



**THE CREATIVE EDGE:
THE WAY OF THE ARTS**

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**NEWSLETTERS No.1—9
THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY**

Contents:

TOC #1 Winter 1989	—————	pg 2
TOC #2 Fall 1989	—————	pg 4
TOC #3 Winter 1986-90	—————	pg 5
TOC #4 Spring 1990	—————	pg 6
TOC #5 Summer 1990	—————	pg 8
TOC #6 Fall 1990	—————	pg 10
TOC #7 Spring 1991	—————	pg 12
TOC #8 Summer 1991	—————	pg 15
TOC #9 Fall 1991	—————	pg 17

Pages set to *actual size* of screen.
Change under view menu as desired.

**THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL1)
Winter 1989**

by Donald W. Mathews
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Tilicho Lake

**In this high place
it is as simple as this
leave everything you know behind.
Step toward the cold surface
say the old prayer of rough love
and open both arms.**

**Those who come with empty hands
will stare into the lake astonished
there in cold light
reflecting pure snow
the true shape of your own face.**

—David Whyte
Where Many Rivers Meet

The purpose of these programs is to tap into the explosive energy available in humans when they cross edges of fear into their own undeveloped creative potential. It is not necessary to become trained artists in order to realize this important human asset. To develop the full craft of an artist requires a great deal of effort and is only for a few dedicated people. Rather the primary task for most of us is to learn how to connect to the muse of our own inner Godhead, or deeper self, and express in our daily lives the universal creative flow available in all of us.

Each time our mysterious inner themes are developed esthetically, powerful new insight is gained into the emerging content of our deeper self, the content of who we are uniquely. The more we know and share of both the secret and unconscious parts of ourselves, the more possibility there is for support and relationship with each other. Through this inner strength we can become vulnerable, able to claim our own mature truths and support others in their similar quest. Generally this idea is not new. However, I think it is extraordinary for ordinary individuals to be in touch with their innate aesthetic creative abilities and stand up for these expressions of personal beauty. As an artist and educator, I know this is possible for most of us. When we each take this important personal step, we can create an evolutionary leap on the planet together.

For the first guest creative artist, I have arranged for David Whyte, the well known poet from the Brugh Joy year end conferences to give a workshop. Although it is not necessary to attend both, I have scheduled my own workshop for the preceding weekend in order to set up the opportunity to create a foundation experience and deepen as a group before we work with the poetic form. Attendees with me in the first workshop will have first choice for a place in the second with David. I suggest early sign up for these living room workshops because of the intimate size. This example of David's poetry illustrates his depth of expression and is particularly meaningful for me.

THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 2) Fall 1989

by Donald W. Mathews
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Typically in the arts, the focus is on the art object or performance—the outward expression. Then, critique identifies what has been done right or wrong according to the prevailing standard without regard for the inward motivation or feelings of the artist. The few TALENTED quickly do so much right they easily excel. By comparison the remaining become the UNTALENTED. This usually occurs at an early age and is reinforced over the years. Consequently, a lower level of self-esteem and performance is adopted in the arts that feels appropriate for the now hidden harsh and very painful early judgmental experiences. Even when inspired again, motivation to excel quickly dies. Most people fall into this highly self-critical second category.

ARTISTIC OR CREATIVE EXPRESSION IS NATURAL TO ALL HUMAN BEINGS. We all have a natural unique ability to sing, dance, draw, paint, act, write, etc. Unless we have a physical disadvantage, the matter of talent is usually psychological shaped by forgotten experiences of long ago and can be changed once this is understood. Therefore, to reclaim the natural gift of creativity, I feel it is essential for all of us to examine deeply, clearly, and with love, who we really are as particular unique individuals. Then, blocks, misconceptions, and distorted self images that we or the society carries as normal, can be changed as we joyfully learn the craft of artistic expression.

For me, growth, development, education, and healing are all synonymous. They all have moved me toward my own fully functioning human potential. This life long task has a natural rhythm and mystery uniquely my own because of my own particular experiences and perceptions. It is my journey and creative strength. I feel the creative process is my most powerful human resource. It is the source and way I know the grace of the divine; it is the gift of my very own spiritual essence. It has been how I have found inner peace and freedom.

In my life journey I have discovered many edges or barriers to knowing myself. Perhaps one of the most difficult to overcome was my deep resistance to owning my own imagination and creative abilities. I did not honor my own sacred creative vision or muse. Therefore, over the first half century of my life, I denied it. However, a few special people supported me in my quest with unconditional love and then I was slowly able to discover the very human person I am: with various faults, but highly creative, imaginative, expressive, and also deeply caring about my fellow travelers on the planet. I hope you are called to this quest. If so, I invite you to join with us in the creative search.

THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 3) Winter 1986-90

by Donald W. Mathews

Previously, I mentioned my own difficulty in overcoming a deep resistance to owning my own imagination and intuitive creative abilities—I didn't really honor my own sacred creative vision or muse for a long time. I kept searching for the "right method" instead of following my heart. Let me explain a few thoughts about the muse.

Two important functions of the mind are its opposite abilities of *analysis*: separation or division of a whole into component parts, and *synthesis*: integration of the whole from the parts. Normally they are used without much thought. Together, they provide a strong conscious rational approach to many different situations. We are schooled in the modern educational system to use them, particularly within the scientific method. Given a problem, we identify with our conscious mind the known or bounded elements, and step by step, logically, find a solution from the information. Generally, we are taught that as much as possible this process should be limited to input from the conscious mind to avoid emotional distortions and distractions.

On the other hand, given a collection of elements, mental or physical, that are new or unbounded, we encounter potential chaos. Usually, this is beyond the edge where fear enters our experience and disrupts the rational powers of the mind. Entering this or any other different territory requires a capacity for uncertainty and playful curiosity in order to maintain our logical faculties to explore and find our way. It also requires input from a special synthesizing capability humans have. It is called creativity. Whatever the form, forgotten memories, imagination, hunches, intuition, this extra, absolutely necessary part of the creative process is called the *muse*. It is emotionally guided from the unconscious, often unbidden, crazy, and mysterious. Regardless of strangeness, it provides the capacity for the whole being, including conscious and unconscious mind, emotions, body, and spirit to find a creative response to a given situation or problem. However, as in dreams, it often seems unrelated until we learn its strange language—the language of image, symbol, and metaphor.

Because of its unpredictable emotional nature, old fears, or simple lack of confidence, we often discard or discount this strange creative inner resource or the muse. However, it is always in the background unconsciously trying to help or guide us with life tasks. Our creative potential is to give the muse conscious recognition and learn to use it skillfully with our rational capabilities. For the artist or any other creative person, the muse is the primary tool used to explore the inner and outer unbounded realms. Thus, all other skills support the muse.

THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 4) Spring 1990

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I have been asked a question about the difference between therapy and the creative process of art. At first I identified aesthetics and a difference in intention by those involved as being significant—the therapist being a functional problem solver of emotional pain and the artist’s work, by definition, intended for beauty and pleasure rather than utility. As I tried to articulate the differences, I came to realize therapy and art have more in common than differences. In fact, art and healing have been associated since ancient times. Both the therapist and the artist deal with emotions, hidden aspects of the mind, and the mysteries of human existence. It is also clear the arts have healing powers central to therapy. These are all concerns of the human spirit. However, only in the scientific contemporary world have these practitioners become separated from each other. In addition, both professions have generally become separated from the spiritual realm.

In the modern world, I think what has changed is the secularization of the healing arts and fine arts. This happened because of increased education leading to a broad comprehension of scientific knowledge. Thought and the power of the mind gained value while feeling and emotion were set aside. Thus, separated from the unknowable spiritual and unpredictable emotional processes, both healing and fine arts have generally become bonded to economics and the tangible market place. For many, mystical aspects of the human spirit and religious practice have lost value and meaning against this background of practical knowledge. Without an appreciation for the divine or unexplainable life mysteries, and a personal curiosity about them, the healing and creative energies of the human spirit soon disappear too.

I feel creativity is a fundamental aspect of the human spirit that is naturally healing. What is needed again, regardless of the context—therapy, religion or art, is true recognition of individual feeling and spirit in equal partnership with the power of the developed conscious mind. The following principles of creativity from the fine arts facilitate this developmental process:

1. There is always both an inward and an outer process—be curious about them both and express them symbolically or artfully with love rather than judgment. It helps to have a supportive place of trust and openness in which express.
2. Give as much value to chaos, diversity, and chance, as order, uniformity, and planning—thus creating an opening for something new and special to emerge in life as well as art experiences.

3. Ultimately, know the highest authority is inside you and it is divine. Respect and cultivate this inner resource in others and yourself equally. Follow your own feelings.

4. Be playful and have fun—serious things will be there.

In this way, we each can find our own deeper truth and be in the world with it clearly, honestly, creatively, and compassionately throughout our lives.

THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 5) Summer 1990

by Donald W. Mathews
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Recently, in a discussion about the creative process with my artist friends, one of them cited what I call his belief in traditional values of the “craft” of art. Because I rarely emphasize it, he saw me taking a stand against the hard work of learning or applying traditional skills in making an art piece that really works for many different viewers, or stands without explanation in the public art arena on its own merit with detectable content.

As I thought about the truth of his statement, I realized some of my own biases. For the last few years, my own interest has been away from attempting these difficult highly developed art pieces and directed toward a deeper understanding of the creative process from which they come.

As a teacher, I emphasize the importance of a person’s connection to their own muse or inner mystery for the source of their art. This often means following impulses without knowing where they are leading. Hidden in the diverse metaphors of what intrigues us is important personal and cultural content. I feel this is good advice for everyone, including the teacher, and essential for the artist.

In retrospect, I believe I have been building a foundation for the application of impersonal skills learned in the traditional art education system, a foundation from which could be built a personal process that would sustain me for making better and more deeply felt art, and developing a healthier life style. I feel the loss of interest in plying my art skills was a natural way of recognizing my artistic limits at the time. In the larger sense, the muse of my spirit was speaking in other mysterious ways. Clearly, I have been learning new channels of creative expression and finding new values for the next phase of my life experience.

There is a huge art market out there where the style in fashion is seemingly led by many hungry artists and merchants. This has never really attracted me. I personally had entered an economically secure phase of life where philosophical and spiritual aspects of myself needed food, not my table. Having learned to follow my intuition or inner process, I trusted my declining motivation to make art objects and started my quest into the murky nature of the human creative process itself. This is the way of my particular personality. After a number of years, I can feel the rewards of that decision in my life and see positive effects in my work.

However, as my artist friend cited, I often neglect to give credit to those who continue to ply their craft in good faith, particularly when there is little or no public recognition for their effort. History is full of examples where artists and important new art work was rejected by the public during the artist's lifetime because of its radical departure from the cultural norm. There are also many dedicated artists who follow the images of their own heart even though its been done already by others. Hindsight is often clearer than foresight in awarding lasting importance to any particular work.

So, this is how I really see myself engaged. I see myself providing new support for the traditional craft of fine art by providing a foundation of intellectual understanding and experience with the muse, a small part of the creative process that has often been obscure even to highly capable artists themselves.

What matters is the continuance of this struggle of dedicated artists and others to follow our process and express creatively in new ways our most deeply held thoughts and feelings as we continue to unravel the mysteries within us and around us. Ultimately, it takes those of us capable of creatively bridging opposite points of view within ourselves to extend boundaries for cultural acceptance in a more sensitive and harmonious world.

**THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 6)
Fall 1990**

by Donald W. Mathews
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Kindred

**I am a mere note
in a symphony of bodies, hearts, souls
effortlessly connecting
in an electric loop of pasts
and futures.**

**Minds on fire
dare to skirt the boundaries
of the known and unknown and
I fly with them,
stepping through the sky lit whispers
to fearlessly tightrope walk
the creative edge. —Olga Jarel**

As I once again contemplate thoughts on creativity, I am intrigued by one of my friends. He is a fine craftsman committed to quality in his work as well as life. However many events evoke a reactionary response in him with strong emotional intensity indicating hidden fears. When this occurs he wants to withdraw from life into isolation and secrecy.

Another artist feels only his tangible expressions in art count. Although I admire his artistic discipline, I sometimes wonder if something is missing in his struggle—strong feelings of self-esteem to go with his strength as an artist.

As I look at these two thoughts or muses of mine, I am searching for the hidden connection to my own personal mystery. I ask how fear and personal esteem contribute to my creativity.

A proven principle is: when something occurs that stimulates powerful emotions I don't understand, particularly fear, I am near hidden content within myself—usually old traumas from an early period in my life. The fear protects me by limiting my involvement with a *mysterious something*. I can turn away from the stimulus, but the only way to resolve it is to have courage and investigate it. Self-esteem gives me courage for this inner exploration. It also connects me to the greater human community for support in my lonely inner quests. All the myths and fairy tales tell me so. Usually the stimulus takes form as a dragon guarding

some secret treasure—the mysterious something. If fear is present, pain in some form is highly possible, but so is the treasure. It is a time of extreme vulnerability—and opportunity. Usually in the story, there is an unforeseen twist where an unexpected ally or a transformation helps the adventurer overcome the dragon and gain the treasure.

I am also reminded of the physiological fear response of fight or flight. This response activates adrenaline, giving both physical strength and heightened emotions as inner allies to make a powerful biologically based creative decision with regard to my perceived situation—to take a unique stand and fight using all my enhanced resources or really get out of there fast.

In art, particularly now with so many talented artists about who are trained to stretch their creative limits, if I always chose subject and content within defined safe cultural or personal boundaries, the resulting art often reflects uninvolved mediocrity. By taking imaginative and creative risks in this symbolic arena—by simply sticking out my neck to stretch artistic limits to the edge, I face fears and learn about hidden dragons and treasures. In addition, the art is more exciting.

I am reminded of a recent dream where I was called from retirement to train as a part of a new maintenance team. As I explored the meaning of maintenance, I discovered it has a two part root. One is to give a hand, the other to stretch. I realized, particularly in the material world, that I usually thought of my associated tasks in the narrow way—to give a hand by fixing or solve problems as they occur and to stretch by returning the object or project to *ordinary* functioning and life span.

Now as a teacher and an artist, it occurs to me there is another extraordinary possibility—a highly creative possibility. A problem arising is also an opportunity to shift gears and to create something entirely different than was envisioned at the start. This is often fearful. However, new information and experience gained along me way since the initial creation provides important input for a radically changed design or goal—it provides input to creatively stretch beyond the initial conception in an exciting and unforeseen way.

With greater self-esteem I have increasing courage to apply the same principle in my art and in my life. An important focus is to search out fearful hidden limits to gently explore for treasure. Often by building relationship with the resident dragon and sometimes through change, new treasures become possible. Psychologically, I know that many limits were set and buried when I was very young. As I mature, it is important to continually reexamine early values and beliefs self-esteem in particular—that still limit growth. Now, working with the deeper truth of my creative spirit, I feel exploring at the creative edge—the way of the arts really works.

**THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 7)
Spring 1991**

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**Last night, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt—marvellous error!—
that a spring was breaking
out in my heart.
I said: Along which secret aqueduct,
Oh water, are you coming to me,
water of a new life
that I have never drunk from?**

**Last night, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt—marvellous error!—
that I had a beehive
here inside my heart.
And the golden bees
were making white combs
and sweet honey
from my old failures.**

**Last night, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt—marvellous error!—
that a fiery sun was giving
light inside my heart.
It was fiery because I felt
warmth as from a hearth,
and sun because it gave light
and brought tears to my eyes.**

**Last night, as I slept,
I dreamt—marvellous error!—
that it was God I had
here inside my heart.**

**—Antonio Machado
(translated by Robert Bly)**

What's right about what's wrong!

From dictionary definitions I learned: to err is to deviate from the proper course or aim, to make an error or mistake. In addition, the word error implies a violation of conscious intention or goal. However the word root is without judgment. It simply means to be in motion and to wander. I like the word meandering—like a child playing in a safe garden where all strangers are welcome.

I now realize this is what fine artists and all creative people must be able to do with purpose—meander consciously from the proper course or set goals. This is particularly true when something strange or interesting happens by chance. It is not easy—it seemingly goes against all that we as adults have learned about productivity. It is to again freely follow our heart and to sometimes be undisciplined as a small child.

There are two paradoxes I believe pertain to this adventure. One is: To find our center we must go to the edge. The other is to ask: What is right about what is wrong. These are paradoxes because they ask us to do what is opposite of normal or how we have ordinarily been trained. They call us to give up personal control of set goals for awhile and use chance as the accidental door to creative purpose—to let life feed us.

We all know about the importance of relaxing or centering in order to increase our performance. However, this only applies within the limits of our present capability. If we are to learn new ways or increase the limits of our present performance, and we can, we must leave the safe relaxed center and approach the anxiety producing edges or limits. There at the dangerous boundaries we must probe into the unknown and face mistake without blame, failure without shame. In the arts we do this symbolically. Of course we need support from others, however, gentleness of approach and compassion toward ourselves in this vulnerable period is more important.

I have always been moved deeply—often to tears—by these few lines from a poem of Machado's. Somehow, with surprise, I feel a tender touch of loving understanding reach through to my heart and release a hidden burden. The soft touch is unexpected and penetrates the hardened defenses protecting a small child against the pain of being wrong with associated feelings of guilt and shame. It is customary in many spiritual traditions to create a sanctuary and set an extra plate at the table for the stranger. Further, when the stranger arrives, the welcome is warm without questioning background or if the hospitality is deserved. This temporary setting aside of normal biases and opening the door to both known and unknown, friend and foe alike, is unusual in contemporary society, for the modern world is still filled with many people and situations we all fear—often for good reason.

However, to be creative or to grow in our human capability, we must reactivate this practice of setting a place for the stranger and eagerly wait for the unexpected. When something appears wrong or strange, we must be alert to shift consciousness and ask how it is a mysterious gift—all artists have learned to do this. With eager playfulness we must look for what's right in what's wrong near fearful edges where chance or life brings a gift. It doesn't mean we have to accept all strangers but we surely check them all out—this is the way of the arts.

**THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 8)
Summer 1991**

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Wild Geese

**You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
 For a hundred miles through the desert repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of yourself
 Love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the
 Rain are moving across the landscapes,
 Over the prairies and deep trees,
The Mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,
 Are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
The world offers itself to your imagination,
 Calls to you like the wild geese,
 Harsh and exciting—
 Over and over announcing your place
 In the family of things.**

—Mary Oliver

My dream last night was of the sea—huge wind blown waves under dark sky rolling toward the beach as a small group of us waited our turn to go out. Then, a small boat appeared over a high crest diagonally racing down its steep slope in perfect timing as the figure and his companion, a dog, rushed with the wave toward the beach. Once there among the foaming shallows, the man, a Coastguardman, leaped out with a line to secure the boat to the shore.

In the dream, I admired the tough professionalism of this man of service as his large dog barked and pranced excitedly along side him. My heart swelled with appreciation for these courageous souls as I realized just how fierce the natural forces of life really are. As I awoke, I remembered how good it feels when I find the same kind of strength in myself. I also felt new compassion for myself and the diverse characters of my dreams who travel with me in my small vessel, this aging but hearty body.

More importantly, I know I can always call on the fierceness of the Coastguardsman and his companion who exist inside me by remembering the image of my dreams. He evokes the courage necessary to face life's new challenges and his dog evokes the power of instinctive spontaneity. Outwardly they evoke excitement and good humor in difficult situations. Inwardly they evoke the strength to meet fearful parts of my self with an offering of friendship.

As every great artist or performer knows, when I don't experience some feelings of anxiety or fear I really haven't left the dock or moved outside the harbor of conformity's protective safety to the sea where the wild creatures live.

I remember in graduate art school others told me to take more risks. For me there was no passion in the depression told me so. But I didn't know how to translate that suggestion into personal action in my life or with my art. I had to accumulate a whole series of failures to near drown me in despair before something new emerged from my soul. I was trying to do without what was passionately in my blood since childhood. I was trying to settle for less than my own full truth and follow other artist's styles and life patterns until I had the idea to use what I had discarded as inappropriate or not good enough—the whole technical and intellectual experience of the first half of my life.

Of course on the unconscious side, I was already doing this. When I felt I had satisfied my school requirements each day, I did what was in my heart, what brought me joy. I designed and built a hot tub and complex solar heating system for the house I had previously designed in my spare time. But I didn't consider any part of this work my art. I thought art was something separate from myself determined by style and cultural values.

Well, I have learned a lot since then. I have learned to search with courage for what turns me on—what really has passionate fire for me personally and use it as my guide in life and for any creative expression. Often this first presents itself as only a tiny spontaneous spark of interest. Something catches my eye or ear or makes me feel something different. These clues present themselves both in my life and in my dreams.

Now I also understand my associated feelings of anxiety and often frightening waves of emotion as I follow my response fiercely to the mysterious unconscious process, for I never know where it will lead me or what I will find. Like the images of my dream, my surprise usually measures the importance of the content for me. For this is how the muse speaks to artists and to all other brave people who dare accept the challenge of the creative life—not settle for less.

**THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 9)
Fall 1991**

by Donald W. Mathews
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Faith

**Night is the secret womb of divine mystery
where the great wheel of time slowly cycles
and the moon patiently empties its light in faith
until only silent stars mark its journey through the void.**

**From heavenly source in joyous response
to this faithful letting go each month
a new spark of light is born
to begin again its filling.**

**I too have faith in the frightening darkness
where cares vanish into dreamless slumber
until a mysterious spark ignites my heart
with dreams to guide my union with the day.**

**With dawning of my mind
I find these cycles ever fill my life
with grief and joy and pain and pleasure
until my soul is overflowing with their gold.**

—Donald W. Mathews

Come with me down to the underworld of my dreams where:

A disciplined man is trying to get in my front door while I call my guard dog and overreact with killer instinct and gun to his head.

In the steeple of an old church is a large cast bronze bell waiting to sing with its deep voice over the rolling country hills.

My summer has been rich with many dreams and experiences. Yet, somehow I felt uneasy like the stagnant backwater left by a high tide and soon to be adsorbed by the sands of time. The weather has encased Monterey with a continual moist blanket of dreariness that keeps the roses from their usual explosion of blossoms during the long daylight hours. Creative tasks waited my action but for some reason, I found it difficult to manifest the projects or themes needing my effort.

There seemed to be a new laziness in my system that disturbed my usual productive impulses. Only a few housekeeping tasks felt my hand.

Now as the long days shorten to fit through the Labor Day gate, I find myself writing after some kind of incubation—a period of inaction. My patience for inactivity is struggling for survival against my impatience to get on with it—to get on with something productive! Thus my passions are stirring in a very uncomfortable way. My whole life has been conditioned to consciously directed productive action. Yet now I know I must have the discipline that was trying to get in the door to reverse my normal process and remain receptive and open to some strange formless inspiration yet to be born. I wonder—is this what it feels like to be pregnant?

What does all this have to do with creativity? Let me try to explain as I follow these uncertain musings. It is essential in the creative process to leave the conscious focus of the ever active mind and follow the unfamiliar trail of the heart down through the deep dark unconscious forest inside one's self following trails that lead beyond the edge of all that is civilized and known. It is there we are often seeded by some mysterious force with unbounded inspiration—with idea, or image, or intuition of some strange kind, very much like the unpredictable images and stories we dream. Then fertile seeds must gestate in the darkness, preparing for return to the light to feed the evolution of ourselves and civilization. However, what is born in this darkness may be some wild creature we will have to wrestle with personally as did our ancient ancestors in their stories.

Sometimes we will be abducted into this fertile darkness by crisis. Other times while meandering in unfamiliar places we fall asleep and dream of it. This time I am purposefully trying to create a womb for its growth with new use of the disciplined man's patience who surprised and frightened me in my dream, but our new relationship is still tentative and feels strange—old habits are hard to change.

The Greeks explained these necessary cycles of inactivity for creativity with myth. The courageous virgin Persephone's need to pick a narcissus beyond her Mother's strict boundaries led to her abduction underground and initiation into womanhood by powerful Hades, God of life and death. A great struggle followed between Hades and her Mother Demeter, Goddess of the civilized fertile earth. Eventually settled by Zeus, winter became the stark infertile compromise while her beauty was with Hades each year.

This narcissistic yearning to know our own deep beauty and finally the unconditional letting go into darkness to find it by chance or design—to create a personal space to be transformed unencumbered with earthly goals or desires of any kind is the creative step most often neglected in contemporary life. Even in

the traditional four steps of creativity, we normally try to control our musings by first focusing on some conscious problem or useful artistic idea.

Don't get me wrong, this controlled approach is important but there is more to creativity when we courageously reserve time and space to be fully vulnerable to the mysteries of our own dark inner forest and be seeded by something beyond our comprehension. There is a natural healing and growth aspect to these special images and stories of our deep psyche. To have faith in this instinctual process takes great courage, discipline, and patience to wait quietly as does the great bell of my dreams.

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