



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

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THE CREATIVE EDGE THOUGHTS ON CREATIVITY (NL 24)

**by Donald W. Mathews
(cedonald@aol.com)**

REVELATION MUST BE TERRIBLE

**Revelation must be
terrible with no time left
to say goodbye.**

**Imagine that moment
staring at the still waters
with only the brief tremor**

**of your body to say
you are leaving everything
and everyone you know behind.**

**Being far from home is hard, but you know,
at least we are exiled together.
When you open your eyes to the world**

**you are on your own for
the first time. No one is
even interested in saving you now**

**and the world steps in
to test the calm fluidity of your body
from moment to moment**

**as if it believed you could join
its vibrant dance
of fire and calmness and final stillness.**

**As if you were meant to be exactly
where you are, as if
like the dark branch of a desert river**

(continued)

**you could flow on without a speck
of guilt and everything
everywhere would still be just as it should be.**

**As if your place in the world mattered
and the world could
neither speak nor hear the fullness of**

**its own bitter and beautiful cry
without the deep well
of your body resonating in the echo.**

**Knowing that it takes only
that one, terrible
word to make the circle complete,**

**revelation must be terrible
knowing you can
never hide your voice again.**

—David Whyte from *Fire in the Earth*

Being present with an aging aunt as she struggles with loss of physical and mental resources and the raging waters of depression, I am thrown once again into my own turbulence—dark waters of unresolved emotions. I am now thankful for the deep psychological work I have done teaching me how to swim in this powerful current moving us both toward the underworld. According to the word root, we are both faced with the terrors of revelation—of what has been “covered, concealed or saved.” Warriors know about “baptism of fire.” It is where the hidden essence of soul, hero or coward, will be revealed. In biblical Romans 6:4, Paul refers to the ritual of “baptism into death, ... so we too might walk in newness of life.” Truly, it is no wonder there is so much fear and avoidance of our violent emotional waters.

I make an association between the symbolic ritual of Baptism and the necessary relationship with our watery emotions. Baptism is a cleansing from life’s very real pain and introduction into a deeper even more vital spiritual life. It is a new passionate life of consciousness and responsibility, about commitment to the common good of all creation, including one’s self. It does not mean the death of personal desires, physical or otherwise, or the elimination of death. It is a more inclusive commitment to the full unfoldment of one’s being in evolution. It is a radical change from simple satisfaction of one’s own instinctual emotional desires of early stages—often referred to as sinful in a biblical context—and an opening to a new **richer life** of complex emotional rewards

found in mutual relationship with others and through active participation in **community** with full acknowledgment of death as a part of life.

Our emotions have their own autonomy! We seem to be able to suppress them, keep them hidden in a box like Pandora's, since our culture has not acknowledged the importance of emotions in the past. But in my experience, they are an essential part of the personal and collective mysteries making us fully human and creative. Many times I am surprised and overwhelmed by their powerful flood and other times lifted amused.

Daniel Goleman in his recent book Emotional Intelligence talks about emotional hijacking—being taken over by a powerful and often destructive irrational force because of the brain's crude early warning system. However, to be reborn in newness of life, one must first be willing to look for their secret hiding places in forgotten often traumatic memories—like the afflictions from Pandora's Box, then engage them with sensitivity and finally, work to make a creative relationship with them as part of our rich inheritance.

According to ancient Greek wisdom, there was both good and bad news with emotional laden memory. Memory was the mother of the Muses artists use for inspiration. You would recognize themes of her daughters: comedy, tragedy, history, epic story, dance, erotic love, lyrical love, sacred praise and celestial vision. They appeared as a chorus—when you invite one you invite all! Again like Pandora's afflictions. Painful memories or afflictions are stored in our personal Pandora's box, or as poet Robert Bly says, in a big black bag trailing behind us. What is interesting about Pandora's story is when all the afflictions were released essentially as revenge on human kind, one creature chose not to leave when the lid was fully opened. It was Hope! Hope remained as the buried treasure and balanced out all the pain life holds. This attitude brings confidence and carries a vision beyond the edge where our creativity springs into action. It is the source of our personal salvation and introduces a meaningful way to participate in evolution.

In David Whyte's poem the watery references are most appropriate. For it is only when our emotions flow fully with all life's experiences that its "bitter and beautiful cry" may be experienced.

THE CREATIVE EDGE LETTER BOX (NL 24)

San Francisco, CA

IN SEARCH OF A BED

no sleepy garish motel room smelling
of cigarette smoke & cheap aftershave

or crumb-scattered couch borrowed from
a friend for most of an afternoon—
will do...

no hard-to-get-to, little-used & mildewed Tahoe
getway cabin

or Procrustean bed of society's regulations & expectations—
either.

we want a field of dreams under a field of stars—
the moon above & the earth below,
the breathing of trees & of flowers
the caress of the sea & the whisper of breezes

a sacred nest:
to cradle these wild nights of flesh blessing flesh,
to receive our devoted passion
to witness our expression

be it—
lined in downy silk or fragrant leaves;
made of straw, wood & plain linen;
designer-created or artfully simple,
richly baroque or honky tonk brass...

oh, let it be blessed,
let it be pure with our most fierce
and tender joining

and sigh, bliss-laden deep into the night,
like the dreaming nests of lovers everywhere

Anya Kucharev

Cedarville, CA

The Creative Edge came today... this issue is a fine one. Snarled in the business of the days, it is good to realize that the insightful, creative side is there too. You draw together those who are paying attention: some like Duffie Bart perhaps a little hesitant at the realization of her heretofore hidden power; some like Sharon Davies, Robin Lysne, Anya Kucharev, Dick Burnhart, Stephen Maye, Ann DeWees in unhesitating engagement; but all paying attention, noticing, seeing, feeling, and doing something with this in their lives.

I planted three trees yesterday: two varieties of peach and one plum. Carefully made little brass tags with the variety and date planted and hung these on each tree so their name will be known after I have forgotten. Perhaps this is not important.

Jerry Blanchard

Monterey, CA

DON JUAN DEL NOCHE

**He comes to me in the night;
This mighty Lover of my Soul—
Enveloping me in his Love and Passion;
Vibrating every inch of my psyche with his powerful Love
until the chimes of my Soul sing from within in orgasmic splendor.**

**I awake, still feeling the power of his psychic Love;
Then, I fall back into slumber resonating in the warm glow of the
experience
and
knowing
that I have been Loved thoroughly
by
Don Juan del Noche
The Psychic Lover of the Night!**

Rowaine Kram

Flemington, NJ

UNTITLED

**A seed
A tiny seed
Alive in spirit-life
The seed my soul
carries into the world**

**A seed
A feminine seed**

**Flowing skirts
Flowers in the wind
Being in the body
Breathing with the cycles**

**Plants and planets
and moons and wheels
In all the worlds, I live
and die, love and know
I speak and am silent**

**Inherited sensuous wisdom
From the seed, a tree
A big beautiful tree
Giving shelter
to the birds
of the air**

Gloria Valenti

Monterey, CA

I so appreciated being with you all (Creative Arts Fellowship) on Saturday; you facilitated so easily and effectively. The enclosed poem is for your Newsletter. I am happy to contribute it.

THE CREATIVE EDGE—MY FIRST MEETING; 6/1/96

**Faces so individual
Reflecting
Personnas with history
Each its own story.**

**Tears well up in me
As they speak
Bringing music to language
And mystery to Art.**

**A beneficent Spirit
Has guided me here
To this circle of Beings
Whose inner voices guide them**

To the Creative Edge.

Duffie Bart

Carmel Valley, CA

Receiving the latest issue of the Creative Edge was the reminder I needed to get out the checkbook and send off a contribution; I read at the bottom of the page that you have 7 patrons, 27 associates and 26 friends but you distribute 1,333 newsletters. I would like to think that my small check will mean some of those who cannot afford to contribute will still receive the newsletter.

I thoroughly enjoyed my Saturday morning experience and hope to be able to attend again soon. The mixture of visual, musical and verbal artists was inspiring. It is always interesting to view the energy present at meetings of the Creative Edge. Although the meditation brought up some difficult emotions for individuals, the group was grounded and supportive as a whole and a calmness prevailed.

Thank you also for the mention of the Thoreau quote (NL #23). I have enclosed a poem to share with you.

(Continued)

A SMALL REASON TO LIVE

**A small reason to live
lies buried deep
in the debris of my years.
I felt it one night, walking
in the dark, looking up
to see black clouds blanched
along their melting edges.**

**Suddenly startled by the flat
brilliance of the moon itself,
tossed into tears, I touched
the small reason
with the taut fingertips
of my spirit.**

**I live for the breaking through
of light from clouded darkness,
no matter how long between
nor how brief the moment.**

**The encounter lies like lover
warming me with my own remembering.**

**I honor the tolls
time extracts for existence
grief, rage, hopelessness
melancholy,
pay them off with laughter
generosity, affection,
incontestable love.
All else is detail soon drowned.**

**In the end I let go of all
but those few moments of moon-sight,
births, stunning instants of beauty,
transcendents of reality,
the myth of my essence
embedded in celestial body.**

Rockford, IL

My Mother passed away last week with her family in attendance. I am so grateful to have spent this last year with her and my Dad.

Sinking My Hands

**into hot water
melting the grease away
from dirty dishes
from the blue and white plates
painted with the story of chinese lovers,**

**The sky goddess and the river god
travel over
the half-round bridge
of the milky way.**

**Bubbles, transparent crystal balls,
pop the fantasy my sister spoke
when she gave them to me
passed on to her from grandma,
a whole set. I can still see her face
glowing when I reach through the suds**

**for a dirty knife
made by stout hands
forged into a rapier
worthy of succulent
fruit. Raising the blade
breaking the glistening surface**

**it rings the glass
and sounds far away,
bongs the stainless
steel sink holding
my hands and dishes
eternally without effort
without a thought
just doing what it has been shaped to do,**

(Continued)

**Like the round shoulders
of my grandmother,
shaped by years
of bending over the sink,
over the chinese lovers,
ringing a glass
with a silver spoon,
smoothing the surface
of my favorite wooden bowl,
the one for superior salad dressing
this one passed through my mother's
kitchen on to me
my hands fold over their memories
night after night.**

Robin Heerens Lysne

Pacific Grove, CA

“...The time has come the walrus said... “

Right in the middle of my day at the frame shop I found a “weak” moment and I sat down and read (only) the first 6 pages of NL#22. (I know not when I received this issue but its message(s) are certainly timeless enough to matter not when it was received.) Apparently it has opened at least a temporary passage to another realm that has always been there, just rarely tapped into. I thank you and your readers for guidance. I cannot predict when the path will appear again. It's like creative inspiration, one cannot predict when the mood will strike. For that matter when will the turning point come when one needs less and less food sustenance and compensate with more and more spiritual sustenance? When will I know when to stop picture framing and take up a bigger issue that will serve more souls yearning for enlightenment?????

(Continued)

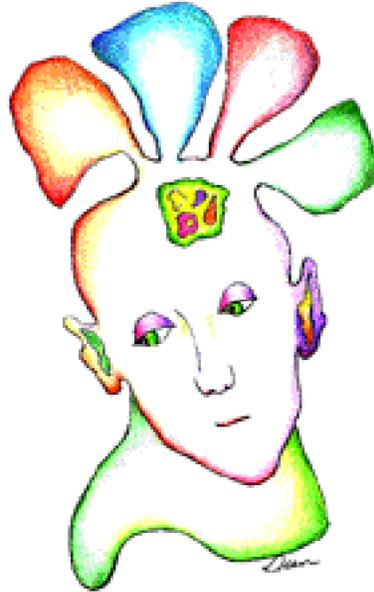
Thoughts upon reading Newsletter #22.

The mundane life is grounded in earthtones and earth textures. As the hearing begins to fade, as the eyesight dims, the mundane tones and textures begin to soften and lighten. It is nothing to be afraid of. The visions begin to emanate from above (or is it from within). What was once a mere glimmer becomes stronger, more powerful and more comforting. Is this one manifestaion of the sixth sense? One's time frame disconnects. At first it is only in little snippets. Occasionally it is longer. At first it is some-what like the experience of waking from a dream. Where am I? What am I doing? Do you really want to know, do you really need to know? Often it is very pleasurable to stay in the cocoon state and dream awhile longer. Day dreaming fits in here somewhere too. On a higher plane, the "vision" is located ahead, above at a slight angle and the soft dreamy, white light is aswirl with a loving, caressing plasma. What lies in store? No one knows for certain. There is a ground plane on that level but of course there are other visionary levels within view once you attain that first elevation. Isn't it interesting how one compensates when one of the senses is diminished. A sightless person can hear and feel much better than the average sighted person (for example). One who loses sight and hearing from old age has the potential to enhance one's sixth sense as compensation. Perhaps the absent-minded professor knows more than we give him credit for. My thoughts on creativity are more closer to the surface as a result of writing these thoughts but as yet they are not exposed for one to see. They will be revealed in due time, be patient. This is fun. A sense of well-being in the solar plexus. The mind is not as at rest. Instead it is aroused and thickened. No pain, just a concerted effort to find new nerve synapses perhaps in search of that elusive meaning of creativity. I will find it thanks to kindred spirits via The Creative Edge.

Skip Kadish

Monterey, CA

To all other creative souls, I have been attending the monthly Creative Edge meetings for some time now and find them supportive and encouraging. One of the delights in sharing my work is to observe the wondrous variety of responses that it evokes -- everyone has a different experience from it. Now it is time to share a piece of my art work in another way. The image submitted was the focal point for a friend's writing which follows the image. I would be delighted to hear other responses, care of Creative Edge.



Dian Crystal

Pacific Grove, CA

UNTITLED

**Pensively she gazed.
Micro chips of colored thoughts
Lighting the third eye**

**Pensively she gazed.
Demons glowing in from behind
A thinly smile frozen.**

**Gazing pensively
Reticent creation from the soul
Blossoming to meet God.**

Holly Buffo

Datona Beach, FL

Yesterday I made a creat-a-cake! A wabbit upside down cake with lil' candied carrots and green sprinkled tops. The "wabbits" were of peaches... hand carved with pink icing eyes and I even colored 90 eggs with genuine creative connotations drawn and lettered to please the hearts of whatever children that attended the Easter party somewhere in yet another world of their own. I'm glad to be called upon to utilize any such God-given creativity that we all need to share.

I just wrote a poem. I'm not very keen on Iambics, meters or grammatical nuances. I simply conjure from emotion and thought. Anyway... it's to you... to the Creative Edge. Being I'm so grateful to friends like you: Why don't we call it...The Grateful Edge? I love you guys out there!

THE GREATFUL EDGE

**Despite the distance
between our worlds,
beyond this concrete
and a razor wire frame.
Mental Imaging, Meditation,
Joyous Art from within,
have been my companions
where bonds cannot maim.**

**And thanks to dear friends
like you and "Gods' Love,"
altruistic... sincere,
inspiring and more.
I've a future ahead,
that's yet to reveal,
on ever-burning light
in a... once dimly lit care.**

Bruce Jonas
Tonka Work Camp

Pleasant Hill, CA

With great appreciation for the work you are doing with the Creative Edge and your life in general, I enclose two books of poetry from the seven chapters I have so far in print.

PAIN

**My body sings in pain
sings in suffering
all about me
sings in the light
not seen
sings in thunder
cracking in my head
trying to open it
to the light.**

**There are no dreams
& visions
before me
There is no hope
before me
There is only pain
& in pain
my body sings.**

**It has come to tell me
what I already know
It has come to point
to the path
I have never been off
It has come to whisper
nothing in my ear
It has come to shake
old bones for me
to dance to.**

**Deep deep
in the pain
I know a vision
that has not been found
& deep deep
in the pain
my body sings.**

+++++++

(Continued)

**Get outside
& take time
to listen
to ancestral voices
ringing clear
in the open air.**

**Sand trickles
from invisible fingers
& colors the warm
moist ground.**

**Sing
a strange tongue
& beat a drum.**

**Am told
all true
songs
are born
in pain.**

**Am told
all pain
passes
in time.**

**Am told
all time
passes
in song.**

++++++

(Continued)

**In the pleasant
fevered quiet
sweet subtle spirits
bathe & caress
my body & mind**

**an energy pushes
at my feet & head.**

**Faces from tribes
from the four
cornered tree
call me to pass
on their names.**

**A thousand leaves
of smiles
fall & cover me
with their aromatic scent**

**as a monarch butterfly
clears my head
with the breath
of its wings.**

++++++

Conrad Levasseur

Thank you for your letters and creative offerings.

I invite you to look for emerging themes from your own or other's intuitions and creative works. Then, I invite you to comment on how they facilitate your life journey. I look for words and work I feel supports sharing and understanding of the creative process. I will add your address (Regular or E-mail) when you approve.

The Editor
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