

Maria-Gabriele Wosien

And then... The Way of the Dance ⁽¹⁾

*His heart is tuned through steady pulse
To the great cycle of an eternal coming...'*⁽²⁾

At about the same time as I was working on my thesis about the Russian folktale at London University (1965-69), my father developed his 'Dance Meditation'.

Once before I had decided not to bind my career to an institution, or theatre, and again now, faced with a professional decision, I could not imagine becoming a member of an academic department.

While studying for my degree, I had encountered the tradition of the Mevlevi Dervish Turning that had lent wings to my body and my imagination. Why was there nothing similar to be found in the Christian tradition, binding together spirit, soul and body by a spiritual discipline so as to be a way of life?

*'...The deep skies lie before him full of shapes,
And each may call out: Come, get to know me... !'*

One day a good friend of mine called unexpectedly, showing me a long list of topics to be published by a London Art Publisher, inviting me to 'help myself' to one of the titles.

The series was called '*Art and Imagination*' and had already gone into print with a few titles. I helped myself to *Sacred Dance. Encounters with the Gods* ⁽³⁾

The book was published simultaneously in several languages – and floodlit for me a number of new possibilities of combining dance and research.

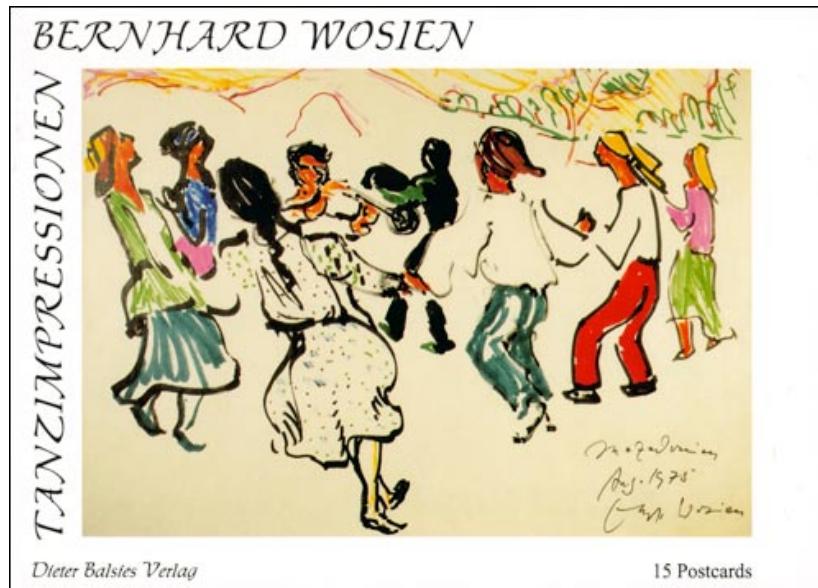
Meanwhile, so I learnt, in the North of Scotland, at Findhorn, an international group of New Age visionaries had formed a community who had discovered dancing as a spiritual practice ⁽⁴⁾. They invited my father and me to help develop dance programmes for their daily life and festive occasions.

During this period I had spent several long periods in the North of India at the Himalayan foothills, fascinated by the figure of a saint, who was worshipped as an avatar, an incarnation of the dancing Shiva ⁽⁵⁾, who taught ancient Vedic yoga traditions.

One day I was sitting on the terrace of the ashram near the little hut in which this teacher lived, when I suddenly heard through the open door the music I knew from my father's dance teaching....!

As I learnt later, a music cassette had found its way to the Himalayas as a gift for the teacher through a friend, who had attended a dance workshop with my father at Findhorn.

*‘...And seize you, as if to create you new,
And break you right out of your mould...’*



Back in Germany, I announced to my father, that I was now ready to take up and continue his work of *Dance Meditation*, in that I would try to combine research and practical work.

During the few remaining years of his life my father was to me a very patient and dedicated mentor.

- 1) Translation of the Introduction to the German Memorial Edition on the occasion of the 100th anniversary celebrations of Bernhard Wosien's birthday in 2008
(Ed. M.- G. Wosien), Bernhard Wosien, *Der Weg des Tänzers. Selbsterfahrung durch Bewegung*, Metanoia-Verlag 2008 (3)
- 2) Rainer Maria Rilke, *Angel*, from the collection of *New Poems*
- 3) Thames and Hudson, London/New York 1974. The title of the book became the name for the then developing movement of *Sacred Dance*
- 4) The Community of Findhorn, Moray, Scotland
- 5) Maria-Gabriele Wosien, *Babaji – Message from the Himalayas*, G. Reichel-Verlag 1978

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