and singing. I had a good friend whose name was Carol Herychuk who lived across the river over the footbridge.

As we grew older we would go down the cinder path to the United Church to go sliding. I played a lot with the Clement boys and the boys from another house on Dogwood court behind the Pecailo’s house. My mother has told me we were inseparable and that I got into a lot of mischief with these boys. One day the police caught us down by the river and called my mother. The river was a real threat since many children did lose their lives in the undertows and we had to learn to respect it.

In 1960 we moved to the house on Pine Crescent, which was in the same neighborhood, but on another crescent. I remember the white picket fence that my Dad put up around the front yard and that we eventually learned to paint. Across the street lived the Summer’s family. I played a great deal with Beverly even though I remember her as sometimes mean and domineering. I have memories of rolling a barrel around the
back yard and in the vacant lot beside our house where wild roses grew. It was here that we played street hockey and rode our bikes around the neighborhood. Around the corner was the Hemlock rink, where we skated all winter. We were allowed to play hockey with the boys, even though we were girls, if we helped clean off the rink. There was a father who always played with us, and I think that he was the reason that Shaun and I were able to play with the rest of the boys.

At the rink they even had a loud speaker and played music on Friday nights. There was an old rink shack that had a stove in the middle where we would warm up. I can still smell the wet wool mitts and the smell of burnt clothing that was placed unknowingly too close to the stove. I learned to ski at five years old on the United Church hill in one afternoon after my father announced he would take us to the big hill once we learned to ski. The next day he had to take us and to this day I don’t know how we managed on those black wooden skis with red leather straps. I loved skiing and by the time I was eight I had won my first trophy. I have many fond memories of our family skiing together and later coaching the Nancy Greene team.

It is during this time that I have the most memories of playing. Whether it was behind the United Church with the three Devisscher kids, Rocky Kreece and the others. Or when we built forts with barricades and houses within them that looked like log homes with no roofs. Or how we made bows and arrows with real feathers and carved staffs and learned to fight with them. Or how we had groups that attacked each other’s camps when we could find them hidden in the woods. We were also able to sneak up on the people who used the cinder path that led to the footbridge over the river. This was a wonderful time of play and adventure.

In 1962 Lori was born. She fascinated me and I became her little mother taking care of her. It amazed me to watch her grow up. We were so alike in how we looked and something was essentially similar. However her play life was completely different than mine. She played downstairs for hours all by herself. While we were at school, she played with dolls in her little house area of the basement. It was always neat; it was like a replica of the house upstairs with kitchen and all. She and her imaginary friend played, and there was this enchanted mood about it all. She was very imaginative, she danced about the house to music dressed up in the old clothes stored in the basement. Eventually she was able take art in school because it was finally in the curriculum by the time she went to school. She also took pottery classes as a teenager after I had left home. It did not surprise me when she studied Fine Arts and Drama to become an art
teacher. I mention this here because as four girls we grew up in the same household but the way we played was so very different. Karen read for hours, whereas I finally read a book cover to cover only when I was sixteen and only because it was the biography of Nancy Greene who was my hero at the time. My sisters and I shared the same family adventures and in some ways the same playground, but we did profoundly different things there and I can see upon reflection that what we did was completely congruous with the as yet unarticulated intentions of each of our innate images.

Motifs in Play: Life Tableaus

The First Motif

And now, with gleams of half extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I bound o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then  
(The courser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all. —I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding of the cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense.

From: "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey"  
By William Wordsworth
There were many adventures with my family, like the weekend fishing trips, the four of us with our parents following Marmian Lake floodwaters for two hours until we arrived up at Island Falls. In the early days when Lori was only months old she slept under the bow of the boat all day. We would fish all day and return with our limit of thirty-six pickerel. Our freezer was full of moose meat, partridge, and fish, which was the basis of our diet. I also went hunting with my dad and learned to drive the Volkswagen Bug at twelve so that Dad could watch the woods for birds and then jump out and shoot when one appeared.

One of the most exciting adventures was when we went camping on Finlayson Lake. We had arrived at our campsite by boat, set up our large six-person tent as well as my uncle Pat’s tent and had a lovely day. That night a storm hit and my father had to adjust the tent in the night to keep it from collapsing. Then he went out to check on the boat only to find that it had been swamped by the huge waves that broke upon the shore. He had to bale it and take off the forty-horsepower motor and drag it up onto the shore. When we awoke in the morning there were huge whitecaps racing down the lake. My father and Uncle Pat had to walk ten miles through the bush after finding an old logging road and hitch a ride into town to get the hydro four wheel drive truck to come out and fetch the rest of us. The day was wonderfully exciting for us because we discovered friends around the point and spent the day enjoying the winds. Some of us took a beach ball and let it go at one end of the clearing and the others tried to catch it as it went whizzing by. I remember feeling amazed at the power of the elements and loving them all the more for their intensity. It was sunset when my father returned and we trekked out to where the truck was parked. We spent most of the journey giggling because we were thrown around in the back as it lurched its way down the overgrown track. I saw the places where they had to cut the trees that had fallen over the old road to clear the way. My aunt, who had serious arthritis, told us the story of how their tent had collapsed in the night and she was trapped in her sleeping bag with her hands in the sleeping casts so she couldn’t undo the zipper to aid my uncle. We all enjoyed the adventure and would often reminisce about it around the table at supper.

It was later when I was eight that we went up to the far end of Lake Windigoostigwan and camped for two weeks. It was a children’s paradise; we played on the beach, learned to surf board and water ski, watched adults at play learning slalom skiing or how to sit on chairs or climb ladders and then pirouette on the turnaround board. The most exciting adventures were always when we explored down the railway
line for miles in each direction. To our amazement, we discovered an old log cabin down an overgrown path off the tracks and played there all summer using the oil lamps to light the inside because we didn’t want to disturb anything or open the shutters. I still remember the smells and all we found there inside as well as out, from old magazines to tools abandoned in the grass around the cabin. We became prospectors, trappers, and pioneers and lived their lives with an intense passion. Never to this day have we told the adults of our discovery and all the secrets we uncovered there for fear that the enchanted moments would be shattered by some comment. I remember the card games we played together, the whole group of children along the length of the beach.

We spent two wonderful summers there and then one autumn my parents bought the property on Crystal Lake and we began to clear the land and build the road into the lot. That first summer we lived in our tent, and then we moved an old building from town thirty miles away. I remember the day because I can still see the building seriously leaning as it made its way down the steep hill. I thought it was all going to tip over. We would work until lunch clearing the property or building something and then play all afternoon in the water or go off exploring in the boat or canoe. There were three families of children who lived as one group, eating and sleeping at the different camps. Allan, my good friend, practically lived at our house, arriving for breakfast and leaving by boat in the dark. We learned so much from him because he was native and had grown up trapping, fishing, hunting, and guiding. By the time he was sixteen, he made $100.00 a day guiding. We arrived after school finished, living barefoot and in our swimsuits until we returned to town almost three months later.

The Second Motif

I have the fondest of memories of all of my experiences on Crystal Lake. I would eventually retreat there as a teenager and spend days wandering the woods deeply moved by all I saw. I especially loved the winter, often snow shoeing on the lake at night and watching the northern lights swirl and spiral overhead. Once the Aurora Borealis were so strong I thought that they were almost brushing the treetops, and I felt their awesome power so strongly that I almost was forced to kneel. To this day I still return at certain times of the year, especially at Christmas when I have the place to myself, enjoying the retreat and times of quiet contemplation.
Gradually the friend or playmate I had in nature mellowed and the experience was transformed to a deeply earnest moral and almost religious feeling. I would spend hours alone wandering deeper into the forest from one ridge of rock to the next, drawn to those special magical places off the trail beaten by the feet of generations of children, or to those less obvious tracks used by animals which lead into the inner sanctuaries of the wilderness. Here I was schooled in the discipline of being fully mindful of all I experienced, which was often very overwhelming, believing that my soul must be large enough to embrace all the grandeur that I witnessed. I would walk in a mood of profound care and wonder feeling a presence in nature that I believed others found in the church we attended.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all that mighty world
Of eye, and ear, -- both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and in the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

From: “Lines composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey”
By William Wordsworth

The Third Motif

It was only when I was in Europe for fourteen years and not able to visit the North Country that I began to understand the profound words on the life of imagination that are
also found in Wordsworth's poem. They describe moments that are the basis for the development of the inner soul landscape that is the most profound gift of nature experiences. It leads to the creating of an imaginative inner life, the rich inner landscape or world that become the most precious of all gifts and one for which I am eternally grateful. One can experience this life of imagination as way of knowing which unites one with the experience in a profound way. The world begins to live within and as Jacques Lusseyran (1998) tells us, is no longer out there and separate from ourselves.

These beauteous forms
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: -- feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life.
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: -- That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently led us on, --
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

From: Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey
By William Wordsworth

Reflections

All these manifold experiences of people and place surrounded me as a child and they became the textured fabric of my being. In awe I imitated those adults around me whether they were relatives or neighbours. All of the sense modalities were being
fashioned and educated. I believe I owe a great deal to the fact that I was allowed such a full range of experience and play. As previously mentioned it is these experiences in the twelve senses and the resulting brain development that form the foundation for later cognitive development. I was also graced with a rich tapestry of aesthetic experiences and these fashioned what I believe to be my aesthetic instrument for knowing.

When I reflect on what was the nature of my play I can recognize the moments of absorption in the play with objects that leads to playing with the things of the world, which is defined as 'projective play' by Peter Slade (1995). The observation of the elements in nature, be it in earth or water or the affects of fire on the logs or marshmallows or unlimited time to play outside making bows, arrows and forts of all sorts. All the absorbed learning through doing from the sand box to the box used as a chariot and pulled by my beloved dog Kim, are these not aspects of the 'fantasy play' of Joseph Chilton Pearce (1977) and Piaget (1951)? It has given me an intimate understanding of and made me respectful as well as practical with the things of the world. I am able to improvise and be creative in the use of them. Even as an adult I still play in the dynamic flow of the water element on the river in my kayak.

There were prolonged times when I left the house as Eddie and played in the mud in the back yard, working at the mine, until I was called in to clean up for lunch. I imitated the life of the adults around me with seriousness and dedication. This is the 'imitative play' that Chilton Peace and Piaget speak about, whether it was Eddie, or the trappers and prospectors that I played all summer after we found the old house abandoned back in the bush off the railway line at Windigoostigwan. I wore the old knee high boots I found under the rubble heap beside the building every day after I had fixed them up with new leather laces and dubbin. I still have the old knife I found there. These are clearly the examples of 'personal play' as described by Peter Slade, as well as the hours that I wandered in the forest sincerely believing that I was a native scouting or journeying through as yet untouched new territories where no human beings had ever been before.

There are two threads that appear running through the whole landscape of my early life. They only became clear when I reflected back in review of my play life and yet I believe they were present even from the beginning. If I chose the place of birth then it has been essential to the whole and part of the emerging image or acorn. One thread is the story of Eddie and my early role-playing as a miner: I was later as a young person to work at Caland Ore, one of the two iron mines in Atikokan. I worked in maintenance and
was often laying pipelines to drain the runoff water deep in the pit. Steep Rock Lake was drained in one of the world’s largest dredging operations and this created the Flood Waters where we still fish as a family. The pit was over a mile deep and the sides a multicoloured mural of orange, reds, ocher, and burgundy. It was there I saw the ‘Euclids’ drive by as we descended into the pit. I was always covered in red mud and wore a helmet and steel-toed boots just as I had imagined as a child. I learnt to appreciate the wonders of man’s technology. I am also grateful that I was able to continue my experiences in life without limits and that their potential was not limited by my parents lack of openness and imagination. I was allowed to develop a practical knowledge that has led to an intuitive knowledge in the will and self-confidence that are essential to what was to come in my life.

The other thread began at the Red Lake Indian Hospital where I encountered the native culture and it was that initial contact that echoes through my play life. I spent hours, days, weeks, and years absorbed in the evolving stream of that role-playing. It continued on into adolescence as an aura or mood around my nature experiences. When I was sixteen and working in Sioux Lookout as a lifeguard, I was invited to go with friends to the local bar to celebrate a birthday. While I was sitting there most intrigued on this, my first visit, I was approached by a native man who pulled up a chair and just looked me in the eye. If my attention was drawn to the conversation he would begin to sing quietly: “Oh the games people play now, every night and every day now, oh the games people play now”. This was a popular song at the time so I recognized his meaning as well and looked back into his eyes. The look was such that it penetrated deep into my soul and I felt recognized or known in a way I had not encountered before. This continued on and he began to tell me who he was, Carl Ray, a famous native Indian artist from Sandy Lake, a fly-in reserve to the north. The next day he was unveiling a mural entitled “Creation” at the Indian Friendship Centre and he invited me to come. I later went with him to the home of some of his friends. They continued on as if I was simply one of them but no one made small talk. When we went to the unveiling, I watched as the CBC reporter made Carl do this and that, and stand here and then there in order that he could take photographs; as a result we unveiled the mural more than once. I saw how uncomfortable and humiliated Carl felt and how foreign this was to him. This image impressed itself deep within me. Later I found out that he had written a book revealing the legends of the Sandy Lake Cree, and that as a result he was alienated
from his home. He committed suicide a number of years later. The experience haunted me like a riddle and perhaps influenced my later decision to study eurythmy.

As a young person I went on numerous long canoe trips deep into Quetico Park. After I returned from Europe I began to do two-week solo kayak trips in the north, circumnavigating Lake Nipigon or along Lake Superior, and my love for nature took on a deeply contemplative quality. I often read books on native culture and vision quests on the journey. This thread will continue on into next chapter where I will develop it further.

These threads unite what appeared as simple seemingly unimportant events which when seen in relationship begin to speak and reveal much more. I have presented the details of my early life so as to allow the events to speak to one another in the telling so that when one listens one can hear them ring out and, echoing, sound together as one.

The Beginning: Play life

I recognize that as children we are learning to know and master the world as Pearce describes it and that: “The great rule is: Play on the surface, and all the work takes place beneath” (Pearce, 1977, p. 140). Others have discussed the value of play for sensory development and brain development, which lies as the basis of all higher brain functions.

Pearce states that: “Vygotsky get close to the matter in his observation of play as a “pivot between the real and the imaginary” (Pearce, 1977, p.141). He also describes the central act of play as the imagination. I understand the value of looking at play in these terms because my play life nurtured and extended my imaginative play life and developed within me the strong forces of imagination that were essential for the rest of my journey. They are part of the innate image or acorn. There is another aspect that I find essential. In my mind it refers back to the picture that James Hillman gives of the child growing down into its life. “The Platonic myth of growing down...the soul descends in four modes—via the body, the parents, place, and circumstances. These four ways can be instructive for completing the image you brought down with you on arrival” (Hillman, 1997, p. 62).

Heidi Britz-Crecelius in her book “Children at Play: Preparation for Life” describes how the child plays in the different aspects of life to learn to master and to know the various areas of its life and circumstances. She creates a diagram in the last chapter of
her book that reminds me of the concentric circles that appear when a pebble is dropped into a still calm pond. The circles grow in size out from the center which is created when the surface water is broken by the impact of the falling stone. At the center Britz-Crecelius puts the ‘Child’, then in the next ring ‘Fellow Human Beings’, creating a circle surrounding the child. Then comes the circle of ‘Living Creation’ or the plants and animals which belong to the realm of living creation into which the child enters. The next circle is that of the ‘Four Elements’ that make up our home: earth, water, air, and fire, in different combinations. Such a picture was an essential part of the view of the world of the past and more the experience of the ancients than of the scientists of today. The next ring belongs to the ‘Cosmos’ to which Earth belongs: the world of sun, moon, planets and stars. The next ring is called ‘Space and Time’ which represents the laws of the created world and its ordering. The last ring is called ‘Eternity’ for the Spirit of God, or any other term we use when we recognize the infinite that lies beyond creation. These are the circles of creation into which the child descends. From without to within and then again from within to without as the child’s play leads him or her out into the world. I call this the cosmology of play and feel that my experiences of play led me gradually out into the mysteries of creation. And it is from the created world that I learned to be creative.

Do these circling rings of experience in the moment become the spiraling journey to ever greater heights of understanding? Do we move through our biographies over similar landscapes but perceive them from a new vantage point? Is it by uniting the various memories as images juxtaposed against one another that one begins to intuit their previously hidden relationship, relative value, and inherent meaning? Is this the aesthetic sense now metamorphosed into a sensibility for perceiving the central impulse, image within the specific events? Is this how one begins to view the landscape of one’s unraveling destiny like the labyrinth leading ever nearer to the core meaning or heart of one’s life?
Chapter Three

In Search Of The Rainbow Bridge:
Aesthetic Ways of Knowing and the Role of the Arts

Learning To Create

Neither in environment nor in heredity can I find the exact instrument that fashioned me, the anonymous roller that passed upon my life a certain intricate watermark whose unique design becomes visible when the lamp of art is made to shine through life's foolscape. (Vladimir Nabokov as quoted in Speak, Memory. (Hillman, 1997, p. x)

Sculpture

An important element of play is the sand box. There the child's formative forces have a chance to be active, the forces that are working on his entire body during his first seven years. During those years every human being is actually a sculptor and has therefore a natural impulse to busy himself as such. His hands want to move, they want to be shaping things, and it is a blessing at this time if the very forces that are working sculpturally on his entire bodily form can also be used by him in his own activity. Sand play allows him to be creative in a way that rarely can be reached again. But a seed is planted there that can ripen later into artistic originality. (Rudolf Kischnick as quoted in Pusch, 1993, p. 118)

My first experience of art making was when I was nineteen years old. I had left home and set off on a train from Northwestern Ontario. All night long I sat in the skylight car watching the northern lights as they swirled, spiralled, pulsed in a cosmic dance across the heavens. It was a very moving beginning to a journey that would be profound in its synchronicity and deeply impact my developing self for years to come. I arrived in New York City and then proceeded over the George Washington Bridge into the countryside lying up the Hudson valley; the final destination was Spring Valley. There, I worked in the garden and learned about organic agriculture for the first time. I had the opportunity to take a summer course with M.C. Richards, the potter, poet, and educator. I was somewhat intimidated that first afternoon, but she quietly dispelled this by beginning the session with the fairy tale concerning the enchantment of Tamlayn. I have
never been able to find the story again but I remember it vividly even today. A witch had enchanted Tamlayn and the princess could only save him if she underwent a trial and was able to hold onto him throughout the whole ordeal. For the love of Tamlayn she agreed and then Tamlayn went through a series of transformations. He became an adder, ice, fire, and a dove. The princess had to hold him regardless of what he became. This she managed to do and thus Tamlayn was saved. There was a celebration and they were wed and lived happily ever after.

M.C. Richards then directed us to take something from the story and to sculpt it. I tentatively began to knead the clay. Gradually the image that took hold of me and fascinated me was the moment of the trial and it was how the princess was able to hold Tamlayn although he became an adder, ice, fire or eventually a dove. I began to form the princess as a sitting figure not unlike the Maria in Michelangelo’s Pieta. She had long flowing hair under a hood and sat circled in the folds of her long skirt. About her feet one saw the undulating form of the snake on one side, flaming tongues of fire on the other. She had a winged dove resting on one thigh and the cold crystalline ice on the other. Her earnest gaze was intently focused on her cupped hands wherein lay the power and gentleness to hold Tamlayn steadfastly regardless of the transformations he underwent.

I worked with intense absorption with this imagination hovering all around me as I humbly tried to give it form. The image stayed with me, I turned it over and moved it around pondering it deep within me. The next day I reappeared at the modeling class. We were instructed to take one of the images that interested us and concentrate on that and develop another sculpture. I had been fascinated by the hands of the princess and started to model a hand in a relaxed, open position. As I worked I did not know what I was to lay delicately in the palm or the hand but finally decided on a little bird’s egg. In the heart of the hand I lay the egg, which represented all the un-hatched possibilities of transformation that Tamlayn could be enchanted into. These hands of the Princess had the possibility of embracing Tamlayn with love and be so adaptable that she could hold him appropriately even when he became fire and ice. Again, I was absorbed into this world of concentration where I lived with the developing imagination, oblivious to all else as hours went by. I finished the piece and began to walk in the forest; as I walked I pondered what had just happened. I realized during the course of the walk that the hands were not unlike the nature of understanding and the way we hold objects and experiences close to our hearts. They impress themselves into our being, a knowing into our soul. We know intuitively how we must hold and cherish each thing and experience
in its own way. They then transform us and we become more than we were, more of who we are to become in our essence. Our essential self is like the un-hatched egg in which such mighty metamorphoses are happening unknowingly and un-seen by the eye of the world. Our soul is like the hand that knowingly transforms itself to hold each and every thing or moment. It has the required gentleness or strength, the courage and loyalty in the face of the trials of life to hold fast, to be steadfast in our becoming.

During the modeling course, I did three more variations on the theme that held me enthralled. The one is a vessel, a crucible, which stands on a foundation and its cupped concavity form flows in waves. It was open, receptive and listening. It was fired in a dark shining glaze. The other piece was eventually fired in the primitive outdoor sawdust kiln that we made as a group and which burned through the night. I burnished this piece by rubbing it with a spoon until there was a rich shining quality to the burnt black colour. It was a tall round box with a sculptured lid. It was designed as a place to put treasures, the dwelling place of wonderful things and cherished happenings. The final piece I did at the time was a form that rose in flowing undulations and sculptured forms to a point. It stands strong, verticality victorious like "The Winged Victory or Nike" sculpture of which I had been given a photograph the year before. I can say now that the sculpture was an image of becoming and the rising up of the human spirit, majestically like the phoenix from the ashes in the crucible of life.

Reflection

I remember that at the time I was so excited because I felt that I was developing thoughts for the first time. I was aware of how I lived in the world predominately with my feeling life. This was how I experienced the world: through doing; I didn’t reflect much. I always said that if the room was blue I turned blue or was blue. I had such profound experiences in nature as I grew up and was sensitized or made more sensible to subtle mood changes. The intensity of the experiences in the wilderness I felt had to be able to be withstood, I had to find the strength to bear them. However, I did not think much; I always tried to silence the chattering of my head in the presence of such beauty. My knowing was experienced deep within me and not in my head. This was a first time I was able to follow the process from experience to thought and I was ecstatic at the power of the enlightenment that the modeling had given me. It was a treasure that I was to cherish for years to come.
This was the first conscious understanding of the process I had learned in my experiences of nature. The centre of my soul activity was my feeling life and when it moved upward in reflection it was a heart-felt understanding that resulted. When it sank down, an intuitive knowing through doing appeared. This is similar to the archetypal process in the artistic activity. My first encounter coming as it did later in life enabled me to experience it consciously. It was something that led me to go on and study sculpture at Emerson College in England.

In the above example, the synthesizing or extracting of my aesthetic experience and the refining or editing of it during this process allowed me to project a representation of it in sculpture. This further developed my yet unknown thoughts and feelings by exploring the key issues that fascinated me in the telling of the fairy tale. This eventually gave rise to my personal aesthetic way of knowing about the world. This is an archetypal process and the above example is only one of many such experiences that I continue to have in the art of sculpture.

Even before reason there is the inward movement which reaches out towards its own. (Plotinus, Ill. 4. 6 as quoted in Hillman, 19997, p. xi)

In my sculpture training at Emerson College we studied projective geometry, Goethean observation, the archetypal plant, and the idea of metamorphosis. We worked with the forms of the human physiology by drawing and sculpting the magnificent forms of the bones and how they metamorphosed throughout the skeleton; in contrast, we examined those of the animal kingdom and marvelled at the exquisite forms one found; we created a series of forms that attempted to imitate what we understood of metamorphosis and experienced but alas they always looked impoverished in comparison. My teacher John Wilkes was a most inspiring man who had spent years drawing from nature and studying the work of Theodor Schwenk (Sensitive Chaos, 1976). Schwenk was researching the hygiene and health of water and air in Germany. John eventually worked in collaboration with Schwenk and created sculptural forms for water to flow through that would bring it into rhythm; through the pulsating, the water would be oxygenated and enlivened. This was wonderful work to witness because in it there was a marriage of science and art. Years of intense observation of water led to the revelation of some of its secrets and one touched the mystery of its life giving quality. The sculptured flow forms were functional and aesthetically beautiful. I lived in one of the
communities in Norway in which this pond and flow form system was used successfully in the treatment of sewage.

We did go the Sweden as a class with John and build a sequence of seven stages on a jetty in a garden in Jama. In this garden were three ponds and a flow form series, which were part of the sewage recycling process for the college. The whole garden was to be part of the International Architecture Conference being held there in the summer. We created the sculptures, but I had great difficulty accepting that they were good enough to be placed in the world next to nature in her ultimate perfection. I really had to wrestle with this and when I returned to Canada in the summer I took the question with me on a canoe trip deep into Quetico Park. I held, too, a question about whether I was to do further work in the arts or go on to the teacher training. I was also not sure if I should study sculpture or the art of moving sculpture, eurythmy.

**Personal Note**

One morning after I had sat down and written the following section, I felt I needed to revisit and affirm the experiences that led me to the art of eurythmy and which eventually resulted in my becoming a teacher and therapist. I feel that this narrative is relevant here because it speaks to the ultimate search for our aesthetic way of knowing about why we find ourselves in the world and what is our own authentic response to the modern landscape in which we find ourselves. Within the telling are the elements or threads that are dear to my heart and form the framework for my own personal vision or tapestry that I am devoted to weaving over the course of my life. It is what I feel most passionately about in the arts and were it not for the fact that that I also believe it contains elements of an archetypal search beyond and larger than myself I would not add it now.

**Eurythmy**

During these early years he absorbs qualities of the spatial world with tremendous intensity, He experiences “things” not as dead objects but as living bodies. When he is older he will want to grasp the world with his intellect, now he wants to grasp it not with only with his hands but with his whole body. He climbs, slides, crawls, rolls, holds something fast, springs away from it. Behind all the variety of his activity is his inner need to touch the world, to feel it, to have direct contact with it, to get as close to it as
possible. Forces of purest sympathy are manifesting themselves in this behaviour. One could say, play is nothing less than love for the world.

The child loves the thing he is crawling through, the thing he is climbing on, and his love increases with each new encounter he has with it....He knows its true nature and treats it as a friend. (Rudolf Kischnick as quoted in Pusch, 1993, p.118)

Experiencing the world through movement was an essential element in my early play life. The word ‘eurythmy’ means beautiful movement, and I always felt it was like moving or liquid sculpture. The story of how I came to study it and become a eurythmist lies at the heart of my journey as an artist. I remember the island on Lake Poobah deep in Quetico Park and how I wrestled with the question of my future. I had done the year of sculpture and wanted to apply to the eurythmy school. I sat on the rock watching the sun descend and the colours arise flooding the sky and painting the trees along the shore with a rose wash. The moment moved me to the quick of my being. As the colours, receded I waited patiently with a sense of a coming epiphany. The evening light was magical and the moment enchanted. Enveloping darkness caressed the landscape, caressed the forest rimming the lake, and caressed the soul of the lake until it became quiet and dark. It also caressed my soul as I searched for meaning and the true centre of my purpose on earth. How could I draw near to my deepest self and her purpose? Would my angel whisper in my ear in the silence? Would I understand? My heart quivered and the mood of the moment did indeed fill my inmost soul with anticipation and touch my spirit like an annunciation.

Then, as if as to reply the whispering began. It was so ephemeral I was not certain if indeed the heavens danced with light on the horizon to the north. As I waited the pulsing increased in strength and I then noticed that the horizon to the south also danced. I waited more eagerly to see if the most magical kind of aurora borealis would indeed dance and swirl directly above my head. I remember such times as a child standing at the head of my bed looking out the window watching the most amazing northern lights flood the horizon above the rocks where I played in the day. Not knowing what they were but so hushed, awed by the experience, I felt that I was the only one blessed with the sight. I was supposed to be asleep so I never asked my parents what they were, it was only years later I learned that they were the aurora borealis. I never watch them without the mood of mystery wrapping me in a magical cloak. This time, they moved me so deeply that I felt the swirling, pulsing light caress my soul and move along my blood even to the heart's own core. It was as if I were no longer there, separate in
my body lying on the rock, but expanded and spread across the sky. I mingled with the pulsing, dancing light.

I remembered William Wordsworth and his sense of the presence behind nature.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all that mighty world
Of eye, and ear, -- both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and in the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

From: Lines composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey

Such a moment was indeed upon me now. I was gratefully united with remembrances of the past as I stretched and reached with my soul, feeling the swirling and spiralling outside but also alive and cherished within.

The spiral became a circle that throbbed and radiated around the dark centre. My breath caught, my heart stopped and I was suspended. It was like and enormous eye, the eye of God looking down into my soul caressing my heart and touching my spirit. I was seen. I was moved as I gazed into the radiant iris and the fathomless darkness of the pupil in the heavens above me.

I don't believe I thought; no words crowded my mind. I was just suspended, poised in the moment. I remember at one moment thinking I must awaken the others but I knew this was the moment I had prepared myself for all evening as I waited patiently, anticipating.
I heard or was it read from the movements in the heavens as they echoed or entrained in my soul, speaking a language only I had ears to hear and understand. Moments such as this had graced my life, always leading me deeper into its mysteries. I would have to pursue them because the wildemesses of the world were receding, being conquered and destroyed. I had seen the harsh consequences of civilization during my time in New York and in the last months while studying sculpture in England. The purity of nature I had witnessed all around me in my childhood and youth would have to be sought out. Would I spend my life fleeing civilization for those precious seconds in nature that nourished my soul and spirit? Would I be driven to taking longer and longer pilgrimages in search of those sacred spaces of wilderness? Would I be condemned to be eternally divided: living my profession as a teacher and the lover of the wilderness with its solitude or live united in myself by the activity of the arts? Could eurythmy be the living rainbow bridge for my soul, uniting it and nourishing it? I had found the arts only the year before but had known and recognized them to be the essential ingredient in the becoming that I yearned for. My inner process, my way of thinking and knowing in the world, did not find resonance in the other places I had looked, not in university nor while scouring modern life. I had turned away from them in my search for meaning.

I wondered if by working in eurythmy I could eventually learn to bring people to experiences like mine, which could nurture and be a wellspring for their lives. Were the arts the watering places for the soul that could create profound moments, not unlike the ones I had experienced in nature on a lonely lake at sunset or watching the northern lights I as I did now? I had lived with the soul of the earth in her beauty, the soul of the world spoke intimately to my own soul. I wandered through the great world and the great world wandered through me.

I was committed then in that moment. I knew that what was behind eurythmy in the language of movement was the same as what was behind the creation of the pristine nature around me. Could it become a healing force? How I did not know; I only believed and trusted.

As the great eye above me faded and the cosmic choreography of the heavens ended, I became aware of myself sitting on the cold granite beside the still lake that was also like an eye, the eye of nature, mirroring back the gaze of the eye in the sky, the eye of God. The earth and the heavens met eye to eye and I had sat between the two, witnessing and listening to the conversation.
Reflection

The conversation between the world and the individual I believed then and know now, is the kingdom of the human endeavor of the arts. The mighty yet intimate conversation between the soul of the world and the human soul: eye to eye, being to being, essence to essence. The arts are this conversation, their products what is heard by each of us, unique, what in that particular moment is heard by that particular individual.

Gradually, over time, my soul learned to dance and flow into the movement through eurythmy, visible song or visible speech. I loved this art form and cherished the ability to sing or speak through the instrument of my humanity. My whole being was engaged, body, soul, and spirit, in the doing of the art. My path was to learn of the world through movement and my knowing was deeply a knowing through a kind of listening to the movement. The world told me of itself by my trying to create its reality through the language of gesture: to become earth, water, air or fire, to become the landscape painted through the voice of imagination in the poet; to sing the tonal imagination of the composer; to be actively searching and creating through the movement that which was condensed within the work of the artist in word or tone, poetry or music. As a eurythmist, one strives to speak with one’s feet, to sing with one’s hands and to paint the imaginations of the creator in the sensing or thinking of one’s head.

Eurythmy was not only to express what one felt through the poem but also to allow the language of sound to become visible, to create a sound-scape through movement, to create a choreography that held within it the elements of composition be it the laws of grammar or the expression of mood that was evoked in every syllable.

When a person speaks or sings in everyday life, the tendency to move the whole body is held back and localized in the organs of speech. The eurythmist strives to reveal the very intention behind this inwardly localized movement, that is, to bring the hidden origins of movement to visibility. Then eurythmy is performed, a fine working of the audible and the visible are brought together through visible expression.

Rudolf Steiner

The movements of the northern lights are like the choreography in eurythmy. The music and language that sound are made visible in gesture and resound within. The instrument of our humanity, body, soul, and spirit, join in the dance and give answer to the call. The gods spoke once to man through nature, they have grown silent, and now
the world waits for what man must speak as answer to the gods. I once took an American gentleman to a eurythmy performance in Switzerland and afterwards his comment was: “It’s like watching the northern lights dancing.”

In the tradition of the Logos, man was created in the image of God, by God. This was the title of my final project and presentation upon graduating from eurythmy school. In it I tried to describe the enormous span between all that went into the creation of the world as well as the human being and what we must learn to create. The task is for us to become true creators.

My German solo poem in my final year was “In der Sistina” by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. It depicts the scene of Michelangelo sitting in the Sistine Chapel, the Bible in hand, meditating and praying. At one point he addresses God, saying he has created images of Him in his artwork and now asks Him, God, to fashion him. “Sculptor God, hammer to, I am the stone!”

Sistine Chapel

Within the Sistine chapel's high dim room,
A heavy Bible in his nervy hand,
Sits Michelangelo, awake in the gloom,
Illumined by a glowing last firebrand.

He loudly speaks into the dark midnight,
As if a guest were listening here indeed,
At first as if with One of Endless Might,
And then as if with one of his own breed:

“Described and bound have I Thee, Eternal Lord,
Five times with my large lines upon this wall!
I let a cloak of colour on Thee fall,
And gave thee body, like the Bible word.

With flowing hair Thou stormest fiery wild.
From sun to ever fierier sun's heart,
But in my picture, for Thy human Child,
Approachable and merciful Thou art!

Thus I created Thee with my poor skill.
That I may not the greater artist be,
Make me—I am but passion’s servant still—
After Thy image make me pure and free!
The first man Thou didst form out of the clay,
But I, meantime, am made of sterner stuff.
And with me Thy hammer must be hard enough.
Sculptor God, I am the stone, hammer away!

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer

The Process of Becoming

The process of being wrought within the artistic process is what I am so passionate about. It lies within the reach of every human being but is attained and experienced by so few. Our humanity lacks the essential ingredient for the crucible of life, the fire. One’s life is the process of burning away the non-essential, the impurities and forging, hammering on our unique individual metal, to become the creation intended, to have the courage for the process.

This is the heritage that each child inherits at birth and is so often robbed of today. How do we allow this birth heritage to be embraced by children so that they may indeed begin to wrought the creation they came to earth to create? It rings in their ears, it sounds within their souls. James Hillman’s acorn wants to become the mighty oak standing majestically silhouetted against the sky over its own inner landscape. The essential tools for this process are the arts. Where are they today? Can the developing human beings of today find what they need as they grow down into their lives? Do the artists know their true calling? Are the arts the places of play that are so needed by the children of today? Where else can they develop the imagination of their own lives and our future?

I only found the arts when I was nineteen years of age. Nature had been my previous teacher. The hallways of the schools lacked the nourishment, the enchantment, the beauty and the wisdom. I had known my teacher, Nature, early on; my senses were schooled, I learned to read her script, and the beauty of her creation spoke to my heart; I experienced her power, and her wisdom filled my mind. William Wordsworth was my mentor in this process of becoming for he had gone before. I knew this when I first met him at sixteen in his poem: “Lines Composed a Few miles Above Tintern Abbey”.

The following poem by Walt Whitman was my English solo at the end of my Eurythmy training. Through it, I sensed I had come full circle but was on a different level, spiraling above my previous experiences; through the aid of imagination and art my understanding penetrated into the deeper realities.
Spirit that formed this scene
These tumbled rock piles grim and red
These reckless heaven-ambitious peaks
These gorges, turbulent-clear streams, this naked freshness
These formless wild arrays for reasons of their own,
I know thee wild spirit—we have communed together
Mine too such wild array, for reasons of their own:
Was’t charged against my ‘chants they had forgotten art?
To fuse within themselves, its rules precise and delicatusse?
The lyrist’s measured beat the wrought-out temples grace,
Column and polished arch forgot?
But thou that revealest here—spirit that formed this scene,
They have remembered thee.

Walt Whitman

Since that time I have learned through the process of the arts that what was a
playing in the created world of nature has become a creating, the playing in the media of
the various arts. This process has helped me discover my own humanity in a fullness
that was unimaginable and also led to a healing wholeness and presence of holiness in
my life. The true value of the activity of play for the whole of life can be summed up in
the following quote:

Schiller in his “Letters on the Aesthetic education of the Human
being” put the matter rather drastically when he said: “… man only
plays when in the full meaning of the word he is a man. And he is
only completely a man when he plays.” Schiller saw the thinking
man bewitched by logic, the feeling man tossed by passion, the
working man chained to fact. All these functions must be performed
by man, but they are not exercised freely until the spirit of play finds
its way into them. Play transforms the logical faculty into creative
imagination. Play makes work that deadens into art that enlivens.
Play sets aside the storm and stress of passion for the quiet sense
of freedom in which love unfolds... The power of play mediates in
perfect freedom between the inner life and outer life. As the heart
beats between... the spirit of play holds forth between conceptual
necessities in the inner life of thought and practical facts in the
outer life of action...Play, as Schiller conceived it, is a whole-souled
exercise of the human entelechy, whereas in work much of the soul
may remain unenlisted. Play is a more complete undertaking than
work. For play uses all our faculties, work only some. In play we
ourselves lead. In work we are being pushed. (John Gardner as
quoted in Ruth Pusch, 1993, p. 47)
In Pursuit of Freedom

The arts span these fundamental urges within our humanity like a magnificent multi-stranded rainbow bridge. The sensory modalities are like the great pillars that bear the weight of the activity of the ascending stairway of aesthetic ways of knowing. All our artistic activity and the resulting creations thereof make up the building materials for the mighty structure. It is this monument that alone pays tribute to the real task of the human being whose abode lies between heaven and earth. I believe it is in pursuit of ways to fathom this reality that we are forever in search of the elusive rainbow bridge. Like the rainbow bridge of the Norse Mythology spanning the great distance from Asgard, the dwelling place of the gods and Midgard, the world of men, not far from Jotunheim the land of the giants.

To begin with Schiller juxtaposes two human urges that make their presence know unceasingly. The first is what he calls the “urge towards substance”, or the need to keep your senses open to the influx of the outer world... The second urge is the “urge toward form”, which is none other than reason; it brings law and order into the confused chaos of our perceptions...Thus people at play leave the imprint of their subjectivity on reality while endowing the subjectivity with objective validity.... The two urges have ceased to work separately, they have flowed together into one and have thus become free, nature is something spiritual, and spirit is something natural. Thus Schiller, the poet of freedom, sees art only as free play on a higher level, and exclaims enthusiastically, “Human beings are only fully human when they play, and they only play when they are human in the fullest sense of the word,” Schiller calls the urge that underlies art the “urge to play.” In the artist, it creates works whose very sensory existence satisfies our reason, while at the same time their rational content is present as sensory existence. On this level, the quintessential human being functions in such a way that human nature works spiritually while the human spirit works naturally. Nature is elevated to the spirit; the spirit descends into nature. Nature is ennobled, whereas the spirit is drawn down from inaccessible heights into the visible world. (Howard, 1998, p. 127)

The need and search for freedom in a world that tries to capture our attention on all levels of body, soul and spirit is very relevant in the culture of today. We all struggle with issues that threaten our humanity whether they are found in alcohol and drugs that entrap our spirits, whether they are the attempts to suggest and dominate our emotionally vulnerable selves, or whether they are
to be found in the intellectual stimulation and manipulation. Schiller's search for the free place of human activity is just as relevant in our time as it was in his.

I have experienced as a teacher the joy and enthusiasm with which children learn in the arts. I have witnessed the special pleasure that is all theirs from activity in the arts. And I have stood in awe before its power to address an essential wholeness of experience and expression. I know them as vehicles for personal transformation, metamorphosis and healing. I hope in the future they will indeed be the rainbow bridge that facilitates our journey across to a realm where we are creative out of our full human potential.
Chapter Four

Drawing:
The Zen of Seeing

Introduction

Drawing is a magical process. When your brain is weary of its verbal chatter, drawing is a way to quiet the chatter and to grasp a fleeting glimpse of transcendent reality. By the most direct means your visual perceptions stream through the human system - through retinas, optic pathways, brain hemispheres, motor pathways - to magically transform an ordinary sheet of paper into a direct image of your unique response, your vision of the perception. Through your vision, the viewer of the drawing - no matter what the subject - can find you, see you. (Edwards, 1999, p. 248)

The arts have, as the basis for their activity, the instrument of the senses. As previously discussed, they blend in a unique way the various sense realms. However, can one use the arts to develop the sense modalities and cultivate aesthetic ways of knowing? For example, drawing is based on the use of the sense of sight. If we use seeing to draw, can we use drawing to develop and educate seeing? By reading the work of Betty Edwards (1999), Dennis Klocek (1990), and many others, one concludes that the answer is yes. This is what these teachers do in drawing classes all the time. Does this learning to see further cognitive development? Can one develop a method for cultivating aesthetic ways of knowing? These are some of the questions that lived with me as I undertook the following process of learning to draw. It is not something I ever did before or even imagined I could do. I don’t remember doing it as a child and I avoided it as an adult. The incentive this time was to work at improving my sight and an inherent trust in the ability of an art form to facilitate learning and healing through the activity itself. I had witnessed such healing numerous times in my work in therapeutic eurythmy and so I began to draw with the help of a friend who gently guided me along the path of discovery.
The following is a personal journey which I believe also has within it inherent archetypes. Therefore I will begin with my journal and my reflections on the process and then proceed to how this can be of value in the area of learning, aesthetic ways of knowing, and eventually spirituality in education as well as life in general.

The journal depicts seeing/drawing as an activity, which is situated on the threshold between the outer landscape and the inner inscape of the soul. Through doing the drawing and the journaling, I discovered that I was directed toward two pathways, the one that leads to the soul of the world and the one that leads to my own individual soul. Whenever I was actively engaged on the journey in drawing there was always a special mood. This intensified over time and gradually became what I have come to acknowledge as a mood of concentration, absorption, and attention, which is meditative in nature.

After the drawing process was almost completed, I began to look for outer affirmation for the profound experiences that I had along the way. I began to look at the drawing activity that arises out of creative play in children, and how this then disappears and never seems to resurface as a way of learning and expression of self and surrounding world. In the work of Betty Edwards, one finds a method that teaches adults to see and therefore to draw. She discovered its value in brain development and therefore, I believe, in education. Last, but certainly not least, I discovered the work of Frederick Franck and what he calls the Zen of seeing. I have chosen to present the journey as if accompanied by Franck. I will then address the use of drawing in the development of children and the path of the art of drawing as an activity for the teacher.

A Journey into Darkness and Light

In oneself lies the whole world and if you know how to look and learn, then the door is there and the key is in your hand. Nobody on earth can give you the key or the door to open, except your self. (J. Krishnamurti, You Are the World as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p. 248)

Exercises in Black and White

Black:

The first exercise I did was to take light away and let the darkness increase, I made a white page of Ingress paper black with conte crayon. I began with covering the white with layers of black. The texture of the paper made the white become shades of gray that deepened as I layered with the black conte. With ingress paper one then rubs
with one's fingers or a smudge stick to achieve the intensity of blackness that one is searching for. Having firmly taped the paper to the board, I often stood so as to be able to rub into the paper and enter into the texture of blackness in an intimate way through the sense of touch. My fingers felt the texture of the paper and I entered into the darkness with my will and moved around in the blackened space. Gradually the page became a more differentiated, textured blackness, a darkness that I came to know through touch as well as sight. It was as if it entered into me and resonated there as a deep, dark tone in my soul. It was enclosing in nature and had an enveloping quality. I was eager for the adventure of learning to know darkness, somewhere deep in my being. I journeyed by wandering through the darkening inscape of the soul. The inner and outer became as if joined in the oneness of experience.

What is Zen?
Zen is: being in touch with the inner workings of life.
Zen is: life that knows it is living.
Zen is: this moment speaking as time and as eternity.
Zen is: seeing into the nature of things, inside and outside of myself.
Zen is: when all living things of the Earth open their eyes wide and look me in the eye…. (Franck, 1973, p.9)

White:
In the next task I whitened a piece of black ingress paper using the same technique as above. If I had experienced a tension, a reluctance to blacken or darken the light, I felt no such hesitation to lighten the darkness. I entered the process with calm and gradually became more energetic and began to rub into the paper to intensify the light out of varying shades of gray. I used the right hand to shade with conte and the left hand to smudge or rub it in. At times, as with the black, I stood and rubbed with the fingers of both hands. To feel the paper on my fingertips and experience the texture of the light through touch was a more complete experience. The thinking about, or self-consciousness, fell away as I enjoyed the nuances of the experience resounding like tone. This activity was intense and meditative in nature and I was completely absorbed in listening to the experience.

The life of Zen begins with the opening of 'satori'. Satori may be defined as intuitive looking into, in contradiction to intellectual and logical understanding. Whatever the definition, satori means the unfolding of a new world hitherto unperceived. (D.T.Suzuki, The Gospel According to Zen as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p.248)
The more I entered into the darkness to lighten or to lift it, the more I felt a reciprocal dawning in my being. I delighted in the experience and noticed that joy began to peek out and to gain ground and establish itself firmly in my soul. There was a release and freeing that was like movement or a resounding, which resonated with profound accord in my being. It was like the experience of a sunrise and I felt that the world of quality is actually a revelation of being-ness or the speaking of a reality within the experience that touches one like the encountering of another human being.

If we penetrate further into the nature of these two elements, light and shade, we find, in the first place, that light has a tendency to expand, to appear larger, but that shade has an inward, diminishing effect. The expanding quality of light may be described as a tendency to escape, to become lighter, to strive upwards, while the dark can be felt as a contracting, coagulating force that drags down into weight or gravity. (Jacobs, 1975, p.56)

Black, White and Shades of Gray:
The third exercise in this first trilogy was to have darkness and light mingle, discovering the mystery of the various shades of gray. On a light gray piece of ingress paper I began with establishing the textures of black in the lower right hand corner and shades of white in the upper left hand corner. I then began to move the black towards the white as well as allowing the light to venture towards the darkness, all the while trying to remain conscious of how they moved toward each other and how they mingled. I began lightly with the black conte in the right hand and the smudging and rubbing I did with the left hand. Then I took the white conte in the right and rubbed with the left hand. I had to be aware of which finger I used for white and which for black so as not to become so engrossed in what I was doing as to forget this.

In the experience of the exercise I entered with fascination into the mingling of the black and white. What happens when I whiten the black or blacken the white? The resulting shade of gray is qualitatively different and lives differently on the page, thus then I began to explore this new language. The results shimmered on the page and resounded in me not unlike how the after affects of taste permeate the whole body. Shade began to become tone and to acquire a resounding quality and at the same time the world of nuances in gray became almost a taste experience.

The visual experience and the tactile experience lift from the page and begin to blend in one’s inner life of soul. The visual image, the tactile image, and the taste experience overlay each other in the inner landscape of the soul. They become a
moving, shifting dance of light and darkness as well as the wondrous resounding symphony of the shades of gray, the qualities of which one can almost hear as well as taste.

What really happens when seeing and drawing become SEEING/DRAWING is that awareness and attention become-constant and undivided, become contemplation. SEEING/DRAWING is not a self-indulgence, a "pleasant hobby", but a discipline of awareness, of unwavering attention to a world, which is fully alive. It is not the pursuit of happiness, but stopping the pursuit and experiencing the awareness, the happiness, of being ALL THERE. It is a discipline that costs nothing, that needs no gadgets. All I carry is a pen in my pocket, a sketchbook under my arm. This eye is my lens. This eye is the lens of the heart, open to the world. My hand follows my seeing. (Franck, 1973, p. 8)

Exercises in The World of Shading

Black on White:

The next trilogy of exercises circled over and repeated the previous three exercises but like a spiral took them to a new level though technique. Using a black conte I slowly and conscientiously drew diagonal lines /// on the white paper and with intensified concentration repeated the exercise of darkening the light. I tried to discover as many shades of gray as possible and to become acquainted with the sense of texture that arises as a result. With the smudge stick or finger one could still deepen the shade of blackness by rubbing into the ingress paper and this brought a richer texture to the darkness, allowing it to move and breathe. Gradually I became aware of the whiteness on the paper and started to work with the negative space opposing the one I was creating with the black and thus to balance it. I began to darken with a new care and respect for the light. With the increased attention to the darkening I became aware of or mindful of the light. The playing in the positive and negative spaces of light and dark made me experience a totality of experience not unlike the oneness of consciousness and action in mindfulness. It was only then that I discovered the book The Zen of Seeing and the following passage.

SEEING/DRAWING is a way of meditation, a way of getting into intimate touch with the visible world around us, and through it ... with ourselves. A non-creative environment is one that constantly bombards us, ... overloads our switchboard with noise, with agitation and visual stimuli. Once we can detach ourselves from all these distractions, find a way of "inscape" of "centering" the same environment becomes "creative" again.
Seeing/drawing is such a way of inscape from the overloaded switchboard. It establishes an island of silence, an oasis of undivided attention, an environment to recover in.... (Franck, 1973, p. xii)

Another aspect that I enjoyed most deeply was the intensity and length of concentration achieved through the focus of drawing. I seemed to step out of time and only return hours later. I worked continuously and was not conscious of myself but was active and listening, it was a creative playing on the interface of consciousness. I found that if I sat quietly afterwards drinking a cup of tea, I digested the experience, and imaginations of dappled light and dark rose as if freed from the activity of drawing. They appeared, moved, and resonated in my soul. There they lingered somewhere deep within.

Many artists have spoken of seeing things differently while drawing and have often mentioned that drawing puts them into a somewhat altered state of awareness. In that different subjective state, artists speak of feeling transported, “at one with the work,” able to grasp relationships that they ordinarily cannot grasp. Awareness of the passage of time fades away and words recede from consciousness. Artists say that they feel alert and aware yet are relaxed and free of anxiety, experiencing a pleasurable almost mystical activation of the mind. (Edwards, 1999, p. 4)

I watched the play of light and shadow in nature as I went for my daily walks. I noticed with fascination that trees were dappled in light and dark. Shadow became the most amazing play, a dance of the shades of gray that spoke to me from the winter landscape. The way sunlight fell on snow, moved and shifted; it was as if light and shadow danced with the objects. The world then shimmered with a special kind of luminosity, as if momentarily cloaked in a kind of magical wardrobe. The silhouettes of trees leapt toward me through my eye and I was less aware of the hindrances to my sight. I was able to move past them with the new found grace of not always being self-conscious in the act of seeing. With this new draught of forgetfulness, the world stepped forward to greet me and it was as if the curtains were parted and I was lightened in my soul.

When on the other hand, I SEE - suddenly I am all eyes, I forget this Me, am liberated from it and dive into the reality of what confronts me, become part of it, participate in it. I no longer label, no longer choose. (Franck, 1973, p. 3)
Nature made a gesture toward me if I was not aggressively looking but in full attention, waiting for her to speak to me. I began to touch the textures of things and to see deeply. The understanding of shadow began to reveal the world of depth. In my drawing, I was fascinated by how a perception of depth arose from texture or the tone of light and shadow. This quote from The Zen of Seeing is an example of this new discovery of mine:

Now. Open your eyes and focus on whatever you observe... that plant or leaf or dandelion. Look it in the eye, until you feel it looking back at you. Feel that you are alone with it on Earth! That it is the most important thing in the universe, that it contains all the riddles of life and death. It does! You are no longer looking - you are seeing. (Franck, 1973, p. xiv)

White on Black:

I then went on to do white on a black piece of ingress paper. While the white went on quickly and wanted to take over the blackness, the balancing of the two was a long process. I took away light by adding more darkness. The shades of grayness were harder to establish in this drawing, and it went through many transformations. Gradually I discovered the way to free it up and balance it. I kept turning the board upside down and then back again, alternately between having the light in the top right or in the bottom left. How to create a gathering and intensifying of the light so that it radiated from a center and was not only scattered light took a great deal of patience.

During this exercise I kept feeling that the balancing and shifting was reciprocated within my soul and I tried to understand the deeper realities behind the phenomenon of light and darkness in my inner life. I believe we embrace all of the cosmos within the micro-cosmos of our humanity. To know thy-self requires that one befriend these realities in the world as well as within our human nature. To do these exercises was a journey of understanding and an accepting of this in myself. As objective forces in the cosmos, light and darkness have creative and destructive aspects to them. Life requires that we embrace wholeness.

The Zen experience is at the same time a direct seeing into what I am in reality. It is the healing of the alienation that hides my true identity - which happens on its deepest level to be my identity with all that is born and will die. This insight into my real condition is the Wisdom that is inseparable from Compassion. (Franck, 1973, p.14)
**White and Black:**

On gray ingress paper I then worked with adding both white and black. This was indeed a pleasure after the struggles of the last exercise. I established darkness in the bottom right corner and light in the top left hand corner and then constantly brought them toward each other. The dappled effect shimmered and danced like light refracting in the air. It was like playing in them and just watching them unfold.

I sat the drawing on my easel for the week and I noticed when I came into the room that it had a depth from many angles and this fascinated me. It was also the first piece where I felt that I was beginning to experience myself playing more freely with technique. In general, this piece developed easily and did not take as long. I think it was because I felt that adding the light and the darkness was like a conversation. I only needed to be prepared to empty myself of thoughts and listen. I didn’t need to take away the light or the darkness but let them speak to one another. I noticed that grayness was different if one placed white over black or visa versa and many subtle qualities began to have a non-verbal language of their own.

I believe that in SEEING/DRAWING there is a way to open the ‘Third Eye’, of focusing attention until it turns into contemplation, and from there to the inexpressible fullness, where the split between the seer and what is seen is obliterated. Eye, heart, hand, become one with what is seen and drawn, things are seen as they are - in their “isness”. Seeing things thus, I know who I am! (Franck, 1973, p.15)

We have become so desensitized to the subtleties and deaf to the fine differentiations of things. This hardening or coarseness is also reflected in our restless search for stimulation. I was grateful for the opportunity to quietly drink in through the senses the beauty of the world like an elixir for my soul. It easily becomes parched and is no long quickened by amazement to perceive the wonders of the world. For it is only in the mood of wonder that secrets are told.

When a man no longer experiences, the organs of his inner life wither away. Alone or in herds he goes on binges of violence and destruction, Looking and seeing both start with sense perception, but there the similarity ends. (Franck, 1973, p.5)

**Cross Thatching in Black and White:**

In this exercise I crossed lines going in different directions /// and \\\n, as well as == and III. This resulted in a discovery regarding the play of texture that had at once a
crystalline and a refracting quality, I experimented with this drawing in a variety of ways and found that it was almost a mindless activity but I was listening intently to the language of quality. I progressed with a mood of questioning and kept asking: "Tell me what happens if I do this or what happens if I do the following? What is the consequence if I am so bold as to change this or that?" The nuances whisper, speak when one encourages them, although they rarely shout.

FOR THE ARTIST-WITHIN (who must exist in everyone, for if man is created in God’s image, it can only mean the he is created creative) THERE IS NO SPLIT BETWEEN HIS SEEING, ART AND 'RELIGION' IN THE SENSE OF REALIZING HIS PLACE IN THE FABRIC OF ALL THAT IS. ... There is no split between a man’s being, his art and what one might call his “religion”, unless there is a split in the man. These three are inextricably interwoven: they are one. (Franck, 1973, p.9)

Reflection

During this time I discovered a verse that spoke of light and darkness, warmth and cold, life and death, as realities that are both manifest and un-manifest. I discovered that there is a relation between what I can find in the world of these polarities and how they are present in my soul life: for example, in the activities of thinking, feeling and willing. In my soul there can be light or darkness in my thinking. There can be warmth or coldness in my feelings, as well as in my thoughts, toward others. My actions can either support or facilitate life or else cause destruction and death. I have all these possibilities within me and the truth is that we all do. To embrace the being of the other is to forgive this in the other.

On the contrary, the Zen experience is the overcoming of the hallucination that the Me is the valid center of observation of the universe. It is a momentary radical turning about, A DIRECT PERCEPTION OF AND INSIGHT INTO THE PRESENCE, INTO THE TRANSIENCY, THE FINITUDE THAT I SHARE WITH ALL BEINGS. It is a fleetingness that makes the very moment infinitely precious. (Franck, 1973, p.14)

Through the drawing I could deeply experience the polarity-like light-darkness, and my soul participated in these activities or qualities of being-ness. I also tried to find them manifest in the world. It is thus that I came to know their individual and universal reality. The pendulum swing or oscillation as I entered one and then the other of the
extremes revealed a knowing deep within me beyond image or word. It also created a flexibility or mobility in my soul.

The object of painting a picture is not to make a picture - however unreasonable that may sound... The object, which is back of every true work of art, is the attainment of a 'state of being', a state of high functioning, a more than ordinary moment of existence. [The picture] is but a by-product of the state, a trance, the footprint of the state. (Robert Henri, The Art of Spirit as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p.55)

Working With the Four Elements

There is another world of quality or being-ness that permeates creation and that is the realm of the four elements: earth, water, air, and fire. They make up the manifold world of minerals, plants, animals and human beings. We share these elements with the nature around us and I felt I would like to come to understand their language of manifestation.

Therefore the next task I began to work on was the depiction of the four elements as drawings. In the process I chose the elements that are closest to me by nature or through my temperament. Since I embrace the qualities recognizable as the melancholic-choleric in my personality. I decided that I would work with earth first and then fire. Eventually I would move on to water and air.

Earth:

I began my first earth drawing using black conte and the cross thatch technique on white ingress paper. I chose to begin with this because it had given me a crystalline quality in my last drawing so that seemed a good place to start. As I did this I began with an image of a berg crystal. Alas, this preconceived idea caused me to go through a huge struggle; I could not find the living quality but only an intellectual concept. In the end I was unhappy with the result, which was dense, and lifeless, and in no way reflected my feeling of love for the earth as a living being. I began another drawing using a lighter, more delicate touch and built it up with layers of lines ///, \\, =_= and III. I found myself searching for the mood as well as the reality of earth through the layers of my experience since childhood. I was trying to uncover an extract of the essence of earthiness and of substance. It was like sifting through my soul, past the level of
preconceived ideas and concepts, down into the depths where the echoes of essences resounded and live like memory images. It was like doing an active mediation.

For I would unlearn all I ever thought I knew about rocks and grains of sand: SEEING/DRAWING is the art of UN-learning about things. (Franck, 1973, p.25.)

I was preoccupied with substance during this time but the earth was covered with snow. Therefore, I examined tree trunks, these raised structures of earth, with fascination while at the same time trying to find aspects of earth or substance within myself, what I understood earth to be, beyond the confines of thought, as an inner experience and feeling. I searched and sifted through the layers of the imaginations of earthiness only to gradually still them and listen for the echo that remained as if resounding through my soul when all else had vanished, an elusive essence. I struggled to articulate the difference between the hardness of rock and the living quality of soil. How do all forms of creation carry it, substance, absorbed in their nature? I have always been fascinated with the alchemical traditions, the mystery of substance potency and the nature of the transformation of substance that one finds in nutrition and that lies at the heart of healing.

While drawing a rock I learn nothing 'about' rocks, but let this particular rock reveal its rocky-ness. While drawing grasses I learn nothing "about" grass, but wake up to the wonder of this grass and its growing, to the wonder that there is grass at all. (Franck, 1973, p.25)

In the drawing I found that once a form appeared I tended to leave it. The drawing then became more and more un-free as it centered on the image or idea I had left until I felt blocked. Then I would stop, let it go, circle around and come back at it time and again. What courage it takes to transform something and not to become so attached to things in one's feelings that one is no longer able to do what is necessary and take chances for fear of spoiling what one has already created. One wonders if the new will be less worthy than what preceded it, or whether it will be good enough. The shackles of such a convention blind us from seeing into the truth of things. They bind us, causing us to stop short and rest at the earliest moment. We do not forge on, clearing away the non-essential so the inklings of the truth are sensed, or perhaps that which we seek is glimpsed. It remains elusive. I sensed that substance took form in the trees, rocks, and animals as well as in us. It is in reality given selflessly to the being or activity that one
sees shimmering in the substance, like one is entranced by the dance of shadows elusive in the sunlight. Substance takes on the form or picture of the being which it serves and reveals its nature in all its manifold details.

Seeing into one’s “own nature”, far from being self-analysis - as if one were an object - is the perception. The experience, of Nature as it manifests itself in me, outside me. This seeing-into is at the same time the leap out of the isolation of the Me into the community of beings and things, in the absolute present the Absolute Presence. (Franck, 1973, p.21)

Fire:

I chose to do this element with black conte on white ingress paper. I entered the imagination of the element from the standpoint of movement and began to draw the ‘S’ gesture with lines that were flame-like. I felt that the polarity of light and dark as well as warmth and cold were hidden in the element of fire. How to find the essence of this dynamic, transforming element? Did its secret lie in the combustion, the ashes, or the process of transformation like the image of a phoenix rising out of the ashes? Was it to be found in the purification and the cleansing of fire? What about fire the destroyer? These are some of the many images that sounded within my soul as I searched for the essence of the element. Often my gesture of soul was like an open vessel listening and patiently waiting to be filled or not.

To empty one’s mind of all thought and refill the void with a spirit greater than oneself is to extend the mind into a realm not accessible by conventional processes of reason. (Edward Hill, The Language of Drawing as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p.88)

During this time I watched a solitary candle flame burning in the night and noticed that the vibrating light aura had a resemblance to the warmth aura that also radiates, but invisibly into space. It is in the flame where substance is freely given in sacrifice, which like the smoke of incense, rises in the ritual offering. This process is often found in the world and repeated like a theme and variations. One finds in nature that some trees need the heat from fire to seed and bring forth new life. In the human realm, the cleansing, purifying quality of heat is found in ‘the fever’ that especially leads to the healing. There is as well our need for the warmth of love that pervades and sustains us in our lives on the earth.
The image of the light guides us to the experience of the wisdom that lies as the wellspring of all creation. What we take in through sensations and impressions are like strands or threads that weave together into the fabric of our being. This is why we can understand and know the world around us. Fire is such an alive and dynamic activity, its movement makes it effervescent and hard to capture in a drawing.

Inner light and warmth of the soul have become so important to me as a human being and the turning inward now means to greet the realities of light in my world of thought, the warmth in my world of feeling, and movement in my world of will. In the most profound way I embrace and imitate these realities of the cosmos within the micro-cosmos of my being.

An image that kept resurfacing during this time was the work that I did in eurhythm, which involved a group of twelve eurhythmists. It was choreographed by Annemarie Dubach and portrays the initial act of creation as an offering of the beings called the Thrones, or spirits of will, which knelt before the Cherubim, the spirits of wisdom. The Thrones with their back against the edge of Eternity offered their substance, in a profound act of courage, into the void. It was depicted as a stream of warmth rising like incense to the Cherubim above who took it up and rayed out as wisdom filled light. Since this time whenever I sit watching a fire I remember that behind the process of combustion is an offering, a sacrifice and perhaps an act of courage.

Zen raises the ordinariness of The Ten Thousand Things to sacredness and it debunks much that we consider sacrosanct as being ordinary. What we consider supernatural becomes natural, while that which we have always seen as so natural reveals how wondrously supernatural it is. (Franck, 1973, p.112)

**Water and Air:**

With a mood of great expectation I went on to the task of drawing the two elements of water and air together. I did this on gray ingress paper using both black and white conte. I began by trying to establish the water element along the bottom of the page. Images of the times I have canoed or kayaked flooded my soul and a whole magical mood permeated my work. Gradually, I moved to the air element and eventually to the playing between the two. I experienced a quiet joy and calm whenever I returned to the work during the week. It always refreshed me. I struggled to find the expression of flow in the water element and the playful effervescence or dancing quality of air. I watched how the air changed colour in selflessness at sunrise and sunset. The
wonderful mood shifts in the atmosphere throughout the day entranced me. Mirrored in the larger rhythm of day and night are the cosmic in and out breathing. Mirrored in my soul is also the changeable moods that colour my days. My heart expands and contracts with joy and sorrow. The essential rhythm of the breathing process can also live in a lesson. Teaching a lesson with children should always be done with a sense of the breath, to allow the child the out breath of the soul in the experience of humor and laughter and also to allow the in breath through the experience of sadness or compassion. Thus, all lessons should breathe to facilitate the movement of the children’s souls between these contracting and expanding activities in their inner life, for example when listening to a story. Witnessing the change of mood and the resulting emotional response in the child is one of the most wonderfully magical aspects of the art of teaching.

Some flakes were now falling around my feet. A few melted as they hit the ground. Others stayed intact. Then I heard the falling snow, with the softest hissing sound. I stood transfixed, listening... and knew what can never be expressed: that the natural is supernatural, and that I am the eye that hears and the ear that sees, that what is outside happens in me, that outside and inside are-un-separated. It is the inexpressible and THE INEXPRESSIBLE IS THE ONLY THING THAT IS WORTHWHILE EXPRESSING. Therefore I draw, therefore, now I am writing this.

'How I would like people
To hear... the sound of the snow falling
Through the deepening night...'
Hakuin 7th century poet
(Franck, 1973, p.115)

The Four Elements in Composition: A symphony

After the magical journey through the four elements I now wanted to attempt to compress the vastness of experience into the contraction of the single moment. I took up the task of trying to depict all the qualities of the four elements on a piece of beige ingress paper. I worked with shades of brown conte lightening it with white and darkening it with black. This was a wonderful meditative activity: living into the elements and their qualities and listening as they spoke to one another. On the page, I eventually let the experience of the element give rise to a picture or image of the element. I placed
the elements around the circumference of the page and used a variety of directions to help bring out the qualities of each through technique.

The overall task was to harmonize the polarities and to move between them allowing the soul to listen to their individualized way of expression and attempt to articulate this in the drawing. Through this experience, I noticed that my feeling life became freer, more agile and harmonious. My soul began to breathe in the most profound way while drawing, and I took to spending long periods of time in front of the easel without even noticing the passage of time, deeply absorbed. However humble the footprint on the page, within my soul I traversed vast landscapes and began to explore and chart the inescapes of soul never before visited.

Art is a form of supremely delicate awareness... meaning at-oneness, the state of being at one with the object... The picture must all come out of the artist's inside... It is the image that lives is the consciousness, alive like a vision, but unknown. (D.H. Lawrence as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p.84)

Reflection

During the time that I worked on the four elements and the ethers, I reflected that just as we are constituted by the activities of the four elements so too in a subtler way are we permeated by the world of the four ethers: life ether, chemical or tone ether, light ether, warmth ether.

Again in my musings I was particularly interested in how this is a basis of Homeopathy and Alchemy. In my work as a therapist in eurythmy I worked with the elements through movement as a way of supporting health in the human being. If one looks at the instrument of our humanity, our body, one sees that we are made up of these elements. We have them in bone, blood, oxygen of the air, and, of course, our ability to create warmth. Each of us fashions these in a unique way to make up our constitution and bodily nature.

In the soul realm we have them within us in our temperament: be it earth in the melancholic, water in the phlegmatic, air in the sanguine, or fire in the choleric. The qualities of the personality we have are deeply ingrained right down into our gestures and movement. Our whole physiology reflects the secrets of our organic relationship to the elements.
The object, which is back of every true work of art, is the attainment of a state of being, a state of high functioning, more than ordinary moment of existence... We make our discoveries while in the state because then we are clear-sighted. (Robert Henri, *The Art of Spirit* as quoted in Edwards, 1999, p.225)

This is the dawning of an aesthetic way of knowing that searches for the truth through the portal of beauty. Through it we catch glimpses of an ever-present reality just under the surface. My quest for how to see the activity of the spirit in the manifest world is another aspect of this work that I think is very important and involves the recognition that what we see before us is actually a picture, an image of the activity. The being whose reflection it is that we see in the reality before us shows us its very nature through its morphology. The basis of Goethean Science is observation and this helps to teach us that the language of form is like a metaphor for the being or activity that we observe. It is only necessary that we learn to listen in our observation to what the beings or things are trying to tell us, each in its own individualized way. As a teacher it is essential to awaken a way of observing the child that is done in this mood. It is respectful and allows for them to speak through their morphology. To feel respect for the child or the other human being is an aspect of this. I recognize that to open the soul in the mood of reverence or wonder is the first step on the spiritual journey. In the drawing, I can practice, ponder, and reflect. However, the world will only speak to me of itself in its own language. The listening ear or seeing eye must be rinsed clean by the activity of wonder and the mood of reverence. Only in the stillness or tranquility can the dialogue begin.

Drawing The Ten Thousand Things is being in touch, now here, with what is particular and universal, what is in time and yet timeless, with the arising and the disappearing, with birth and death. (Franck, 1973, p. 79)

**The Drawing of Objects**

I chose four objects from the myriad of treasures that I have collected over the years to represent the four elements. They were: a fluorite crystal, a seashell, a dried branch in a vase, and a candle in a brass holder. I chose to begin with the sea shell and drew a series a five and three minute sketches that were designed to get me to see the object without thinking about it but to draw what I did truly see. To learn to build a bridge
from eye, to heart, to hand, I believe is an art in itself, and it requires time to develop the technique. I used graphite to draw on newsprint and the sketches included the following: to sketch the object for five minutes while holding the object in one’s left hand, then to draw the object from memory for three minutes, to hold it in the left hand and drew with one’s eyes closed for three minutes, and then to repeat this task reversing the hands. I then drew with both hands simultaneously for three minutes. Then I drew the surrounding area around the object, also not looking. Finally I repeated the first exercise.

This was an amazing journey into the seashell and a coming to know it intimately and in a way almost unimaginable. I drew from a feeling of movement as my eye or imagination moved over the shell. After this preparation I began to draw the seashell on white drawing paper with a series of lead pencils. The work was more detailed and I found myself absorbed in the object for hours at a time. I developed a soft caring gaze allowing the object to tell me its secrets, if I listened well enough. There is tenderness in the gaze and a loving gentleness in the caress of pencil on paper. Later, I discovered the following quote from Franck:

Now, take you pencil loosely in your hand, and while you keep your eyes focused allow the pencil to follow on the paper what the eye perceives. Feel as if with the point of your pencil you are caressing the contours, the whole circumference of that leaf, that sprig of grass. Just let your hand move! Don’t check what gets on the paper, it does not matter at all! If your pencil runs out of paper that’s fine too! You can always start again. Only don’t let your eye wander from what it is seeing, and don’t let your pencil lift from your paper! And above all don’t “think” about what you are drawing, just let the hand follow what the eye sees. Let it caress.... (Franck, 1973, p. Xv)

Now the task has become to truly see the object and draw it. The soft gaze that allows the shell to reveal itself to one requires that we listen and are receptive, to actively merge with the object of nature and thus discover its being-ness.

Every insignificant thing appears as if seen in its three dimensional, its own space and in its own time. Each leaf of grass is seen to grow from its own roots, each creature is realized to be unique, existing nowhere else on its voyage from birth to death. No longer do I ‘look’ at a leaf, but enter into direct contact with its life-process, with life itself, with what I, too, really am. I ‘behold the lilies of the field’... and ‘see how they grow’! Their growing is my growing, their fading I share. Becoming one with the lilies is SEEING/DRAWING, I become not less, but more myself. For the time being the split between Me and not-Me is healed, suspended. (Franck, 1973 p.7)
Summary

Yes, the trail left by the drawings is indeed but a simple solitary tract into an unknown landscape. The process however has shaken my soul profoundly and left me trembling in awe. The journey I have described here has been a way, an activity that has led me to discover and to understand forces and realities in the world and in my own being. The realities of light and shadow have laws inherent in them. My experience of consolidation and enveloping in the darkness and the joy and lightening in my feelings brought a movement of its own to my soul through the experience of light and shadow.

The Development of a Holistic Way of Seeing

In Betty Edwards book Drawing on the Right Side of the Brain, one finds a method of teaching drawing that addresses the different capacities of the human being as well as how to develop them through learning to see and to draw. By so doing, she believes we can gain access to both that part of the brain that is intellectual and logical based on the verbal as well as, and more importantly, that part of the brain which is non-verbal, intuitive, imaginative as well as holistic. This she believes is the necessary balance to the emphasis presently so evident in the current educational system. This “other way” of learning and knowing has profound value for our well-being and creativity. It is the balance that I believe we seek, the wholeness that lies behind all that we strive for in life. By gaining access to the part of one’s mind that works in a style that is conducive to imaginative, intuitive thought through learning how to see and draw, one will then enhance one’s ability to think holistically and creatively in all aspects of life. Edwards outlines this process, so essential in her work, in the following way:

Furthermore, drawing can reveal much about you to yourself, some facets of you that might be obscured by your verbal self. Your drawing can show you how you see things and feel about things. First, you draw in the R-mode, wordlessly connecting yourself to the drawing. Then shifting back to your verbal mode, you can interpret your feelings and perceptions by using the powerful skills of your left-brain - words and logical thought. If the pattern is incomplete and not amenable to words and rational logic, a shift back to R-mode can bring intuition and analogic insight to bear on the process. Or the hemispheres might work cooperatively in countless possible combinations. (Edwards, 1999, p.248)
Betty Edwards has developed a method that involves teaching drawing through working on seven stages or modes of perception. This systematically leads to the goal of teaching people to see the world in the light of a newfound holism. I also believe that this way of working was the basis of my own experiences in drawing. The seven skills that she outlines come through working with edges, spaces, relationships, lights and shadows, Gestalt, memory, and imagination.

The working with imagination is the dialogue that I often experienced in my drawing and is the basis of the meditative quality of seeing/drawing. In the light and shadow, there is a dialogue between what one sees either without or else within. One reinforces the dialogue through the pencil stroke on the paper. One has a vague imagination at the beginning, and with this one begins to draw, making a few marks on the page. These then trigger an imagined extension or elaboration which one continues to draw, until through this dialogue the imagination and the drawing are built. With the drawing of an object, the pencil stroke allows the eye and hand to build a stronger and more intimate bridge to the object and then the real dialogue can begin in earnest.

This is the basis for the real and concrete way in which perception and thinking are related and how they can remain mobile and alive.

Children: Drawing and Learning:

Ideally, drawing can connect our hands with our eyes by making use of our minds. In a seven year old child, the pure force of life is so strong that the feelings that are aroused in the mind are accurate reflections of an inwardly perceived reality....It is not enough for the ten-year-old's inwardly experienced images simply to spill out onto the paper in creative abandon. The ten-year-old requires that the images have a more truthful relationship to the outer perception. The child feels the need to order the chaos of the inner pictures into significant wholes that can be compared to the sense-perceptible world in a positive light. The drawing at this stage must resemble the outer surfaces of the objects in the world; it must retain the outer proportions and relationships, the exact play of light and shade. In seeking to depict more accurately the images of the world, the artistic soul of the ten-year-old has taken a strong turn towards science. This shift is the first light of what will become the dawning of the intellect. (Klocek, 1990, p.1)

This quotation beautifully describes the development of children's drawings and its relationship to the transformation of imagination into the intellect. I believe it also clearly explains how the development of drawing can stop if not nurtured in the child,
and why there is such vulnerability in the child surrounding drawing and why it is often given up.

Is it possible to allow this artistry of the child to survive and to develop in the way that would support the scientific and technical learning that must take place in the later years? Can we teach a type of observation and seeing/drawing that will only enhance their lives by bridging the scientific and the artistic so that soulful learning will emerge and serve them in their own spiritual development? Where is the learning pathway that Howard Gardner (The Disciplined Mind, 1999) describes as the search for truth, beauty, and goodness that will eventually enable them to fulfill their lives?

Drawing from nature requires that the imagination of the child remain as fluid as the elements at play in the life they are observing. In order to draw from the book of nature, the eye and the hand need to be connected in such a way that what the senses experience can be reflected in the soul and contemplation in the mind in a continuous flow and ebb of energies. Nature reveals her secrets only to those who are already actively occupied in developing perception and discrimination.

At the critical juncture when the door to childhood closes and the previously rich world of imagination recedes before the now passionate search for truth, drawing can build a bridge between these two activities.

The emergence of the intellect out of the imagination is in reality a birth, not a death. It becomes a death only when we close the door on the imagination and choose to live solely in the intellect. The ideal is to struggle to keep the door open between the intellect and the imagination so that there can be a breathing back and forth between the two worlds. (Klocek, 1990, p.3)

Our task, then, is to learn to keep the door open between the inner and outer worlds as we breathe back and forth. I believe that the way to develop warmth filled imaginative thinking is by uniting the sciences and the arts in such activities as drawing.

The Teacher:

In conclusion I would like to indicate how this relates to the vocation of teaching and the inner life of the teacher. The learning to see or observe as described here is, I believe, essential to working with children. Learning to allow them to reveal their true nature is only possible if we stand before them in the mood of the Zen of seeing. This
then becomes the heart of our relationship and facilitates an intuitive ability and creativity that is able to meet them with the required openness.

I also believe that by taking up the activity of drawing and dwelling on the beauty of nature we can enliven the soul and heal the senses. It has profoundly changed my relationship to the world and has been a rejuvenating and balancing activity. I have experienced that it can become a catalyst for healing as well as a crucible for development in the soul and spirit. By playing with the artistic medium one can enliven the whole human being and profoundly influence one's relationship to the world:

The shadow cast by the Spirit in space is beauty.
This shadow becomes a living being
Through the artist's creative spirit.

(Jacobs, 1975, p. 56)

**Personal Reflections:**

For many weeks I had felt the deep longing to draw, to have inner pictures arising like stories and a growing pressure to let them come to birth. My outer vision is clouded with scarring and riddled with floaters, those veils and black dots that refract the light and stand between my soul and the world. I have struggled not to see them but am conscious of them all the time. I knew that no longer being able to enjoy the nature that I so deeply loved was creating a distance between the world and myself. A subtle antipathy had arisen at really looking because first and foremost I saw the hindrance and then if I could look beyond it, step through, I could see the beauty and find the world again, not the details of the objects, but the gesture, not depth, but light and shadow. I no longer have depth so I was working so hard at seeing it anyway, even though it is physically impossible. I moved out toward the things and moved around them with my soul. I have felt that I had to consciously relearn to see again, and through this to move with sympathy toward the world. I sensed that otherwise my eye would not remain healthy. I believe that the relationship between blood and nerve in the eye is magically connected to the process of sympathy and antipathy and the role they play in sense perception. I have to find a new healthy relationship to protect my eye and vision for the long term. I must also rebuild the bridge to the world to keep my soul well and vital in this relationship.

Seeing/drawing has been a way for me personally to build a bridge between the soul of the world and my own soul. Robert Sardello in his book *Freeing the Soul from Fear* (1999), speaks of the senses and the life processes and how life and especially
fear can undermine health and harm the body. He devotes a chapter to the twelve senses but especially the four body senses of: touch, life balance and movement and how the force of fear or anxiety disturbs the portals of the soul and how the soul of the world is allowed to meet us. He speaks about becoming more aware of the quality and presence of love in the world and experiencing them as sacred.

Of course, boundaries do exist between us and the surrounding world, but such boundaries vary all the time according to what we are doing and our focus of attention—the presence of fear being the principal thing that disturbs this flexible boundary. When we're afraid, the soul-body contracts, producing a strong polarity where there once was unity. We feel ourselves more isolated from and threatened by the world.... As long as the threshold between our body and the surrounding world remains flexible, we resist fears because another force pervades our intimacy with the world. This force is the presence of love. As long as the world appears familiar to us, welcoming, beckoning, embracing us as an intimate partner, seeming to invite us to participate with it, we are in the presence of a quality within the world that can rightly be called love. I define love here simply as the force of connection, in contradistinction to fear as a force of antipathy. Love, too, belongs to a wider reality than our own little existence...

When we become aware of the quality of love in the world we experience the world as sacred. We feel sacredness most vividly at the farthest reaches of our soul-body, when we are stretched to the limit, which usually occurs as we encounter something new and beautiful. Think of approaching the Grand Canyon for the first time, or seeing a comet in the sky, or coming upon a small violet flower growing out of the crack in a rock above the timberline, or visiting Chartres Cathedral, or gazing at a Cezanne painting. Such beauty powerfully draws us beyond our immediate body and into what we perceive. At such liminal places, transformation can take place; we become different, more than we imagined. (Sardello, 1999, p.35-6)

The Zen of seeing has been a meditative activity that gently weaves the threads that re-establish the golden bridge and has allowed me to journey back and forth. Through such a daily practice we heal the portals of our senses and kindle the profound love and wonder for the world that in turn revitalizes us deep down into physicality and our life processes.

Laura Sewall in her book: Sight and Sensibility: The Ecopsychology of Perception (1999) addresses the inter-relationship of our selves and the world. She articulates the argument that how we perceive the world not only affects ourselves but also affects the world. Perhaps our lack of understanding of nature allows the present destruction of our earth to take place. If we truly developed the sensibility that Sewall
speaks of would it be possible to continue as we are? To heal the worlds ecology illnesses one must begin with a healing of one’s own sense perception. Her work is essential to taking the next step from our own personal aesthetic instrument to its necessary function in the general well being of the world around us. The work of developing aesthetic ways of knowing is not done in isolation but within a much larger context.

Jacques Lusseyran in: *What One Sees Without Eyes* (1999) eloquently describes again and again the inter relationship between himself, his ability to perceive the world around him, and his state of being. When he is sad his inner world becomes darkened, when he is contented, a dappled gray, and when joyful he is filled with light and can sense or perceive, like a sense of pressure, the objects around him clearly. He experiences his inner soul world as a world of colour and light.

From the moment I became blind, I did not enter a world of privation supported by courage... I entered a world of enchantment, but an enchantment which supported my life, which nourishes me, because it is real. It was not an imaginary fairy-tale enchantment and I sensed that clearly.

And now at the interior of this positive enchantment, I found a small understanding which was immediately a very great prize for me which I treasure to this day: the nature of light...I know the nature of light is not to be outside of us, but, on the contrary, within us. (Lusseyran, 1999, p.70)

I believe one of his most important discoveries is the inter-relationship of this experience of light and his ability to see the world. How the soul of the world and his own soul become united as his world.

Suppose I am sad, or embarrassed. I have things which upset me... walking inside my house, I bump my forehead; I hurt my hand on a half opened door. And I no longer even have a sense of where I am...I know in every case when I am in high spirits. When I am confident, when I observe within myself an air of joy, of life, of peaceful curiosity in regard to things, there are no longer any accidents. I no longer smash my face against objects. I have an impression of knowing them wonderfully well, sometimes of measuring them to the exact centimeter...The universe shrinks if I am afraid. It gets gloomy if I am sad. Goes crazy when I am impatient. It becomes clear if I am joyous. (Lusseyran, 1999, p.82-3)

This beautifully describes what Robert Sardello (1999) was also speaking about: the way we expand into life and truly see, hear or touch, which
consequently affects what we see and hear and ultimately what we can know. What we perceive and know is the basis of our conception and vision of the world and this in the final analysis does deeply affect the world in which we live. I will return to these thoughts later in the conclusion when I discuss the wider implications of aesthetic ways of knowing.
Chapter Five

Music:
Let The Soul Sing

Introduction

The theologian Anicius Manlius Severinus Boethius (480-524) mentions that there are three kinds of music: musica mundane, cosmic music, recognized in the harmony of the different celestial bodies as they move through the sky and in the blending of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, throughout nature; musica humana, the harmony that unites the spiritual with the physical in the human person, the parts of soul, such as the rational and irrational, and the parts of the body; and finally, musica instrumentalis, the music we hear with our ears. (Moore, 1996, p. 215)

The following is a personal journey which I believe also has within it inherent archetypes. Therefore I will begin with the journal in episodes and have chosen to present the journey as if accompanied by Thomas Moore whose words punctuate the episodes. I will then proceed to my reflections of the process of the journey and how sound and music influenced my life. My discoveries led me to research more deeply into the healing nature of sound and music and I have endeavoured to share some of this ongoing work here.

The Journey: A Personal Narrative

From the beginning, I understood Boethius as saying not that the music we hear is a metaphor for what goes on in the soul, but that the music we create with the voice or on instruments is an expression or representation of the essential music of nature and the human being. In our very constitution we are musical, as is the world itself. If anything, the music we listen to is a metaphor for human nature.

Boethius's definition of music, drawn from many classical sources, adds a helpful element to a philosophy of enchantment, as it offers an aesthetic image for the world and for human life. We are not only an amalgamation of chemicals and electrical charges, we are music; and the world is not only a construct of atoms and molecules, it is an artistic work. (Moore, 1996, p. 216)
I will write about it, set down the tracks, the spoor of my journey. It had an ultimate destination, an aim, and that was to find my cello. I was searching for the instrument that would become my voice, and allow my soul to sing, through the sounding of its tone or voice. Previously my soul had danced and flowed into the movement through eurythmy, visible song or visible speech. I have described, in an earlier chapter, the impact of that art form on my life and I especially had cherished the ability to sing or speak through the instrument of my humanity, body, soul, and spirit. Having to renounce my work in the art of eurythmy left a space, a place of longing in my soul. I was very aware that my way of learning and knowing was through the work of doing, teaching, and being a therapist in the art of eurythmy. The new task seemed to be how to transform that activity and make it available in a new way. I recognized that my path as a human being is deeply bound up with the arts and they are truly the muses that inspire my soul to speak, sing, think about the world as they are the vehicles to bring the pictures or imaginations down into the world. The inner world and the outer world blend, mix, dance, resound together, flow together, and speak to one another in the activities of the arts.

I first turned with longing to music and story in the long days after the accident and the later complications, which followed. I often lay on the carpet listening to the solitary voice of a cello singing. As I listened to the soaring melody, the ebb and flow of tension, discord that resolved into harmony, my wounded soul was coaxed to join into the movement of the music. It gradually took courage, a first step, then tentatively more. I was in fact taken by the hand and led out into the sounding space around me and through intense listening would experience the movement, colour, and the exquisite moments of joy and anguish that were resolved or transformed one moment into another so magically by Bach in the solo cello suites which I chose to listen to almost exclusively at this time. It was then that deep within, like the stirring to life of a newly hatched bird, stirred the wish: “I would so love to play the cello” and the voice of doubt answered: “What, now when you have even less to bring to it than before?” Quietly the answer came with yearning: “Yes, perhaps I could learn to sing through the cello. I could still do it even with little or no vision. One can’t wait for tomorrow. I have experienced in the passing of a minute how one’s whole life can be changed.” Therefore, I can’t wait or procrastinate but must act now. Thus I resolved to allow the stirring to life of the wish to play the cello, to let it dwell close to my heart and to nurture it there so that perhaps it would indeed move from its cherished nest and take wing and learn to soar in full flight.
When someone is trying to resolve two or more pressing themes in life, like the need to be a serious student in school and at the same time a playful and free individual, I might see the situation as a musical problem in counterpoint, the aspect of musical composition where two or more melodies play independently and yet harmonize with each other. We often approach life as a logical problem and try to decide which alternative is correct and makes sense. A musical approach looks for ways to combine many of the different themes, without logical solutions and without allowing only one theme to dominate.

As a therapist, I also sometimes consider the common musical structure found in hundreds of classical sonatas, concertos, and symphonies, where there is the initial presentation of material - themes and counterthemes, harmonies, and figures - then the intricate dissolving and free “development” of that material, and finally the recapitulation, when the material is again presented in its clear and cohesive shape. Life often takes the sonata form. (Moore, 1996, p. 217)

**A Tale Told In Episodes**

Another musical form I find useful ... is called an episode. In a piece of music, minor passages sometimes link major significance. The word literally means side road, as it contains the interesting Greek word for road, hodos. I often think of certain life themes, though weighty and bothersome when they appear, as mere episodes, not likely to last long and become significant in themselves, but contributing in a small way to grander issues and developments. I can weather a tough time if I perceive that what is disturbing me at the moment is a musical episode and not a lengthy development. (Moore, 1996, p. 217)

**Episode One**

The next day I went to the Toronto Waldorf School where I had taught eurythmy, to the advent assembly were I was to speak to the children. I felt I had to reassure them that I was ‘ok’ and to share with them my gratitude for their thoughts and wishes so wonderfully portrayed in the 1000 paper cranes made by students of the grade six class, hung on a tree, and placed in the school lobby with the sign, “For Miss Kelly”. It was a gesture of hope. I had been so deeply moved when I had seen it some weeks before.

After the talk, I met Jill, an in-service teacher trainee, who was also a professional cellist. She was sitting in the hallway outside the eurythmy room. So I decided now was the moment to place the wish out into the world. I went up to her and asked: “Jill, can an adult learn to play the cello?”

She answered: “Yes, of course.”
To which I responded: “No, I mean can I learn to play the cello never having really played an instrument?”

“Yes, in fact I have taught a couple of adults and they did fine. I would love to teach you and have an extra cello I am not using, I will bring it tomorrow and you can try it,” she said.

I assured her I would be there at the arranged time and, stood up and almost skipped away I was so excited.

The next day I promptly turned up in her lunch break and she did indeed have her other cello there. It was a lovely golden coloured instrument that she had bought in Norway when she was a student there. It was made in the 1860’s. She continued to unpack it and to fetch her other bow from the other cello case. I was then instructed to sit down on the chair she had positioned for me and then she placed the cello before me laying part of the body of the instrument on my chest. I was then given the bow and quickly instructed how to hold it. She guided my hand with the bow across a string, and the cello stirred and vibrated against my breastbone. Then she stepped back as I began to eagerly bow on the other stings and the cello became increasingly alive and sounded with a fullness that resounded around me and amazingly within me as well. I felt like I was vibrating along with the cello and my little heart stirred, was moved and then leapt with joy. I was so amazed, awed and excited. I kept bowing the open strings and trying to get the fullest sound. Jill just stood there watching me and commented that I seemed to hold my body well and was able to achieve a good sound almost instinctively. She said I looked like a natural born cellist. These words caused my heart to become hushed, still, and I cherished the kindness of them. They acted like a reassuring hand on my shoulder.

Suddenly I was brought back to reality as the other student trainees began to appear for class so we packed up the cello. I was to go to my appointment and then return to pick up the instrument. Jill would see if the school had an extra cello bow I could borrow. When I returned she had packed her second bow into the bag because there wasn’t another one in the school. I was deeply touched by this gesture because that meant she didn’t have a backup bow for her own cello when performing but said she would borrow one from a friend. Off I went with this precious instrument only to learn later that the cello was appraised at about $15,000.00 and she had just given it to me, an almost complete stranger, to play, saying that I was not to worry because cellos
needed to be played and she was glad someone would play it. What an act of trust and generosity.

I couldn’t arrive home fast enough and immediately took it out, found a chair, and sat in the middle of my living room bowing the strings. Once again I tried to get the instrument to sound, to vibrate, and, yes, to sing a tone. I bowed strong, slow, soft and then quickly on each string in turn not knowing how to do the fingering with the left hand to make the different notes, but somehow contented just to have it sound. I felt I was vibrating along with the cello and this caused my soul to be stirred and moved. I felt like ‘Iron John’ the faithful servant from Grimm’s fairy tales as the three iron bands around his chest burst when his heart was filled with joy at seeing his beloved prince return.

I was so touched by the experience that I felt like my wounded heart stirred in my chest animated by the vibrating cello on my breastbone and sounding through me until I moved toward the sound, which was like a balsam, soothing, warming, and it was as if an intimate conversation had begun. I played for hours, until the evening came and there was eventually not enough light to see and my fingers were sore from holding the bow.

The next day I flew north to my beloved Crystal Lake where I grew up in Northwestern Ontario. My only regret was leaving behind my newfound friend. When I returned I called Jill first thing to make arrangements for my first lesson. In the meantime I took out my electronic tuner, which I had for tuning the lyre that I used in my therapeutic eurythmy sessions and tuned the strings of the cello. I then resumed my rediscovery of bowing and sound once again. During the next weeks I would discover what quality of sound arose from the string when bowed near the bridge and a crisp, clear tone with more treble resulted. Or that when one bowed near the fingerboard the tone became lighter, velvety smooth, softer and yet richly warm.

In my first lesson Jill showed me the fingering for ‘Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star’ using the meeting of the neck and the body of the cello to orient the interval of the fifth and then how to find the rest of the fingering for the melody. I also learned the name of the strings and was shown the first of the notes for the scale of C major. She drew out the bass clef and named the lines and spaces and I was off for another two weeks. We managed to meet about five times before the summer break. Jill would go on to teaching a grade one class since she had finished her training but I hoped that she would be able to continue with our lessons. However, this did not happen. My heart was so full of gratitude for what she had given me and helped me to find. She did this so simply, graciously, and with no fuss or self-consciousness. Perhaps her greatest gift was that
she could teach me in my sensitized state and yet leave me free to find my way. After
the accident, I was so sensitive about my situation and she was so respectful, discrete,
and handled the situations with calm and tact that was in itself essential to my path
towards healing and a newly created wholeness.

When I returned in September to begin my new journey at OISE and the M.A.
studies, I was so overwhelmed that I could not also look for and find another cello
teacher. I asked around but was always hesitant because I had a feeling that Jill was my
teacher and I must just wait. I seriously doubted my ability to work with another person
on this profound journey and felt that I must also cherish and honour the way it had
begun and trust that it would indeed continue at some time in the future. So the cello
often just sat still and my repertoire of three or four songs became silent. I always
wondered when I would have to give the cello back but was grateful for its presence
because it was a link to the wish that still dwelt quietly in my heart.

Boethius encourages us to see that the soul, the very core of personality,
is expressive. Today we are taught to think that whatever happens to us
internally is the result of some external decision of experience, but
premodern philosophers saw the soul as a world unto itself and not a
mere reflection of external events or a reaction to them. One of the
reasons we lack enchantment in daily life is that we think too much in
terms of cause and effect, instead of acknowledging the autonomous
expressions of the soul and allowing our very depths to have subjectivity.
With a musician’s sensitivity, we could observe our personal lives with a
degree of enchantment, appreciating the mysterious ways our own soul
expresses and manifests itself. (Moore, 1996, p. 218)

**Episode Two**

While I was away during the summer Jill left a message on my answering
machine at home. She was returning to professional cello playing and would need her
cello back in September. I knew the time had come to decide what to do during the next
weeks, to decide if I would rent or perhaps buy a cello. Would I ask Jill officially to be my
teacher as I would now have to be willing to make a commitment also financially for the
lessons where previously I had not? Was I committed to this process or not?

Upon returning home after the summer I had resolved to find another cello and to
ask Jill to give me lessons. I phoned her and we arranged that I had till the beginning of
October to find another instrument, as I had to return hers before she resumed her work
as a professional cellist.
I began to get the cello out, tune it and try to remember what I had previously learned. I familiarized myself with those few melodies I had played and progressed to some new ones as well. I reworked my fingering, bowing, and spent hours getting reacquainted with my dear friend the cello. It was like a reunion. I realized how I had missed it and turned to playing it at least once a day. I had asked for help in finding a cello but both cellist friends were unavailable for the time consuming task of locating one; but they agreed to listen and play it once I had made the initial decision. This gave me the needed assurance to proceed.

So it came to pass that one-day I headed for the recommended shop “The Sound Post” after my class at OISE. I had been there before to buy resin and a bow when I had had to return Jill’s backup bow a year earlier. The school had given me a leaving gift toward the acquiring of a bow as a gesture to wish me well on my journey little knowing how important it would be. At that time even the process of choosing a bow was overwhelming because I was left alone with a number of bows of various prices and a cello upon which to try them. I now know that one never just appears to buy a bow since one chooses the bow to go with a specific cello and one always tries the bow with the instrument. I must have been easily singled out as clueless, which I truly was at the time. Left with the daunting task I came up with a method. I played the most expensive pernambuco bows, and then proceeded to find the affordable bow made of brazilwood that sounded similar or gave the best tone. This proved to take some time, and unfortunately there was not a cellist in the shop on that day to play for me or offer advice so I made my purchase and left.

This time the task was far more daunting for it was a cello I was in search of. I had to take courage and step into the relatively unknown world of stringed instruments and hope that in the process of learning the lay of the land I would also find the right cello for me. I entered the shop situated in the older house with its lovely wooden floors and cellos and violins lined up along the walls. It was Bethany who met me at the door this time and thankfully she was a cellist! She chose a number of student cellos, tuned and played them. I knew instantly that I had been spoiled with the tone of Jill’s cello because the plywood instruments sounded sharp and had a harsh thin tone such that it wasn’t even a question of acquiring one of these. I couldn’t bear to listen to them for long; they set me on edge. Thus we progressed to a German instrument, which was much better. Thinking I needed a comparison, like I had with the bows, I asked her to find a cello in the next price range. Bethany returned with an instrument that simply
boomed when played and I knew that that was not it because it was actually worse than the less expensive one. Thus, I learned that sound was not totally dependent on value. I had imagined a warm enveloping quality to the cello tone or voice that I was searching for. I asked her to bring back another instrument so I could compare it to the German one, otherwise I couldn’t tell what I had. She came back with a beautiful deep brown instrument that had been hand made in Ontario by a woman who lived on Lake Huron. The tone was warm, inviting and more intimate, and I immediately responded to it as she played. I was then left with the two instruments. I had to gather my courage in order to pick them up play in this intimidating environment with musicians all around racing adroitly up and down scales in the next room. I was in the back room and tried to focus on the task at hand, bowing the open strings of the one and then the other of the cellos. Thus I played them alternatively and grew to hear the differences and similarities of their tones.

Soon a family appeared to rent a cello for their daughter, who looked about ten years old. Bethany found one the right size, tuned it and played the tiny looking instrument for the young girl who stood wide eyed, awed and obviously impressed with Bethany’s ability to make music. She was then sat in front of the instrument, and she made her first tentative attempts to sound the cello. I could see her trying to contain her excitement and wonder at the experience in the busy back room with sales people and repair people moving back and forth and other adults standing looking on. I remembered my first experience with the cello and smiled inwardly. I stopped my own bowing to give the moment its due respect. Soon they were off to make the final arrangements and I was left to my own task. Finally, Alistair, the owner of the shop and a cellist himself, appeared. He was calm, reassuring, and respectful. He was the one I was waiting for. As he began to play the instruments lined up on the floor, he put me at ease. He explained the differences in tone and changed strings to improve the sound of the German cello so it would sound at its best and more like the expensive one that I liked. I knew the hand made one was out of my league so decided, when offered, to take the German cello home and try it there in the comfort of my own space. I was relieved at this suggestion because I wasn’t ready to decide. Alistair mentioned that he was getting some other instruments in from Germany and some cellos from an American instrument maker which he would recommend because they often produced instruments with a warm, colourful, full blooded sound. I chose a black, hard covered case with red velvet to take
the cello home in. I was so excited and couldn't wait to get the instrument home and compare it with Jill’s’ cello.

Without a pause I had the two cellos out on the living room floor ready to compare. They were so different in tone: the one was clear and golden, a seasoned tone, the other, young and muted; it didn’t radiate out into the room and sing, but had a held quality to it. Over the course of the next week I lived with the tone of both cellos. I played them often and found myself responding differently to the two instruments. I was learning how to coax the tone out of them, to make them sound and vibrate fully. I was also learning how to use the bow to change and enhance the sounding of the cellos. It was a time of discovery and I had the sound of the cello around me all day. It was like an echo that rang; I was in a sound bubble and it carried me along and protected me in a way that I didn’t understand. I took the cello to Jill but first we had tea and caught up with the events of our lives since we had last seen each other over a year previously. I spoke of my visit to “The Sound Post” and my subsequent experiences and I hesitantly mentioned the fact that I had begun to hear the tone that I was looking for and that the cello tone seemed to surround me and follow me through the day. She then told me of how when she was teaching the children and did not have the time or opportunity to play regularly she felt that she missed the cello and that it was like a physical suffering of withdrawal. She then became very ill and eventually had to leave teaching in the spring term and have an operation. She was now recovering and had decided to go back to playing the cello professionally. In the first months of her return to playing, I witnessed how she became focused, well again, and seemed happier as well as healthier. Jill played and listened to the German cello and like myself she wasn’t convinced I had found the right one and suggested I should try another shop.

The musical nature of reality and of the soul entails the coming together of differences. To a great extent, the art of music is a process of “arranging” different themes, pitches, rhythms, and timbres, and in a musical psychology, our various moods and traits each could find their place in an emotional harmony and counterpoint. Thinking psychologically, we often try to eliminate inner conflicts and competing desires and longings, but thinking musically, we may be able to find a way to appreciate the many elements that make us up and allow them to be independent and yet in tune with one another. (Moore, 1996, p. 218)
Episode Three

This I did the very next week after my class at OISE. I set off on the next stage of my journey. I went to Shar Music Company, hoping it would be less intimidating since I had gone through the experience once already. Well, that wasn’t quite true because this was a different set up, a different mood, and of course different sales people. I looked around the shop but didn’t see any cellos that I would like to try; they all looked like they were the basic student variety. I asked a young man who turned out to be Ari if they had the model I saw in the catalogue and he went to check. He returned to say they didn’t but he would ask what else they had. As I waited, I overheard a conversation between Ari and a manager who was saying that they didn’t carry the model in the catalogue because they had problems with the quality and that in reality the cheaper one was a better deal. The manager was oblivious to me and went on talking. I mentioned this only because I was having difficulty trying to understand the relationship of value to the actual product. In the world of cellos it appeared there was a different value on an instrument made by a well-known maker and the hand made or factory model, in other words who had made the cello and where the cello was made influenced price, not sound of tone. Eventually Ari and I went into the special fine instruments listening room where he tuned the instruments for me. The fine instrument manager, Mark, came and told me what the various instruments were in the room and their prices. There was an older Italian made cello valued at $100,000.00, which I hesitantly asked permission to play; obviously the age of this instrument affected its value. There were four German cellos that were supposedly the same in value and then another two on the way up to the Italian one. I was left alone with them all and started by playing the most expensive one and then finding my way down to my level of expense. The four German ones were each very different and there was one that I immediately took to; it had a warm tone that seemed to wrap around me. I felt it was the closest to the Italian one which was amazing to play because it sang so easily and with so much clarity and warmth as well as being colourful of tone. Ari came back and played them all for me; it was amazing to hear him play. The cellos all sang with his playing but it was clear to me which one was the fine cello because the tone was golden and rich, like looking through liquid amber. It made the notes effortlessly transform into soaring musical melody. Just listening to the cello warmed me, as if I sat bathing in warmth of that special golden quality of Italian sunlight.
Ari then told me of his trip accompanied by his mother, who is also a musician, to all the fine instrument stores in New York and Boston. He told of all the cellos he had been able to play and what a marvellous experience that was because he personally heard all those fine instruments before he began his studies in music at the University of Toronto. I then asked if all the cellos are so different then what about the differences in bow, how important was that?

He replied with passion: “The bow is the voice that enables the cello to sing; it is very important to match each cello with just the right bow. Each bow interacts differently with each individual cello and also with the different strings.” I was touched and dismayed at the same time. I was obviously out of my league here, but he was kind, and played on. In the end he felt the same as I did, and that was reassuring. The one I had chosen was the best one and he described the tone as warm and intimate, not projecting its tone so much as surrounding or wrapping around one as one played. I knew I was getting closer because I had imagined such a tone, and I heard it ringing in my ears when I woke up in the morning. Mark, the fine instrument manager, brought in a cello that was set up for performing, but that only reinforced my feeling about the German cello because this instrument was louder and projected its tone in a large, impersonal way. I then listened to a number of bows with my eyes closed and chose, with Mark’s help, the bow that brought out the most focused, clear tone. I was amazed that I was able to discriminate between them just like Ari and Mark although not with their clarity and ability. I had learned today that the bow is indeed the voice, thanks to Ari. I sat in awe of his ability, he could really make a cello sing and become the touching voice of the soul that spoke to the listener.

I made the same arrangement to take the cello for a week and hurried home to compare this cello with the two I had at home. I spent a wonderful night with them all lined up on the living room floor and I played one after the other and then back again to try to learn to hear the differences in their voices and how one must play them each, respectfully but a little differently to coax out the special voice each had. As well, I had two different bows to enhance the singing ability of the cellos.

I felt that this exploration was part of the journey, and that I must not force a decision but trust in the process. I must be patient and sensitive to the unfolding, the dynamic meeting of the inner and outer landscapes, and to listen. Listening was so essential to what I was learning, and the cello I was in search of would become, in a very profound and intimate way, my voice of soul. I had been totally unaware of the
magnitude of what I had undertaken, but now, having a glimpse of it, I would be true to its unfolding, its becoming.

In the field of music, harmony is not sentimental by nature. It's a way of joining many different tones not only so they sound good together but also so they can progress to the next set of tones in a meaningful and creative way. Musicians talk about "harmonic progressions" and "chord changes," referring to this unfolding of harmonic relationships, and they often try to come up with new and fresh ways of letting one chord lead to another. The musician tries to develop a good ear for the inherent implications and directions of a harmonious chord or unresolved interval. (Moore, 1996, p. 219)

Episode Four

I decided to be thorough in my process and to go to the last instrument store. I went down to Heinl & Company, a music store that also makes instruments, to see what cellos they had in stock before my next meeting with Jill. I was shown a series of instruments and the one that caught my eye was an older hand made Dutch instrument. Unfortunately there was no cellist in the store so I decided that my method of comparison had worked thus far so why change it at this point. Andreas and I carried the four instruments up to a large room with a leather sofa and chairs. A number of instruments were positioned around the room in stands and a series of glass display cases on the walls contained pieces of old instruments on glass shelves. I realized when I was alone in the large room that it was in part a listening room with hardwood floors and comfortable chairs and in part a museum with rare instruments: basses, cellos, and violins. It certainly was a good thing that I didn't come here first because if so I really would have been intimidated to find myself in an instrument museum of sorts. I was glad I had put my tuner in my bag and set about tuning the four instruments since there was no one to help me do it. One cello was a hand made instrument made by one of the craftsmen from Heinl and Company, the other was the older Dutch instrument made in the 1940's, another was a German instrument, and the last was a Chinese instrument. Just as I was about to begin the bowing of one of the cellos, a man came in a side door and excused himself; he was only checking the humidor for his cigars. He returned shortly afterwards and then left. I believe it was Mr. Heinl, the owner of the shop. This only heightened my insecurity and self-conscious awareness. I thought it must be odd for them to hear only humble bowing from open strings and not virtuoso playing coming
from the listening room filled with fine instruments. I had to take courage and persevere. It was again interesting to hear the different instruments. The most expensive one didn’t sound as full as the older Dutch instrument. The other two were obviously not what I was looking for since their tones were not clear, resonant and warm like that timbre I was listening for. The Dutch instrument outshone the others in my price range. Andreas returned somewhat later so I asked him why the Dutch instrument was priced so low when it sounded to my ear to be the better sounding cello. He replied that an unknown instrument maker made it and even though it was hand made and an older instrument it was because of the fact that his name was not known that it was priced accordingly.

Andreas then told me that they were presently working on a Stradivarius cello in the workshop; it was one of the finest cellos ever produced. The cello was part of the Canada Council Grant and a young twenty-five year old woman who recently won the competition would be allowed to play it for two years. It was valued at three million dollars and when they were first commissioned to do the year’s work on it a cellist, who has heard other Stradivarius cellos, said it was the finest he had ever heard. The owner Mr. Heinl later told me that it was an amazing experience just to hear it being played. I was again awed that my journey had taken me here and felt that this was another moment of synchronicity. As I was leaving, I knocked on the door of the shop and went in to speak with the instrument maker about the working on the Stradivarius cello. He was a tall man and finely featured; he spoke gently when I interrupted him and explained what he was doing and why. He was gently using a finger planer on the inside of the front face of the cello, which had been separated from the rest of the cello being kept in a special air controlled safe. He had added a thin layer of spruce wood to the middle and the sides and was gently planing some of the excess wood away to make all exactly the same depth of thickness. This was important so as to keep the tone just as it was when the instrument was created. We chatted but it was obvious he was eager to be absorbed again in his work, so I left and went down to arrange taking the Dutch cello with me. Months later I heard from Jill that they had allowed some of the professional cellists to come and play the Stradavarius as a once in a life time experience. She said it almost played itself and its tone made it hard to return to one’s own instrument.

I decided I would collect another German instrument the next day; Mr. Heinl would set it up in the morning. I took along a fine German pernambuco bow as well, inspired by experiences of the magical effect of different bows on the instruments. I was overwhelmed and moved by the experiences of the day knowing I would have to leave
the decision of which was the right bow to when I found the right cello. However, I was learning that I needed a fine quality bow to bring out the sound. The next day I picked up the German cello at Heinl’s and returned the first cello I had taken from ‘The Sound Post’ because at long last the American Gornock cellos Alistair had special ordered had arrived. I had Alistair play it for me and he was pleased with the tone, the upper strings had a clear sweet sound and the overall quality of the instrument was good. I knew that I was getting closer the finding the right cello.

For me, there was magic in the experience that I felt then, and a sense of enchantment throughout the journey that helped affirm and nurture the process. There was an enchanted mood and flow to the unfolding series of events that were carrying, leading me, and allowing me to discover some profound aspects about music, the instruments that make it, and those who made or played them. All these people spoke with awe and wonder about the being of an instrument and I was also beginning to experience first hand what they meant.

Living musically involves an appreciation for the dynamics inherent in our own soul and in the shapes life takes. The jazz piano player listens to a flatted ninth chord, a rich and complex set of tones his fingers have found, and then tries to sense where this chord, in context with many others, wants to go. The worst players are those who force a harmonic progression in an easy or obvious direction, or in a series that they have learned abstractly as a rule or typical pattern. This kind of jazz is dull and uncreative, and so, too is a life that is not in tune with the possibilities inherent in one’s situation. It’s as though each life condition were a dynamic chord leaning in a certain direction.... (Moore, 1996, p.219)

**Episode Five**

I now had four cellos at home and four bows to play with. I was up late into the night playing and listening to each of their specific voices. I had the feeling that they each spoke in their own way to my heart, but only two touched it in a special way. The next day I loaded four cellos into my Honda civic and took them down to Jill. They barely fit into the car. The living room of Jill’s house was filled with cellos and Jill played them each in turn. I was able to sit back and listen to them from a distance. We both had similar reactions to the different instruments. The most expensive German cello had the least favorable tone. The one from ‘Shar Music’ that I had originally liked when compared to these others seemed muted in timbre and its tone was more obviously
lacking in clarity. As it resounded into the space, the tone became muddied; it was like silt clouding the clarity of the wine. Although it was warm and surrounded one when it reverberated into the room, it was held and didn't ring with transparent clarity. Both Jill and I felt that it was between the older Dutch instrument and the Ramieirez cello from Gornock in the U.S.A.

Jill repeatedly played both instruments finding the Dutch cello harder to play and felt that the instrument was not as healthy and this would likely cause me problems by being temperamental like her older Norwegian cello that had recently began to buzz when the seasons changed and the weather became cold and dry. Jill felt that in general both were unusually good and that I had done extremely well to find such good quality instruments. The older one had a good tone and would hold its value, however it was harder to play, was temperamental and there was a slight buzz audible on the G-string. The Ramieirez cello was new and healthy and was easy to play and the tone was warm and interesting in colour. Her husband, a double bass player, came in and tried to help us make a decision. In the end, I was left with the task because only I could know which one truly spoke to me. I just needed to live with them both and I would know with time which one was the one that most seemed like the instrument for me. I returned the other cellos that day and brought the two instruments home again.

Over the course of the next week I gradually let go of the idea that I wanted the older hand made instrument and went with the feeling I had developing in my heart about how the Ramieirez spoke to me. I have a friend who played for my eurythmy lessons and whom I really respect as a musician. I was invited for supper so brought both cellos along. We had tea and I could hardly wait to unpack them. I was very intimidated to humbly play them in her presence but knew I had to do my best so she could listen to them; I had practiced the few pieces I knew prior to coming over. After bowing the strings I played the 'Joy to the World' theme from Beethoven on the Dutch cello. I did the same on the Ramieirez cello and also played the song. Suddenly there was a piano accompanying the cello, and I was so excited I could hardly concentrate. I finally made a mistake and stopped and looked over to my friend who sat smiling at me from the piano. "That's the one", she said. I stood up, walked over and gave her a genuine hug thanking her. With tears in my eyes, I said that I had only dreamt that one day I would play with some one, and today the dream had come true. However humble, it was a beginning. I was truly grateful for the shared moment with this dear friend. She
then listened to the two bows together as we got an idea which one gave the fuller, clearer tone.

The beauty of music lies in its organic unfolding, in the creative use of all materials at hand, no matter how unusual or apparently meaningless. If you were to analyze the harmonic developments in a simple Bach fugue, you would be astonished at the composer’s ability to see implications for fresh sounds in every musical situation, from the most commonplace to the most unusual. (Moore, 1996, p.219)

Episode Six

During the next week I returned the Dutch cello and returned to ‘The Sound Post’ where Alistair had got in another Ramírez cello. The tone was not as rich, nor as strong or clear. I decided to buy the first Ramírez cello, and arranged with Alistair to come and listen again after he had gone down to Chicago to pick out another eight cellos. I respected Alistair’s opinion concerning cellos and their tonal differences. He had the amazing ability to remember the tone quality of the different cellos and had heard thousands of them so knew when an especially good one came along. He felt that I had found a good one but encouraged me to come back and listen when the others came in. He intuitively understood my need to follow the process and respected my thoroughness in finding the right cello for me. He always gave a clear appraisal of the tone quality and was very patient, not at all intimidating, so I always felt free to take my time, and he respected my opinion concerning their tone quality. We often agreed with each other, though we phased it differently. His was gracious and tactful, and these qualities were a gift to me by themselves. I wondered at his ability to intuitively understand how important and profound this whole process was for me.

That day I went down stairs and bought my first cello music books; one filled with exercises for my lessons and one with little pieces for cello and piano. I felt like I floated out of the shop with my new cello and made my way to my car parked at a friend’s house. I came in and showed her the cello and played my little melodies. She was very encouraging since she had also decided as an adult to take up the piano and had taken lessons over the years. After playing on an electric piano she bought a lovely Blutner piano made of wonderful rich brown wood. She told me of how when she went into the store, she found she could not bear to play the less expensive uprights and had eventually bought a baby grand. It is the joy of her life and adds a priceless element to
her days. She understood my pursuit of my instrument. She found that with perseverance she was able to play and take her piano tests through the different levels. I showed her my new music books and she replied that she would love to get the music and then we could play together. One week later I had a phone call telling me she had the music and we choose a few easy pieces for me to begin working on. I was touched by her enthusiasm and support knowing we share a similar unrealized goal that led us on an adventure of enchanted discovery.

Studying music, one learns about talent, thought, work, expression, beauty, technique, collaboration, aesthetic judgment, inspiration, taste, and a host of other elements that shape life in all its aspects. As we learn to control our fingers, lips, and breath, in making music, subliminally music is shaping us, making us people of sensitivity and judgment. At the same time, music brings the soul further into life.... Music, like all the arts, affects us deeply, touches our soul directly, and so brings out our fantasy, individuality, and imagination. (Moore, 1996, p.225)

**Episode Seven**

One day after I had decided about my cello I received a package by courier and in it was the bow that I had chosen with the German cello at "Shar Music". Enclosed was an invoice requiring no payment for the bow. I phoned "Shar Music" immediately but no one knew what I was talking about. Mark was away on his honeymoon and would not be back for another week. I decided to unpack the bow and try it on this cello. It was lovely and I was excited to think it had just arrived with no apparent reason. I wondered if this was the bow I was searching for and what circumstances had led to its appearance on my doorstep. What I was to do now? I played with the bow all that week waiting for Mark to return, careful not to read anything into the situation. I called Mark the following Monday and congratulated him on his marriage and then told him of the mysterious arrival of the bow and the invoice. He had not sent them because he had been away for two weeks and did not know who had but would look into it. He then asked if I could bring it in on one of my trips into town. When I finally brought the cello bow in I was told that there was no record of the transaction on the computer and that if I had not called they would not have known about it since it was no longer on the stock list. They took the bow and I left wondering what that was all about and if I had read the situation aright. I was not certain that the bow was truly the right one and morally was not able just to keep it without acknowledging it to "Shar Music". I felt that my sense of integrity required
that I return it and so did so. I was still to look for the bow for my cello but at the moment I was focused on getting to know my instrument.

Since I had finally acquired my cello, I had just three lessons before the Christmas Holidays and began learning the real technique of holding the bow and fingering as well as scales and arpeggios. I worked very hard and grew to love the time in the day when I would take a break from my studies and practice and play my new pieces. The culmination was when Jill gave me Christmas carols transcribed for the first position. I worked on "Good King Wenceslas", "Oh Come all Ye Faithful" and "Silent night" I tried "Jiggle Bells" but didn't enjoy playing it as much as the others. I also progressed on my two songs that I would be able to play with Suzanne when we eventually met.

We could follow Boethius and imagine the soul as music, and as musicians of the everyday we could be more attentive to the ways of nature and our own emotions. We could bring an artist's sensitivity to all issues of daily living, instead of wanting always to doctor the soul, or teach it, or get it into moral alignment. Instead of ways of trying to make healthy or morally correct choices, we could try to make life decisions with art and with a sense of the beautiful and the harmonic. (Moore, 1996, p.221)

**Episode Eight**

In December I was invited to a gathering of old colleagues and friends at my musician friend's house. She and a master teacher from England, who was also a cellist, were going to play together and then we would all have dinner. The three of us had worked together at teacher development conferences. She played piano and he played cello and I led eighty teachers in eurythmy doing "The Swan" by Camille Saint-Saens. I had not seen him since before the accident. The day before the evening gathering, I got a call asking if Georg could use my cello for the evening's music making. I said of course but I was not sure if he would like it. He felt it would be better than the one he always borrowed. So that evening I arrived with my cello and the two bows I was trying out. As we unpacked them he inspected them all very carefully. After tea, he and Elizabeth played and after the first piece he mouthed the words "very beautiful" to me and my heart soared. Not only was I listening to my cello being made to sing, as I would never be able to make it do, but this artist whom I respected and had worked with felt that I had made a good choice and felt that I had a lovely warm sounding cello. After a number of
well-known cello pieces Georg asked if there was something that we would like to hear and I enthusiastically requested "The Swan". I sat enraptured listening to one of my favorite pieces. Afterwards we reminisced about the time when I had created choreography in 20 minutes and then we had gone into the forum of the school and led over eighty teachers through an experience of the music. They were divided into two groups and swung alternately with grace and flow across the hall. It was one of the most inspired lessons I ever gave as a eurythmist and now we had come full circle and he was playing the piece on my new cello. Once again I spiraled over similar events but at a new level of experience.

As we packed the cello away, he encouraged me to work hard on my cello playing. He spoke of how one had to work the cello to develop the fullness of sound. This would only grow with playing as the cello and I developed together. No one knew how much the timbre or my tone would improve with playing over time. He felt that it was a very healthy instrument and that it had a rich, warm, colourful sound. I was deeply moved by his support and grateful for the fact that destiny had led me to these most profound moments of synchronicity. How would one have known that I would now not be moving to his cello playing but discussing my cello playing? Who would have imagined two years previously that my life would have turned around to such a profound degree?

I think we can achieve the same tuning of our inner ears, the subtle organs that detect the counterpoints and harmonic tensions of the soul. When we are busy putting our theories into practice, we may not listen with real care and hear the music of the heart, and when we are attached to familiar understandings and unconsciously involved in the culture around us, we may not hear the music of our own souls .... As musicians of the soul, we could be unusually sensitive to the heart's music and care for it with all the attentiveness of a jazz piano player working out a new riff. (Moore, 1996, p.220)

**Episode Nine**

Although I felt I had found my instrument, my voice, in this particular cello I returned twice more to "The Sound Post" when Alistair received the cellos he had personally chosen. There had been only two instruments to chose from at the time and I had experienced how profound the differences could be even when made by the same maker. I knew that the one that I had was chosen by a friend of his and so wanted to hear and see the ones that Alistair would chose. I had learnt to trust his judgment and
looked forward to hear the new Ramírez cellos, and he was also getting a slightly better cello as well. I wanted to be as thorough as I could since this would be my instrument for life.

The first time I went down they were very busy and, as I was now a regular, I was ushered upstairs to the string listening room with the four new instruments and I was left to my own devices. I tuned the instruments and played them. I knew there was only one that came close to my cello in timbre and when Alistair had time to come and play he agreed. I felt more and more reassured and more attached and contented with my instrument. The next time I was to go into the city to listen was in a snowstorm but I had no choice; I had only this day before I flew up north for Christmas. It took us four hours to dig out the drive way, but I had decided to be true to the process and complete it by going down this one last time. I had difficulty getting down to the subway station at Finch because of the road conditions. I knew that I was on the edge even being on the roads and was very careful. This situation was similar to the presence of mind that one needs when paddling in rough water or when running rapids. I knew the best ride comes when one has the strength to enter the current pointed up river and must do one’s best and then trust. When I was finally was on the train an announcement said that there was an emergency below Bloor Street and the train would terminate there. We were advised to catch a shuttle bus on Yonge Street. I emerged with the countless others to street level only to find that it was almost impossible to walk with the snow and there were people lined up for a block to catch the bus. By this time I had only half an hour before the shop closed and so decided to walk to Bay Street hoping it would be better. Alas it was not and so I began to walk down to Grenville Street hoping to eventually catch a bus. There were no buses so I ended up running in the snow with my cello the many blocks to “The Sound Post”.

I arrived just as they should be closing. Bethany greeted me and thankfully said she would stay and help me with the cellos since the weather and the transportation situation were equally uninviting. We had the main area of the shop to ourselves and we played the three cellos. There was one that was warm and broad in tone, which I liked but Bethany found the strings sounded too much as she bowed. She played both my cello and this new one alternately. It was hard to tell and so I was grateful when Alistair appeared and began to play the two instruments. He said that they were indeed comparable but said that my cello had a stronger more focused tone and that the other had a broader tone. They were both healthy and I would just have to decide which one
was right for me. No one could decide that for me. He and Bethany then left and I was left to make a decision. I played them and listened to my heart to see which one it responded to the most and at one moment, when I switched back to my cello, my heart moved or leapt and I knew that this was the voice that spoke most intimately to me. On a deep and profound level I knew that this was indeed the one for me. This was the cello that would become my voice and which spoke to me so intimately.

I began packing up the cello and Alistair returned. We then chose a new black hard case with red velvet interior, this would be a fitting and protected environment for the cello to live in. Alistair was ever patient and I thanked him for his patience and support saying that I was sorry to be a bother. He looked me straight in the eye and said I was no bother and was right to take my time to find the right instrument for me. He was amazed at how I had progressed since my first visit and I said it was because he made me feel comfortable for which I was grateful. I told him it had been a most amazing journey and I had learned so much along the way about how different the cellos can sound. He then spoke of how in his youth in England he used to go into 'Christie’s' and play all the best instruments that were to be auctioned off. He said that not all cellos made by the masters sounded equally fine. Then he looked off into the distance and said: "You know each tree is individual in the way it grows and looks. Its wood is also uniquely different and so the wood that goes into a cello and the way it comes together under the care of the instrument maker makes each instrument individual in its sound, its timbre. Each of us responds differently to the individual cello voices. He then said that he would help me find the right bow and that I should come back in the New Year so we could begin the search. I had arrived a six o'clock and now it was eight as I left to catch a train north if the subway was running. As I trudged along in the snow, I was deeply contented that I had taken the last steps on the journey. My only regret now was that I couldn't take my friend the cello with me but would have to leave it behind for three weeks while I was away up north. I played it one last time that night and went to sleep with a deep sense of peace, grateful at finding my voice in a cello of my own that would enable my soul to sing.

A Musician has to have a good ear. I remember that when I first seriously studied orchestration, learning about all the instruments – their timbres, ranges and fingerings – I was shocked to discover that within a short time it was as though someone had performed surgery on my ears. I could hear things that previously were completely mute to me. Literally, a world
of sound opened up, and I was astonished at what I heard for the first time. (Moore, 1996, p.220)

**Episode Ten**

January came and went and I had yet to return to "The Sound Post". Finally on a Thursday evening I took my cello down and began the search for the bow that would match my cello. I had originally taken two bows to try and had returned one early on. The second was a fine bow, but I felt that it didn’t bring out the potential of tone that I intuitively sensed lay within the instrument. I was grateful that Bethany was there to greet me and we were able to focus on the task since there was a lull in the shop’s activities of coming and going. She carefully selected a number of bows from a velvet-lined box as I unpacked my cello. As she took the bow I had been using and played she said that the cello has become easier to play and was developing a richness of timbre.

We systematically went through the bows in increasing value and came to one that did indeed bring out the tone and focus it so it rang strongly in the room around us. We heard it immediately but moved on to the next bows. We eliminated all but two bows. Bethany then went back and played various bowings and bits of pieces and it was clear that one was outstanding; to my surprise it was half the price of the other! Bethany then left me to play them all and to repeat the process myself as the player. The one bow already singled out was clearly the one in the way it balanced in my hand and the easy way it drew out the sounding tone. I tested its sensitivity and flex as I had seen Bethany do and this bow was much more alive than the others. When Bethany returned I asked her about the two bows. One had been made by a well-known Canadian bow maker and the other made there at "The Sound Post" by a young German bow maker, Christian Wanka. He had worked into the autumn and before leaving had inspected the three bows he had made. Bethany felt that it was well made and easy to play with and very responsive. We then decided I would take the bow home for a few days and then decide. As I was leaving, I wished Bethany well and thanked her because she was off to work in a bow maker’s shop. I was truly grateful for her interest in instruments and bows and appreciated her musicianship when she played for me. She was a sensitive and generous young person who truly aided me in the finding of my instrument and bow.

Only when I played in the quiet of my apartment did I know that the right bow drew out a tone I had hoped for when choosing the cello; it lived as a sounding presence in the room freed from the instrument. I was deeply moved as I played and through the
week as I learned to use it I became more convinced it was by far the best one. When I returned to the shop, Alistair was there and I told him where I was in the process. He brought out a few more bows to choose from. Some were older and much more expensive. Christian's father had made an older seasoned one. But I felt none compared to Christian's. Since Bethany was not there I had to get help playing from another fellow who eagerly began testing them all and as I listened I was reinforced as to what I felt was the right one. Then there was an interesting moment when one of the workers from the workshop and Alistair and the cellist playing for me listened to the two we had selected as the best ones. We did a blind test by playing them to see which was best. Different people had different ideas, but when later Alistair played he settled the matter. Christian's was by far the better bow for my instrument. It was very well made and beautifully finished, a rich burnished reddish stick of pernambuco; and the ebony frog and leather grip felt ideal in my hand. Perhaps most importantly if was easy to play with. And so it was decided. I asked Alistair how long it would last and he said I could pass it down as an heirloom!

As I left I felt deeply contented and joyful and have never regretted the length of the journey or all the twists and turns involved. I know that the other bow that appeared was not the one to lead me on in my quest for a voice, and I knew that not with any intellectual understanding but by a kind of aesthetic appreciation of the events and how they spoke to me and the underlying sense for the true. This I knew just like one knows the proportions of a form or the right blending of colour or the amount of light to balance the darkness. I know now as the images overlap each other in my memory that it was to be just so. The school sent me on my way with the gift towards that first student bow to use with Jill's cello and at the time a dear artist friend presented me with a miniature cello bow 4 ½ centimeters long made of gold with a silver thread and an uncut opal enclosed in the stone 2 ½ centimeters long. These were both placed in a black velvet box and given to me at the time. The bow is the instrument that coaxes out the voice of the cello and the liminal place between string and bow is where the mystery takes place, the threshold for the tone to incarnate and become audible. The art is in the way the two meet as to whether or not the tone sings freely expanding into space or not. The opal reveals its rainbow of colour only when the light touches it just so, otherwise it appears opaque.

The search for a voice in this chapter and the journey of learning to see in the last chapter are mysteriously united in the little black box and were given to me prior to
the unfolding of this personal narrative and now as I circle and spiral above the events they form a relationship and begin to speak to one another in a dialogue of meaning making that can only truly be understood as an result of an aesthetic way of knowing.

Life is full of cracks, windows, and doorways that allow us to glimpse the eternal that lies hidden behind the surfaces of the temporal. These glimpses may be momentary epiphanies, rare sensations of awe that come along unexpectedly. Often they're associated with nature, which can inspire awe in a thousand ways and at almost every turn in the road. But sometimes the numinous also appears in art. (Moore, 1996, p.299)

**Episode Eleven**

It was now springtime and I had taken my cello to my musician friend’s house after I had spent hours practicing that afternoon. I was invited for supper but I knew I was hoping to play with Elisabeth and I wanted to show her my new bow. After dinner we set up and started to work our way through my tiny repertoire. We had played once before and I was able to hold my own and stay in tune. I had tried to learn the melodies by heart for this occasion and as we were playing I could listen to her piano playing and to the blending of the instruments. An auditory landscape was created in which at one moment I heard it, this placing of the cello’s voice into the textured landscape created by the piano; they united and rang out a new sound created in the moment. It is like when you put a drop of red into a sea of blue and witness the blending, the creating of a new colour in watercolour painting. This was the same in the world of musical sound. Although the moment went by in an instant I suddenly understood the magic of music making. In eurythmy I had always moved as the cello or piano played to what I heard, trying to make the music visible, but here was creating the cello melody within the sound panorama of the piano. This experience has become a longing to one day be able to really play my instrument well enough to recapture that fleeting moment.

Recently I had to joy of playing cello duets with a friend and after the initial struggle to be in tune and hold my voice I suddenly became aware of how the two instruments, so different in timbre, were carrying on a conversation as the Bach continued. Again there was perhaps one moment of grace in the hour or so in which we played but it echoes in my soul still. We may not be able to truly achieve the idea we see or hear in our imagination and although we may witness glimpses of it we cherish its
presence nonetheless because it is and echo of something that lies beyond yet which we sense.

...The sense of our creatureliness, an awareness that comes upon us when we have a momentary sensation of divinity. I certainly felt like a fully human and ordinary creature in the presence of Glenn Gould's talent. The sense of being a creature is close to what I have been describing as the essence of enchantment—the recognition that the world is infinitely more vast and mysterious than we can imagine when we regard it only scientifically, and that a voice, music, or some other kind of utterance emerges from it, providing an opportunity for us to be related to it and profoundly affected by it. The sensation of creatureliness implies an attitude of genuine humility, another requirement of enchantment, allowing us to be entranced and stunned, as we are receptive to the revelatory influxes and transformative alchemies of life. (Moore, 1996, p.299)

**Episode Twelve**

This episode has yet to unfold but I believe it was foretold when Alistair suggested I should contact the Royal Conservatory and join their adult beginners orchestra. I laughed self-consciously at the time and shrugged it off but the idea has become a vision, which I hold near to my heart like the original wish to let my soul sing. Perhaps this wish too will one day take wing and soar and in so doing allow my voice to sing with an orchestra of others blending and creating an auditory landscape to grace and join the other sound-scapes of the world. However humble in its attempt, I am confident it will bring joy and enchantment to us all.

In music also our rule is verified. It is impossible to find two things that are perfectly equal in weight, or length, or thickness; and it is likewise impossible for the various notes of flutes and other instruments, of bells and of the human voice to be so perfectly in concord that they could not be more concordant. As with human voices, so it is with instruments, all are only relatively true and all differ necessarily according to place, time, natural characteristics and so on. Consequently the most perfect, faultless harmony cannot be perceived by the ear, for it exists not in things sensible but only as an ideal conceived in the mind. From this we can form some idea of the most perfect or infinite harmony, which is a relation in equality. No man can hear it while still in the body, for it is wholly spiritual and would draw to itself the essence of the soul, as infinite light would attract all light to itself. Such infinitely perfect harmony, in consequence, would be heard only in ecstasy by the ear of the intellect, once the soul was free from the things of sense. Much of the sweetness
of contemplation could be experienced here by meditation on the immortality of the intellectual and rational soul and on the essential incorruptibility, which enables it to find in music an image of itself that is at once a resemblance and a contrast. (Nicholas of Cusa, *Beyond Ignorance* as quoted in Moore, *The Education of the Heart* 1996, p.63-4)

**Reflections**

There’s music in the sighing of the reed;  
There’s music in the gushing of the rill;  
There’s music in all things if men had ears.  
Lord Byron, *Don Juan* (Campbell, 1991, p.197)

**On Synchronicity and the Flow Process**

Throughout the personal journey as told by the narrative above I have been aware that the inner landscape of my soul and the outer happenings along the way have had a special relationship. Synchronicity, as I have come to understand it, has been an active force in the unfolding of this story. There appears to be lawfulness in the process that I felt helped objectify it, and I have gradually developed a sense for this over the last months. It taught and led me along the way through an intuitive, imaginative understanding. Perhaps this is another more profound aspect of aesthetic ways of knowing which we sense in the moment by the unifying of the inner and outer landscapes, two pictures existing simultaneously juxtaposed with each other. We sense meaning and act according to this intuitive understanding in the moment and assess aesthetically as the events happen, reworking them in a process of becoming that is in its inherent nature aesthetic. I will attempt to describe my very personal experiences of this process and articulate my insights along the way using the narrative as an example of specific situations. There was a sense that the situations in which I found myself were permeated with meaning and became imaginations when I reflected on them. They were no longer tangled with my own personality but the insignificant and irrelevant were, as it were burned away, and I viewed the events as from a mountaintop with a different perspective. The events held hidden within them archetypal images and meaning which over time were given a new perspective and appeared as imaginations in my inner soul life. I gradually became aware that I could sense this in the moment of the actual happening sometimes and that if I was observant, if I saw or heard truly, I would be led to further understanding and even an indication for the next step. I found one must be
very loyal to the process and develop a steadfast courage to act, to step out into the unfolding flow of events and to ride the wave. This does not always mean riding with the current but more often than not requires a turning to face into the flow or pointing up river, against the flow. Then like the kayaker one can use the current to ferry across the river to the other side, on the way to one’s final destination. The kayaker knows that the most exciting ride can only occur if one turns into the wave and rides it, surfing and pirouetting, thus experiencing a creative playing in the flow of the river. I believe this is not unlike Schiller’s understanding of the artistic, creative activity of play in the artistic act. One must have done one’s homework and truly created the articulated landscape of the inner life of soul that can then initiate the process with the first step. Then, ever watchful and with an ear to the ground listening, one perceives the flow of events. To begin to interact with the flow of events is not unlike the way one plays on the river or the way one plays in an artistic medium. One begins an intimate conversation using a different, aesthetic sense of knowing and understanding and one’s actions are the non-verbal language of articulation. One can then look back on the events creating a distance through the memory and then the events appear as from a mountaintop and the essential meaning becomes visible as the non-essential fades away in the purple haze that time blankets over all our memories.

One must be thorough and do all one possibly can do. This is not unlike what Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi (1991) speaks of in his books on flow and creativity. Optimal experiences are the ones in which we are fully absorbed in their creation and intimately a part of their becoming. We however must freely choose to enter, to be committed and receptive, nothing less will tune the aesthetic instrument through intense attention to the senses and thus to be able to see into, or hear into, or touch into the pulse of the unfolding process. An example of this is of going out in the snowstorm and allowing the process to have its proper ending. In trying to make a decision I was endeavoring to be thorough and yet listen to the flow of events to perceive the moment when I should no longer go up river against the current but turn around and go home. I felt on the edge and needing courage to continue on in the face of the storm and its obstacles. One’s own will flows into the flow of events and one can watch as they blend and transform. One can be challenged to one’s own limit and yet trust completely in the unfolding process. My conversation with Alistair that night after hours was an essential ingredient in my understanding of my own process and the nature of the meeting was made more intimate and profound because of the circumstances of the winter storm. In the end I felt
that I had done all my work to ensure that I was making the right decision in completing the process of finding my cello. Though this is a simple example the implications are not simple.

I had the sense that there are moments when one must initiate action and then wait to see what happens. There are also moments when one has the impulse but must wait to initiate the next step for the time does not appear to be right, as for example in the year of waiting in order to proceed with the cello lessons. There was an internal process of consolidation and internalization, an ever deepening of the wish in my soul life, as I remained faithful to it. This allowed it to grow taking on a soul warmth and strength in a protected environment so that it was ready to take courage and step out into the next stage of the journey more steadfastly committed to the process. There is an archetype in renouncing outwardly, yet remaining faithful and loyal to the idea while waiting for the proper moment. One develops a sense of when it is right to precede, sensitivity to timing, and the lawfulness of appropriateness. This is an aesthetic, moral sense that intensifies one's perception of synchronicity and flow in the unfolding of events in ones life. One is like the painter who must continually step back to assess the progress of the unfolding landscape and then add just the right colour to just the right place to make the image come alive and leap into multidimensions. Or one can imagine the musician listening to the unfolding duet and adding just the right nuance of tone and tempo to enliven and set free the auditory landscape.

The moralistic person tends to be wary of the artist, perhaps because of the freedom and individuality that art inspires. But the way of art can be the most moral of all, if it is lived with honesty and in a transparent search for images that reveal the figures and patterns of life. Too often we look at the arts and focus our attention on the pictures or on the aural or visual patterns in their brilliance. But these pictures are only the tools of the artist who surrenders a lifetime to the work of evoking the most spiritual and moral themes in the arrangement of matter. (Moore, 1996, p. 221)

Integrity is also an essential ingredient in an authentic process. I perceived it in those around me; I was drawn to Alistair because he has such obvious integrity. In order to have a true sense and clear vision of the flow of events, I had the feeling that I must act with honesty and integrity and not to do so would affect the process in an unhealthy way. My returning of the bow was my way of steering a true course or keeping the boat in trim condition to avoid bringing on disaster or an unfortunate turn of events. I felt a responsibility to always nurture integrity in my inner soul process and that was part of my
homework. On a larger scale the work of art demands utter honesty and humility and again one is reminded of the poem of Michelangelo or the valiant struggles of Beethoven in the creation of his last works.

The events unfolded in such a way that they became images or metaphors for meaning. They lived in my soul like themes and variations and I carried them with me as I tried to understand the more profound nature of the journey. Thus, what I learned developed or transformed in the process. An example of this was my feeling that I lived surrounded by a cello tone bubble and this spoke to me on a very profound level. It was healing as well as protective and strengthening to my soul. This imagination lived as a question in my inner life and led me to begin to research what was actually happening. I began to be more aware of the changes in myself and also began to read about music therapy and the healing influence of sound. It partially explained why the search for the right sound was so important. I will discuss this later in more detail.

The other aspect of this experience of flow and synchronicity is the people that I met and the way these meetings unfolded and revealed themselves in my own destiny. The qualities of the people involved fascinated me. I felt their sense of tact, respect, sense of timing, and general social sensitivity and empathy in all my interactions with them. They seemed to intuitively know when to be active and when to step back and give space for the other. Was that a gift of musical training? Did they develop this social intuitiveness by playing music together? I know that these qualities of people like Alistair and Jill were absolutely essential to my being enabled in my process; without them it would not have happened. I have always admired the gracious, empathetic, selfless social awareness of my friend and colleague and now I wonder what sensitivity and aesthetic ways of intuiting and knowing do musicians develop? Does the making of music, the projecting of the soul into space from one's center and simultaneously the ability to be in the periphery listening, aesthetically experiencing the tone, help to develop these qualities in the human being?

We trust that the magic of sound, scientifically applied, will contribute in ever greater measure to the relief of human suffering, to a higher development and a richer integration of the human personality, to the harmonious synthesis of all human "notes" of all "group chords and melodies"—until there will be the greater symphony of the One humanity, (Roberto Assagioli, M.D. as quoted in Campbell, 1991, p.i)
On Crisis and Creativity

Our ability to respond creatively to a crisis situation has profound implications for our ability to establish harmony, health and wellness afterwards. I have always felt that the accident that initiated this journey was in a most profound way an opportunity coming to meet me from the future and guiding me to a process of becoming and transformation or metamorphosis. I learned how the sorrow of the situation strengthened me and made me understand and perceive things that I otherwise would not have done. It burned away the non-essential and made me vulnerable, open and receptive to change. Again I remember the poem I was given by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer to work on for my final artistic project in my eurythmy training. As mentioned earlier, the poem depicts Michelangelo sitting in the Sistine Chapel with a bible in his hands, deep in meditation and prayer. At one point he addresses God saying that he has created all these images and sculptures in His image and now he invites Him to work on the raw substance of his humanity shouting: “Sculptor God, hammer to, I am the stone!” So it is that the events of our destiny hammer and wrought us through the experiences of joy and sorrow. I have experienced the grace of being strengthened and wrought by these events of my life. The result is my life has become almost enchanted with synchronicity since the accident. It is because I turned into the flow or turned up river as the kayaker does to learn to ride the flow of becoming that I find myself in, not unlike the kayaker who rolls up when toppled by a wave and begins to surf a new wave further down river. The reaching for the new idea or vision of the future gives momentum and meaning thus leading to the unfolding of possibilities previously not imagined. The search for how to go on, what to do, what vocation to take up, all these questions have created openness to the future and a new of a vision of life’s potentiality. This creates momentum and empowers one to overcome the difficulties and not to fall back resigned, to stagnate or become depressed leading to un-wellness in oneself, which would lead to further illness. I learnt that having a vision or a goal like learning to play the cello and taking the initiative to step towards it has allowed this experience of transformation and healing to take place.

A typical musician takes the art seriously and often devotes unlimited energy to its study and performance, but this devotion is usually rooted in love and pleasure. In the same way, a musical approach to everyday life could be serious and dedicated without being grounded in anxiety. As musicians of our lives, we could enjoy the harmonies, counterpoints, fugues, sonatas, concertos, quartets, and simple tunes that give shape to
our lives, we could appreciate the aesthetics of events ... There is no essential conflict between morality and aesthetics; in fact, they serve each other well when each has subtlety and depth. But in a literalistic age, we tend to emphasize the morality of events and neglect their aesthetics.

The art of life is quite different in tone from the project of life. The freedom granted by an artistic attitude allows us to take pleasure in the responsibility we have to shape a life and a society according to soul. As musicians in the broadest sense, we might be able to fashion a world and a life that are beautiful and enchanting, rather than merely effective and productive, and that distinction could make all the difference. (Moore, 1996, p.222)

Healing and The Arts

I worked for years as an art therapist in eurythmy and knew first hand what healing potential lies hidden in each of the arts. So as part of my own personal process I have endeavored to explore this and have taken up drawing to help to learn to compensate for how and what I see. I have returned to the doing of sculpture to help heal my relation to the world through the sense of touch. This focused, absorbing, mindful activity was a highpoint in my week. It was the complement to all that I did academically because one works for hours in nonverbal silence. I was working on a series of forms that metamorphose or transform in space similar to that which music does in time. It is like liquid or sculpted music. I have also pursued my wish to play the cello and music. Through developing the sense of hearing and music I have felt on the edge of mysteries that I wanted to explore further. The next section will discuss some of my personal discoveries and some of the research that I have done.

What causes someone to produce sounds? No sound arises in a person unless their soul wishes to free itself from the experience of joy or sorrow. In a state of being profoundly moved it seeks a way out of the excess it ‘expresses’ itself in sound. That is one reason for the existence of music: its sounds arise from the depths of the human soul. (Van Der Pals, 1992, p. 16)

The Apollonian and Dionysian Aspects of Art

When I studied eurythmy we worked with the ideas of the Dionysian and the Apollonian as basic elements or ways of interpreting and presenting works in eurythmy. The Dionysian element is the basis of our wish for expression or projecting what lives within us out into the world. The Apollonian is the world of quality and the lawfulness
inherent in the art and its medium. It has been my experience that the various arts offer a spectrum of possibility and potentiality. These two elements form the basis of an archetypal understanding of the effects of art therapy. They are two aspects or faces as represented by these beings of Greek mythology.

The first, the Dionysian, offers various means of creation or expression that lead to an understanding of and an articulation of our inner landscape. How this inner world relates to the outer world around it finds expression in art and is projected by the artist into the world. Picturing Dionysus playing his flute can summarize this. The process of enlivening, strengthening and giving voice to our innermost self as well as its world of meaning can indeed be a helpful, healing force in our lives. The magic is that each art and its various mediums achieve this on their own and speak to us individually. Each of us has a whole spectrum of instruments to help facilitate this healing process. We lay our soul life upon the barge, sailing ship, or vehicle of the art and send it off on its journey. By so doing we discover things along the way, monuments of meaning that we intuitively understand or know through the activity of working in an art form. I was able on this journey to give my soul a voice and set it free to express itself and thereby travel, discovering the breadth and height of my own inner landscape. This became the kind of catharsis or healing process I had not imagined possible and I am immensely grateful for this opportunity and look forward to further discoveries.

The other aspect of the arts, the Apollonian, is the way the elements of colour, tones, shapes, or forms work back on us through our senses and our aesthetic ways of knowing. They help us to intuit and grasp meaning in their various mediums like metaphors or imaginations shimmering just below the surface in a still, transparent pool. The world quietly works through the senses into the soul and eventually even down into the life processes of our body. Or they can touch us deeply, penetrating to the quick of our being or spiritual essence as described so eloquently by Mitchell Gaynor in *Sounds of Healing* (1999) This can be an ordering or health giving effect like the well known Chladni sound-figures which are produced when a fine powder or sand is scattered on a metal plate and forms itself into figures when the plate is made to vibrate by drawing a violin bow across it.

In the Greek Mysteries, where Apollo... was honoured both as the Sun-God, the God of healing and music, the element of music was a means of education and was widely applied in the art of healing. Men still felt the
presence of the healing and all-purifying Sun-forces in the music of that age.

The lyre—Called the ‘attribute’ of Apollo—was regarded as a kind of symbol of the human body, upon which the Sun-spirit played heavenly melodies in order that man’s soul and body might be formed in beauty and that the unfolding of his soul forces and spirit might be strengthened.

There was everywhere realized in those times that the Apollonian art—which included singing and the playing of stringed instruments—had a most beneficial effect upon the soul and body of man and harmonized his inner being. (H. Walter M.D. as quoted in Campbell, 1991, p.208)

Music: The sounds of Healing

Each illness is a musical problem - the healing a musical solution. The shorter and more complete the solution the greater the musical talent of the physician. Sickness demands manifold solutions. The selection of the most appropriate solution determines the talent of the physician. (Novalis, *The Encyclopedia*)

The experiences that I had in music and especially with regards to playing the cello led to a deep interest in the healing abilities of music and sound. I intuitively felt that this instrument would create the sounds of healing for me specifically. There had always been a profoundly powerful resonance within me when listening to cello music or doing eurythmy to the cello. I felt it was the instrument that I expressed in eurythmy the best and loved the opportunity to work with a cellist. However, I did not foresee the depth to which it would penetrate my conscious mind or my body when given the opportunity to play the instrument myself. This was evident from the first moment Jill place the cello in my embrace. It was only over time that I began to perceive a subtle change physically. Since the accident I had increased tension in my neck and shoulders. It was as if a memory lingered in the very muscles of my body and although I had done stretching exercises the source of this stiffness was not profoundly altered. I was especially aware of it when I played the cello and noticed that gradually over the course of playing I relaxed and the tension was eased a little. During the last months I have felt a marked improvement and had even forgotten it until I began to read the book *Sounds of Healing* by Mitchell Gaynor, M.D. (1999). He speaks of his work as an Oncologist and his use of sound and visualization to help his patients deal with the stress of their medical crises.

The physical effect of sound has a great influence upon the human body. The whole mechanism, the muscles, the blood circulation, the nerves are all moved by the power of vibration. As there is resonance for every
sound, so the human body is a living resonator for sound ... every pitch that is a natural pitch of the voice will be a source of a person’s own healing, as well as of that of others when he sings a note of that pitch. (Hazrat Inayat Khan as quoted in Gaynor, 1999, p. 134)

Gaynor gathers much of the present research as evidence concerning sound and healing:

Sound enters the healing equation from several directions: It may alter cellular functions through energetic effects; it may entrain biological systems to function more homeostatically; it may becalm the mind and therefore the body; or it may have emotional effects, which influence neurotransmitters and neuropeptides, which in turn help to regulate the immune system—healer within. Music of course, is organized sound that has potent emotional effects and stimulated memories, associations, and highly developed psychological states with clear impact on our healing systems (Gaynor, 1999, p.134).

It was fascinating to read this systematic review of the traditions of sound healing through different cultures down into our own scientific times. Research has been done on the cellular level. In addition, sound is used in psychoneuroimmunology and cancer treatments. Research has also been done on the emotional level and is used with visualization and meditation techniques for stress, emotional and psychological healing and wholeness. Gaynor also speaks of his work with patients using sound to strengthen their experience of their essence or spiritual being. Thus he comes full circle and connects his work with sound and the traditions that unite man with creation, the relationship of the macrocosm to the microcosm.

We’re essentially like stringed instruments: One end of our wires is tuned to the infinite—our essence; the other end is tuned to the finite—the material world, our bodies, our egos. It’s not that the infinite is better and the finite is worse. If we are in tune only with the finite, we will be stuck in continual despairs, frustration, and disease. If we are in tune only with the infinite, we may lose our ability to effectively negotiate our survival in the real world. Our goal should be to bring the infinite into the finite. Doing so enables us to exist in the present without being imprisoned by our wounds or egos, or the wounds or egos of others…. It’s our birthright to be tuned to the infinite, and being so frees us from our perceptual prisons of victimhood, depression, obsessiveness, and chronic ill health. (Gaynor, 1999, p.191)

Gaynor describes how, along with conventional therapy, he helps his patients work with the deepest issues in their biographies that are somehow linked to their fundamental state of well-being. He does this with sound, visualization and meditation, thus allowing the individual to discover a personal journey toward healing and
wholeness. His book is filled with accounts describing the effects on the body, soul and spirit.

As we move ever closer to a oneness with spirit, to a unity with the infinite nature of the universe, we are privileged to experience every moment through the eyes of the soul and to realize a life of authenticity. If allowed to unfold without judgment, our life force—our essence—reveals to each of us our unique, divine inner truth and the path we are meant to pursue. (Gaynor, 1999, p.201)

Throughout the course of my personal journey I have experienced the effect of sound and music in my own life. I have found that there have been subtle changes that have been made more objective and reinforced by my reading of such authors as Mitchell Gaynor (1999) and Don Campbell (1991). My preoccupation about the quality of tone that I intuitively searched for was made more understandable when seen in the light of the research in entrainment and the effect of sound on the body. There has also been an emotional response to the opportunity of being able to express through music and to be moved intensely by music. I have noticed that on all levels physically, emotionally, and spiritually there has been a profound shift or transformation.

Throughout this personal narrative I have endeavored to find the transcendent elements and present them as inherent within the story as it unfolds and upon reflection. It is my hope that these efforts to objectify my journey and to find the principles that lie like metaphors within it as well as my effort to find in other authors similar themes and experiences may help to overcome the subjective nature of the telling.

My enthusiasm for the power of music prompts me to ask, What is it we want, in our quest for “healing”? Is it to simply be free of illness or discomfort, to just get us back to the status quo? Or do we aspire to a wholeness, a fullness in which the wellsprings of our potential are uncorked and the enthusiasm of our life-song—whether as a teacher or mother or fisherman or sax-player—is manifest in our voice, our smile, our relationships, and our livelihood. (Campbell, 1991, p.xi)
Epilogue

The Windhover
To Christ our Lord

I caught this morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin, dappled-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! Then off, off forth on swing,
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and Gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,- the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion
Shine, and blue bleak embers, ah my dear,
Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

“When like a falcon caught on an updraft I soar and spiral, turning round the fulcrum of my life I find myself again, though layers higher over the moment that changed my life forever. The perspective has changed but the events like the wind still blow through my soul, sometimes they rebuff me and at other moments their breezes gently caress me.”

This is how the journey began. Through the journey itself my perspective has changed. Now I stand on the other side of one of those huge ascending circles of the spiral. I had sensed that when one looks back on events one sees them from a new and different perspective. The way that our souls ride the tide of events is ultimately a matter of choice. For me that tide was becoming an example of flow and synchronicity although I had not learned the concepts. However, I knew intuitively that I was learning to move in
my life like the Windhover. The ability to “sweep smooth on a bow bend” was but a fledgling attempt at that point. “The hurl and gliding rebuffed the big wind” is an image of my struggle prior to and just after my accident. There I experienced the rebuffing and buffeting of events to the point where I was nearly shattered. The accident was like the: “Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plum, here Buckle!” I dove or fell, valiantly trying to hold my being together, as I hit the event like the surface of the water. I was like the gannet when it strikes the water, an explosion of velocity and impact of the bird on the surface of the sea.

Very soon, however, part of me felt freed from my past struggles and knew I was being released into a new life situation. At the time I experienced life as if it were enchanted. In a way “My heart in hiding stirred for a bird, — the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!” I was deeply touched by the magic of the moment and awed by how I was powerfully moved through events. When I first imagined playing the cello the wish was tender and fragile. When I first played the cello my heart did indeed stir and wonder at the power of the cello tone. Almost immediately events had this enchanted quality like the "AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion times told lovelier and more dangerous, O my chevalier!" I was sensitized to the power of events and even the small happenings had an awesome quality. Like awaiting the rising of the sun when one’s vision is threatened and one knows the power of darkness on a new level. Life was full of wonder, beautiful, poignant and felt dangerously on the edge.

It was because of these experiences that I began to see and look for the redeeming qualities of situations, how there was blessing and grace in what could appear unfortunate, despairing, or even dark. Gradually out of a tiny, tentative ember grew a flame; a heart-felt enthusiasm and passion that warmed my being through to its own core. And so it was that I found goals and a vision that carried me along in a powerful fashion.

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plow down sillion
Shine, and blue bleak embers, ah my dear
Fall, gall themselves, gash gold-vermilion.

The painful plod of events had, through the fall and gall of the accident became gash gold-vermilion. Out of the ashes the phoenix arises. I took to looking in the embers and fanning the glow until there was an ever-increasing flame. Through drawing I was learning to see in a new way. I felt that the events also changed me and I was
awakening, arising stronger in soul and spirit. There is a discipline needed through the schooling of attention to gradually allow the heart through the wonder of it to see into the everyday and to make plow down sillion shine. The simplest details of life can show a face of mystery through the intimacy of aesthetic ways of knowing and one can again wonder at these little miracles that lead the heart out of hiding to find real delight and joy once more.

The journey I have described is such an example of flames rising out of embers. The warmth of enthusiasm as one follows a little spark of interest grows, and through fanning the flames we are led to ever-greater epiphanies and a fulfilling passion. The profound healing quality of music and the arts redeems and raises to another level the original experiences which led me there, and they were as intensely colourful as Hopkins gash gold vermilion.

What appeared to be an event that would cause my life to fall and gall itself has in reality been the resurrection of its meaning. It stands at the fulcrum and is the turning point, for it is from there one can view the events prior to it in an unfolding landscape dappled with a new light-filled meaning. And at its center, at the fulcrum point itself, from where the events buckle, one can view them with a new perspective on the towering beauty of the moment that shocked me to the core, the reverberating aftershocks, resounding, resonating through my being until it was moved further into a new world, a landscape whose light gave me a new way of seeing and where, in its sounding, I was given a new voice which allowed my soul to sing.
Floral muscle,
Little by little open
Morning meadow's anemone
Till in her lap
The polyphonic light
Of sounding skies
Radiates

In the quiet blossom's star, flexed,
Muscle of infinite receptivity
Often so overwhelmed with fullness
That the sunset's call to rest

Can hardly return to you
The wide-relaxed petals:
You, the firmness and fortitude
Of many worlds.

We are violent
And stay around longer
But when, in which of all our lives,
Will we finally open up
And become receptive?

Rainer Maria Rilke
Conclusion

Are There Archetypes in the process?

In the previous narrative I have explored my own personal development of aesthetic ways of knowing by focusing on the transition from play and sensory exploration in my early childhood to how that was developed and nurtured as sensitivity or knowing in adolescence. In the following chapters I described how these early experiences were transformed and metamorphosed in my first encounter with art. I described my explorations in the art of sculpture and what surrounded my decision to study eurythmy. Through the telling, running like golden threads throughout, is the deepening of my own aesthetic ways of knowing about the world and also myself. In the subsequent chapters I gave examples of the role of the arts in the development of aesthetic ways of knowing through drawing and music. This then led me to personal experiences in the healing aspect of the arts and in their ability through aesthetic sensibility to lead us toward wholeness and health. Behind all of these experiences is an image holding it all together like the warp of the woven tapestry: how, ultimately, aesthetic ways of knowing are transformed or metamorphosed into an organ for the sensing of the meaning of life and the sensing of one’s own destiny.

In Evolution’s End: Claiming the Potential of Our Intelligence Joseph Chilton Pearce (1992) speaks of how the metaphorical and symbolic understanding of the higher brain functions are the aspects of our humanity most under attack in our times. They are also the foundation for the higher cognitive processes involved in the development of the neocortex. This is the instrument of cognition, of what he calls “higher worlds”. In a recent “Education Through Music Conference” in Toronto (May 2001) he indicated that many people have spoken of this and the development of faculties that through contemplation become vehicles enabling the understanding of the deeper more profound aspects of our lives. He spoke of the arts as essential in developing these higher faculties and of the worlds they thus reveal as crucial to our well-being.

There are many traditions and philosophies that indicate exercises that lead to the ways of seeing and hearing that reveal what hitherto was not perceived. Through close observation of the seed one can learn to see the force of becoming that lies hidden
in the seed. The whole plant lies hidden as an invisible secret waiting for the magic potion of sunlight and moisture to free it from its enchanted state. Through this method Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) was able to formulate the idea of the archetypal plant.

Through enlivening the hearing one can learn to listen so that the nature of the animal expresses itself in the way it roars or sings. The sound of the human voice can reveal secrets often contrary to those of the spoken word. The timbre and tone reveal qualities of being often unsuspected and can create an imaginative world as rich as the visual one. This is the world that Jacques Lusseyran (1998) and others so eloquently describe.

Seeing into and hearing into, as previously indicated, are activities, which in themselves act as thresholds, doorways through which knowledge is gained. The traditions of the past have held light and sound as mediums through which we can experience the secrets of the universe and the harmony of the spheres. They are to be found in the creation myths of the world, which often depict light and sound as the reality or substance out of which all else is born or comes into existence. The world of inner light and inner tone are also languages of the soul that inevitably lead us from the world of substance to the world of spirit.

It is often through the aesthetic experience of the good and the beautiful or the evil and the ugly that we catch glimpses of the true in the ideal or the moral in the deed as active forces in life. It is the sense through which we can experience the wholeness and the oneness of creation and our place or perspective in it.

Through the development of imagination, inspiration and intuition we gain knowledge of the other aspects of the world. Is the development of sight the way to, the path to imagination? Is sound a vehicle for developing active inspiration? Is creating and creativity the path to intuition? Are these the ways of knowing that we must develop in the future? Are they the development of a new relation to the world, a new ecology, an eco psychology, in which the relationship of the human being to the world is a mutually dependent one? The way we perceive the world and the concepts we have concerning it influence and shape the world around us and its becoming. The way we allow the world to enter through the senses and to live within us deeply affects the nature of the development made possible to us as individuals.

Joseph Chilton Pearce speaks of this mutual relationship of world and the human being in Evolution’s End (1992). Laura Sewall more recently in Sense And Sensibility:
The Eco Psychology of Perception (1999) and Mitchell Gaynor in: The Sounds of Healing (1999) have taken similar journeys although accompanied by different mediums. They begin with a personal moment in their biographies, which led them to explore and research the various kingdoms of sight and sound. They embrace the traditions of the past in myth, philosophy and religion and attempt to discover the mysteries of each of these realms and their respective senses. The activity of the sense of sight and the sense of hearing lead them from the mundane to the profound motivated by their individual passion to discover a new way to en-soul the activity of the senses such that the aesthetic experience stimulates and enlivens forces of health and well being. Each of the twelve senses can, through aesthetic experience, become aesthetic ways of knowing. Each of these ways can eventually lead through the portal of their specific sense to the healing of the center, the ego, and ultimately the whole human being.

Perhaps this is what lies inherent in psychoneuroimmunology. Physiologically, what is the role of the senses in influencing the life processes? In psychology how is the health of the ego being living at the center of consciousness influenced by the twelve senses and their potential development towards health and wholeness? Joseph Chilton Pearce articulates his perspective and concern for the future development of human intelligence in the last chapters of Evolution’s End: Claiming the Potential of Our Intelligence (1992). He attempts to articulate the higher knowledge as one that no longer is a separate activity but becomes united with the world beyond our attempts to formulate the world in our thoughts. There is only one consciousness. This is not unlike empathy or other ideas of uniting with what one perceives so that the outer and inner become one.

Oliver Sacks has spent his professional life working in neurology and investigating the mysteries of the nerve sense system. He documents, in his many books, its often-miraculous affect on the human biography. His writings are a tribute to the courage and creativity of the human spirit by developing unique ways of perceiving and knowing about the world. In my own life, it was the challenge of overcoming an apparent disability that led to my own discoveries about the endless richness of perception and cognition that ultimately resulted in my personal journey in understanding the aesthetic ways of knowing. I believe that I am only at the beginning of a longer journey of discovery and yet it has graced my understanding of the world and myself.

In his essay The Role Of The Blind In Society (1999) Jacques Lusseyran points to the task taken up by those, who because of their own personal biographies, have a
dysfunction or disability in the sense organism. They develop the other senses to a profound degree and to levels previously unknown. I believe they are working on the frontiers of human development and are doing research in their daily lives discovering the profound nature of the human being. They develop ways of knowing and an understanding of the world that inspires and motivates them to step out of the predominant narrow world conception.

Jacques Lusseyran in his essay Against the Pollution of the I (1999) spoke of his deep concern for our humanity and its future because of the aggressive attack through the senses on the 'I' or ego of each of us. Ultimately, this has the power to weaken our consciousness and hinder our potential future development. He believes there is an attack against the I, to drive it out. It is the most dangerous of wars because it occurs in such a way that no one dares declare it openly. It is a silent attack and a gradual pollution of the center of our being. I will quote him extensively to make clear what he means by the I and not the ego, which outwardly manifests the surface of our consciousness. That ego consumes and needs things; it has desires and is the isolating force in our lives. This is not the I he describes:

I told you that the I is fragile. It is not even something that we really own, a collection of faculties to which we point with pride. It is a kind of vitality. It is a force not far removed from its birth. It is a promise, if you will, given to man, that one day he will be as the universe, that one day he will perceive himself and be able to recognize that there exists an ordered relationship, a necessary reciprocity between that world and himself. The I, in brief, is still so little that a mere nothing, as it were, suffices to rob us of it. And now I see it beleaguered and warred against.

Let us speak of the I, the true I. At least, let us try. What I call the I is that animation, that impulse, that allows me to make use of the four elements, of this earth on which we live, also of my intelligence and of my emotions—yes, even of my dreams. It is, in sum a force that imbues me with a power afforded by no other force on earth: the power to live without waiting for life to come to me. The ego needs things, the greatest possible number of things—be they money, fame, approbation, power, reward. The I makes no such demands. When it is present, when it is at work, it sets its own world up against the other world, the world of things. The I is wealth in the midst of poverty. It is vital interest when all around are bored. It is hope, when all rational basis for hope is gone. From out of the I springs man's whole world of invention. And, finally, it is what we still have left when all else has been taken from us, when nothing comes to us from the outside and yet our forces are sufficient to overcome the world. (Lusseyran, 1999, p.98-9)
When we examine our consciousness we quickly discover it to be full of fragments, partial bits of images and sensings that float about like flotsam, a gossamer reality. Our inner space does not belong to us at all, it is invaded with half perceived sound and images that we do not attend to but are a presence underneath our consciousness. Since we are not awake to them, they seep in through the cracks of our consciousness. To find any truly personal effects in the rubble is like trying to find a needle in a haystack. We are literally littered with things. Lusseyran describes how we are becoming like the car cemeteries that dot the landscape: “I complain about them because they ruin the countryside. And here I am becoming a cemetery myself: of words, of exclamations, of music, of gestures, that no one makes quite in earnest, of information and instructions, of word sequences repeated a hundredfold without anyone wanting them” (Lusseyran, 1998, p.101). We try to ignore them but they still take up space and one becomes aware that we are like the outer world scattered with rubbish everywhere. It takes courage to examine this reality and to feel charged to initiate change in one’s inner landscape. First and foremost one must learn to attend and to truly own the impressions that enter into one, to become the guardian of one’s own consciousness and to ward off the invading impressions that we do not own and create ourselves. Otherwise our inner space is trampled under foot, and we are under the threat of a mechanization of our inner life, our I.

All this would not be particularly serious if men were no more than machines. But it turns out that they are really something quite different, for they possess an I. And this I has its own rules, or to put it differently: the I has certain quite specific condition under which it will grow. It nourishes itself exclusively on its own activity. Actions that others take in its stead, far from helping, serve only to weaken it. If it does not come to meet the things half way out of its own initiative, the things will push it back, they will overpower it and will not rest until it either withdraws altogether or dies...The dying of the I is a matter of direct experience...The conditions necessary for growth are stringent. They are stringent for all that lives...But with the I, the human I, it is the most unstable of all our possessions, and the ravages that pollution inflicts on it gain so rapidly that we no longer even identify them by name. Worse we call them by other names.(Lusseyran, 1998, p.104)

Jacques Lusseyran gives the most poignant example from his own life in Buchenwald where he was sent along with 2000 Frenchman. He was one of thirty that survived the ordeal. He speaks of first arriving and having to give all of one’s belonging away, clothes and all. Then one was washed in disinfectant and finally one’s head was
shaved. He speaks of the effect this experience had on some of his comrades. They were brought to tears. When some days later he tried to understand their reaction by asking them about it, he was told that it was because they had had everything of theirs taken away. Although they were courageous French resistance members, they felt they were stripped of their distinctiveness and would no longer be recognized as who they were. This thought plunged them into despair and they were unable to bear it and one month later all three had died. Lusseyran names the cause of death as lack of I, of I-paralysis. Thus we recognize how fragile our existence is when threatened. It is not that we should wish for smooth sailing but value the challenges as much as the moments of grace.

I do not think, that I am dramatizing. The germ of humanity in each of us, our I, needs us. Already we have put it out of mind so as to leave our spirit untrammeled during the building of the abstract, technological world. And now drugs drive the I out of another refuge, that of our emotions—no, that is not strong enough: out of our very soul itself. Sorrow and joy have always been man’s possessions; they have been his exclusive domain, his pride, his shame. Must we now do without the one and without the other? Shall we turn to other forces not our own to drive out sadness, to intensify joy? We are already so fragile; if it really came to that, we would shatter like glass! (Lusseyran, 1998, p.114)

I believe there is a profound relationship to the world, which is weakened when we no longer cultivate the world of our I, our essential, being in relation to the being of the world. This is the sense of ‘creatureness’ that was discussed earlier or the relation of microcosm to macrocosm. This is perhaps the central issue concerning aesthetic ways of knowing and the development of the I. Understanding our intrinsic place in the universe and honouring this connection is the ultimate world ecology impulse. We are being polluted even more rapidly than the earth yet until now our focus has been the earth. Is it possible that the two are intimately bond up with one another and to save the earth we must first save ourselves?

Our I is fragile because invariability it diminishes when it is not active. That is not a mere assertion of the intellect; it is a law, and one whose demands we feel more strongly today than ever before. If our I gives itself over to any thing but itself it is we who are the immediate victims...is that not, after all, the true import of those words so many of us use every day: “religion,” or in a different vocabulary, “yoga”? The one as well as the other means “reunion,” the establishment of a bond. But it most certainly is not enough merely to pay lip service to that bond between the
individual man and the universal principle. It has to be desired quite consciously. And if to this day I am beset by fear, it is because I see a steady growing number of people who no longer have any desire for such a connection. But on the other hand I also remember that this work of the i, slow and arduous though it may be and subject to all the pitfalls of the mind and of the senses, is yet the most charged with hope of any that we are able to undertake. And I know that I am not alone in my love of it, nor in my determination to take it up. (Lusseyran, 1998, p.118)

The question remains what can the arts offer us in this dilemma? Ultimately they are the rainbow bridge leading over the abyss to our personal healing as well as our universal healing. Their activities are the forums or workshops where we fashion our own being, where we take the mallet and chisel and hammer away at our own substance, creating our own unique work of art, our own microcosm within the larger macrocosm.

Do we understand what our role as artists is today? Why are we stuck, locked into our own art forms and guarding our territory believing that we have the answer? The arts as well as life are synaesthetic experiences; we must cross borders and forge the way through our own experience. For look what is at stake, the very center of our being, and it owes its existence to the weaving of the tapestry of experience that ultimately begins with the twelve senses and the circle of the arts. It was through crossing back and forth between the artistic domains that I learned to wonder at the mystery of the medium and how it nurtures the aesthetic instrument and our essential I-ness. Eliot Eisner’s work on the role of the various languages of the arts in knowing and cognition as developed through their various syntaxes is key to this discussion and perhaps the link that will bring us into a living dialogue.

The trend in our culture and education seems to lead us in another direction. Is it only through what we witness as the threat to the kingdom of childhood and the change that has occurred in the young people of today that we will awaken to what is inherently at stake in each and every one of us? Have we become blind to the signs and deaf to the calls? The greatest instrument for our development and eventual fulfillment is the instrument for aesthetic ways of knowing. Unless this instrument is played it will not develop, the strength and timbre of the resounding tones of meaning will not ring through our lives, and we will be impoverished as a result. This is a task that each and every one of us must attend to; for in our times to take it up does not only reside with the few, it belongs to us all.
And finally if through spiraling over this landscape of imagination one image has intrigued you and will lead you on your own journey traversing back and forth across the rainbow bridge of the arts and entice your heart in hiding to stir and/or allow your soul to take wing then all will not have been in vain. The arts are our common heritage and not some remote island of activity for a select few. We must take courage and forge a new reality for the arts and nurture them in the light of our larger task of the protection and cultivation of our aesthetic instrument and the development of aesthetic ways of knowing. Let us not forget the rainbow bridge of the arts that span the vast regions of the world and the universes of our experience for:

Man is nourished by the invisible.  
Man is nourished by that which is 
Beyond the personal.  
He dies from preferring their opposite.

Jacques Lusseyran
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Co.


Publishers.


Publishers.


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E.P. Dutton Inc.


Books.


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Of Art Work

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1. The Enchantment of Tamlayn

The Princess holding the enchanted Tamlayn through all his transformations.

My first sculpture dated 1974
2. The Crucible
A sculpture of a vessel
of receptivity and becoming done 1974.
3. Upright Figure
A sculpture of the freestanding uprightness of the human being done in 1974.
4. Metamorphosis
The seven-piece sculpture sequence created by the Emerson College sculpture group for the jetty in Jarna, Sweden done 1979.
5. Black and White and Shades of Gray

Done on ingress paper by adding white and black and smudging to create the blending of the gray. Drawing done in 2000.
6. Exercise in Shading
Black on white ingress paper
done in 2000.
7. Exercise in Shading
White on black ingress paper
done in 2000.
8. Exercise in Shading
Black and white added on gray ingress paper
done in 2000.
9. Cross Thatching

Learning to create texture with lines
done in 2000.
10. Working with the Four Elements
A drawing attempting to capture the quality of earth done in 2000.
11. Working with the Four Elements
A drawing attempting to capture the quality of fire done in 2000.
12. Working With the Four Elements

A drawing attempting to capture the quality of air and water done in 2000.
13. A Symphony
A drawing depicting the four elements in relationship done in 2000.
14. The Sea Shell
A drawing of an object
done in 2000.
Girl With Cello

There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow
To bring into this house her glowing cello
As if some silent, magic animal.

She sat, head bent, her long hair all a-spill
Over the breathing wood, and drew the bow.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow.

And she drew out that sound so like a wail,
A rich dark suffering joy, as if to show
All that a wrist holds and that fingers know
When they caress a magic animal.
There had been no such music here until
A girl came in from falling dark and snow.

May Sarton