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REVELATIONS FROM THE INSIDE

Reclaiming the Essential Connection, its Beauty and its Joy

BY YEHUDA TAGAR

The world is full of doors covering treasures of beauty, of wisdom and of grace, but the keys are hidden inside me; I am full of doors covering depth and heights of myself and of humanity, treasures of love, of truth and of goodness; and the keys to these doors, the magic word to open them is in the next interaction with the world: the next person I meet, the next tree I stand in front of, the next piece of music to pierce my heart.

An essential connection exists between my essence, the world's essence, and my awareness; and an ancient separation exists alongside it, covering it periodically, as my spirit slumbers under the dust of triviality:

*I have been filled with dust
Which covers all the roads
Which lead unto the story of my soul
My name
Me
Thou in me ...*

Rudolf Steiner, one of humanity's greatest

teachers in this century, named this essential connection *Anthroposophia*, "wisdom of the human being." He spoke of *Anthroposophia* as a real spiritual entity which is seeking entry into our hearts and our culture in order to renew both. His definition of her activity is, "A path of knowing, leading the spiritual in the human being to the spiritual in the world." Not a body of knowledge, but a path of knowing. She is not in the books; she is the spirit of the meeting.

A few nights ago I went to hear *St Matthew's Passion* by Bach – one of the greatest works of music ever to be composed. I did not feel up to it. I was troubled, not at ease with myself, frustrated with all that I have not managed to do, mindful of all my limitations, covered by my own dust. But the tickets were bought, and I went along.

Then, halfway through this three-hour concert, the sheer beauty of the music pierced me. I had nowhere to hide. It chased my heart through all the layers of its hiding, removed the dust, rediscovered

me to myself, remembered me to my inner life, reminded me of my spiritual home. In spite of my melancholy, my love took over, as every cell of my being resounded with this uncompromising beauty.

Beauty resounds in beauty, dust with dust. That night I went for a walk in the bush. Every tree and its shadow was a friend; the space between the trees, my home. I was one with it all as I was not for a long time. That night I slept in peace.

*... Unto the tender flowing from my heart
Which is the spirit of the earth beneath my feet
The evening breeze among pure summer leaves
The crystal fire in these people's eyes
And the beauty of the longing ...*

Sometimes I have to carve the connection in the hard rocks of my stubborn being; sometimes it breaks upon me from outside, like this Bach's music did.

It is so easy to lose the essential connection. Sometimes we need a hand to re-

discover it.

A young woman sits in my counselling room, covered with her own darkness. She came to ask for help although at this point she barely believes help is possible. She does not see in herself a morsel of hope, a glimmer of light, a residue of strength. She expresses her self-hatred, guilt, shame, loathing. There is nothing in her life, past or present, that can hold her in a good stead, sustaining her belief in herself. She is bitter about her upbringing, cynical about her inner life, finding her own company unbearable, from which she would rather flee in any possible direction of diversion, addiction, avoidance.

Where do you start?

She is facing her own darkness squarely, ruthlessly, her whole being is overwhelmed by it as she tells me her story.

But all the while, as she is looking at her darkness, I am looking at her. The landscape I behold differs sharply from her: while she beholds her own darkness, I behold her awareness beholding it. She does not see herself beholding her discontent, and she identifies herself with it. I cannot help seeing her; her very pain betrays her inner being. I see the depth of her in her eyes, hear it in her voice, perceive the longing for love underneath her self-hatred; her potential for deep connection behind her anguished loneliness. She makes herself very visible to me sharing her self-blindness. But how shall I help her to see her beauty and her worth for herself?

I ask her to sense in her body the deepest pain she can feel in her being right now, and to express it in a gesture, as though to communicate it to one who speaks no English at all. She does it without difficulty, her body becoming a bundle of anguished pain.

Then I ask her to let go; to stand up, shaking the experience off; to sit on another chair, with some distance from the one she was on before; and to reconstruct in her visual memory the gesture that she was in a minute ago. She can do this. I ask her for how many years has she borne that pain in her. She always had it, since before she remembers herself. It was always there.

I asked her how come she survived that long, how come she has endured it all, preserving her sanity, her basic health, her basic ability to function. She could not answer that. She was astonished by the challenge of the question. She never thought about *her*. We agreed she is a survivor – like one of those boat people who survived a few months in the South China Sea in sub-human conditions, or a prisoner of war. We started to imagine together what strength it must take to survive what she has. A sense of admiration was growing in both of us together, as we were sitting there watching the empty chair on

which the echo of her anguished gesture still resounded in front of us. An admiration of the stubborn, powerful, pure being of her which has sustained all that she suffered.

And then we could see her beauty shining from the region of her heart, underneath her agony, behind the walls of her defences. She went back to sit on the first chair, this time connecting to that inner light in her heart.

We composed together the statement of her survival. It went like this:

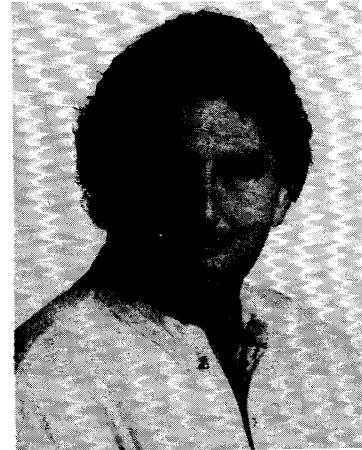
*I managed to survive.
I did whatever it took to cope.
I managed to get that far.
I am still basically sane.
I am still basically in good health.
My potential is still intact.
I can recover.
I have got a chance.
I did pretty well
in view of the circumstances.*

This session became a turning-point in her life. From there on she could bear her own company, because she found within her own being an essence she could respect and honour. On that she could build, from there to grow. From that point of view the world started to look like so many potential meaningful meetings. She picked up the threads of her destiny.

But she had to ask for it, she had to claim it, she had to confront her separation with full consciousness first, in order to find a connection; and, fair enough, she needed some encouragement. I call that encouragement "Counselling". It has other names, equally good ones.

*For I am son, son, in this world,
And for my name is carved into the bottom
rocks and in your heaven
By the fingers of my longing to behold my
true home
In the materials which construct my blood
that surges
Beneath the dust which covers all the roads
which lead into the story of my soul
My name
Me
Thou in me.*

The essential connection is there. It must be discovered each day anew if that day is to be blessed. This poem, given here in three parts, I wrote in London more than a decade ago, before I became a counsellor, in the time of the greatest distress of my life, recovering from the death blow of the separation from my wife. I confronted my dark separation and I expressed the anguished scream of the pain of it, mainly through poetry, claiming my right to be one with my life. I found the connection in the heart of separation. I called the poem:



Yehuda Tagar

Soul's Story.

This on-going expression saved my life. What I learned about myself, about inner strength, about the potential of artistic expression for healing, transformation and growth, became the foundation for my present work as a counsellor and Expression-Therapist, and my Philophonetics-Counselling work, which is an extension of my poetry. I had to counsel myself before I could be helpful in counselling others. It is, for me, a sacred path of initiation.

I wish to end with a verse dedicated by Rudolf Steiner to the future work of poetry and drama as paths of spiritual renewal for humanity, a path on which my work, Philophonetics-Counselling is based.

It sums up for me the tragedy and the hope of the separation and of the renewed connection.

*The Stars once spoke to the human
It is world destiny that they are silent now.
To be aware of the silence,
Can become pain for the earthly human.
But, in the deepening silence,
There grows and ripens
What the human speaks to the stars.
To be aware of the strength to the spirit
human.*

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