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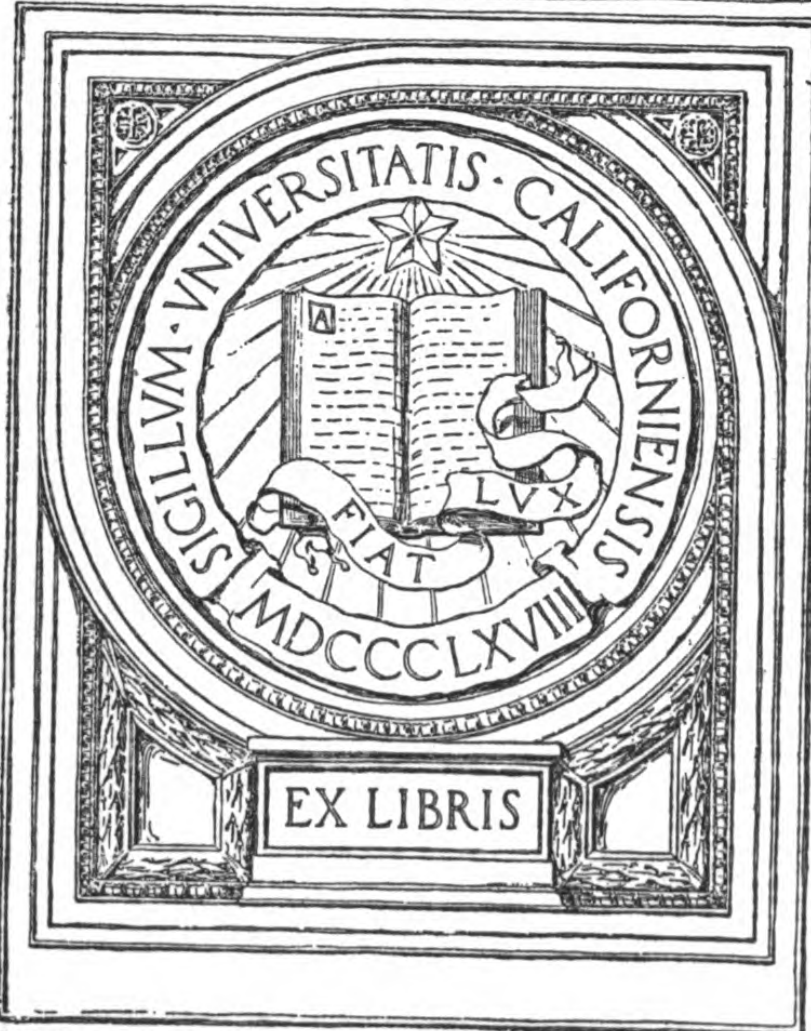


by
Frank Waller Allen

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Francis Walker Allen

28 November 1930

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CREATIVE LIVING

By

FRANK WALLER ALLEN



*Beloved, this is Truth:
I am the Lamp,
Thou art the Flame—
We make a lovely Light!*



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By FRANK WALLER ALLEN

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CREATIVE LIVING

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CREATIVE LIVING

CREATIVE THINKING

(From class-room lectures)

We find on looking over the people on this earth who have been baptised with originality that they have let the world's thinking alone, and ever for no-telling how long have stopped, perhaps unwittingly, their own thinking also, and so creative new knowledges have been free to touch them.

—EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS.

PRACTICING HAPPINESS

EVERYBODY is aware of the power of the happy, healthy man; but what we need is what the lecturer or the writer seldom tells us: *how* to get happy, a method for practicing happiness! And to insist on people being happy, just in that blind way, is as ill-considered as to say to a consumptive, "Be well!"—as if it were something that you could jump into like a pair of overalls. (I may say, however, that unhappiness is just as much a disease as tuberculosis.) Happiness is not something that is readily assumed any more than is health, and that is what has cheapened it for us, just exactly as optimism has been cheapened by "blind blowers," "windbags," and "gaffers."



The source of happiness is from

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within pressing out and consequently is a radiant state of Being. Happiness is natural. It flows outwardly without having to be created, providing the repressing and inhibiting influences are removed. It is that natural buoyant delight in Life itself that flows with ease and freedom through every being, not impeded nor inhibited by conflicts. It is that spontaneous and simple delight in living native to all natural and childlike folk.



George Luks, able painter, says "creative" minds begin their period of greatest value at 60.

Goethe finished the second, and better, part of "Faust" when past 70.

Titian was painting magnificently, although with colors a little dull, when the plague killed him at 90.

Voltaire's best period came after 70. Michelangelo, past 80, was greater than any other painter has ever been at any age.

Practicing Happiness

But the average human mind, like concrete, hardens rapidly. When it is hard no new idea gets in. That's the end. The rest is wasted time.

—ARTHUR BRISBANE



Witness what a strange thing happiness is sometimes! You will be striving to be happy, working so hard to be happy that you make yourself miserable; and then in a moment of utter forgetfulness you find yourself whistling and warbling like a bird. Then you wonder where it all came from. Nobody ever became happy by gritting their teeth and going after happiness like it was a prize fight. *IT IS TO COME WITH THE FORGETFULNESS OF YOURSELF, AND THE UTTER LIFTING OF CONDEMNATION AND FEAR.* You cannot be happy as long as you fear! You cannot be happy, as long as you

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condemn! And you cannot take care of desire in any form by bottling it up.



All beginning is within. Do not BEGIN with conditions; begin with PRINCIPLE and work toward things. You must turn the eyes away from the objective world about you. You must know that your happiness does not lie in whether you are rich or poor. Our happiness does not lie in the part of the world we may be living in, as much as that seems to be sometimes. And our happiness does not lie in having certain people about us, and certain people away from us—as much as that seems to be so. Our happiness essentially does not lie in our always being able to do (as contradictory as this may sound) just exactly what it seems best for us to do.

Our happiness lies in our taking within to the center of Life itself desire — all desire — and placing the beauty of Wisdom and Love upon that

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Practicing Happiness

desire, and thereby casting out condemnation and fear, and lifting ourselves upon the wings of that beauty into a life which we may live with peace and loveliness.



As you think you travel; and as you love you attract. You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thought, but can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate toward that which you secretly most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact results of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your ideal. You

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*will become as small (or as large) as
your dominant aspiration.*

—JAMES ALLEN



Your condemnation of yourself and your condemnation of others solves no problem. Your condemnation of others has in it always two qualities. There is always an element of self-righteousness in any condemnation of others, and always a condemnation of yourself, whether you know it or not. We may not hurt others at all by condemning them, but we are always bound to hurt ourselves, if for no other reason than by setting the seal of approval upon condemnation as a righteous act. I say to you—condemnation is an unrighteous act! Most unrighteous when you place it upon yourself.



“Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest another; for wherein thou judgest an-

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Practicing Happiness

other, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doeth the same thing." And with something of the same perception of St. Paul, Walt Whitman voices the same psychological and spiritual fact: "In all men I see myself, not one barley corn more, not one barley corn less, and the good or bad I say of them I say of myself."



They set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .

Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,

He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,

He was still bound by fear and superstition,

By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery . . .

His slavery was not in the chains,

But in himself . . .

They can only set free men free . . .

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And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

—JAMES OPPENHEIM



Run your part of your little world by commanding your own thought toward Life, Love, Beauty; act (dramatize yourself) as you aspire; and for your own heaven's sake calm down and cool off about the rest of us enough to let God and ourselves run the worlds you aren't! Overseriousness, "bossyness," undertaking too much—all causes of unhappiness—are egotisms and lack of understanding.

Just as you are able to sublimate—not overcome in the sense of self-mastery—but sublimate these conflicts of yours, freeing them of fear and condemnation and raising them to where you can say, "This is Beauty," and "This is wonder," and "This is Love," "This is Good," "This is God," and "I am that Love," will you free the channels and once more will flow forth

Practicing Happiness

that buoyant delight in Life as a thing in itself that men call happiness. And this is the laughter of the gods released through the hearts and lips of men!



IN MY INTEGRITY WITHIN ME, WHERE I KNOW AND SEE AS GOD, I KNOW AND SEE MYSELF TO BE FREE, WISE, JOYOUS.



Of all men in the western hemisphere Ralph Waldo Emerson had the most profound spiritual understanding. The story is told that Walt Whitman visited him at Cambridge and they talked about God for two hours and neither of them said a word.



Some day we are going to learn that it is not so much what we *say* as how we *feel* that goes forth to others. Our spirit goes forth. If you are joyous you

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impart it; if you are miserable and try to keep it to yourself and express joy, it lacks conviction. What we feel goes forth.



Happiness is really within you and ultimately subject to your own control. You can release it and start it into movement. People may stimulate it, but your happiness does not originate with them. There is no reason why you should not behold the glory of the sunset over Palos Verdes hills and let it precipitate joy through your being so long as you keep within yourself the surety that your happiness does not depend upon it. Then, if people do things that you do not choose to do they cannot make you unhappy, for you have infinite joy within you that does not depend on contingencies. . . . There is every reason why you should be amenable to things that stimulate and release your happiness, but you should not depend upon them. When

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Practicing Happiness

you find yourself stating your likes and dislikes, you will always find you are depending on things to make you happy. I am my own happiness maker.



I DO NOT BELIEVE IN SORROW:
I RECOGNIZE AND ACCEPT JOY!

WHEN THE HEART WHISPERS

INTUITION is a positive directing of human experience through divine Intelligence. Every human being whose life at all transcends a mere instinctive experience, has known what it was to be directed by intuitive wisdom, though very few have known what it was and recognized the opportunity to develop the relationship to more practical purposes.



Intuitive wisdom, then, is living wisdom. Not something dead and dry as dust in tombs, or stored away on library shelves, but is a living ever-present power. And it is this living wisdom which contacts us, which we contact, and are guided thereby.



When the Heart Whispers

I have used the word "positive" purposely because people mis-use the word intuition, and call that which is negative by this name. Intuition is always constructive, or creative, in its direction. That may be proven to you very easily. The spirit never denies, because there is nothing for it to deny. It always is affirmative. It is always positive; it is always active; and so that which is destructive, and which it is necessary to deny, is something with which intuition has nothing to do.



On the other hand, I wonder if all of you have not at times had a sense of having been led or directed with reference to certain activities. It seemed to you that, without volition on your part at all, you found yourself doing certain things, saying certain things, approaching certain ideals or experiences. Sometimes when you have planned a certain way and felt a certain

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way, you have found yourself being directed in an altogether different way; sometimes almost, and sometimes quite against your will; and you have had to say to yourself, "Well, the way it turned out was much better than could possibly have been the way I had planned."



In developing intuition the little flashes or "leads" must be depended upon and followed. Like everything else in the world, to use means to grow. Intuition doubted, "turned down," ceases to appear: intuition, used, trusted, draws near.



I had occasion to illustrate this the other day in talking to a friend about what I call the creative tendency in art. I was telling of the habit I have had for a long time of writing every day, particularly if I have the slightest bit of thought that is my own. I may never

When the Heart Whispers

use it, but I have boxes in which I file these thoughts and every once in a while I get them down and throw away probably ninety out of a hundred. The point is that I write down the thought when it comes, no matter whether it is ever published or not. It keeps the creative impulse free and active. If I do not write the thought when it urges to be expressed, and if I say, "sometime when I get a real inspiration I will work," I make a mistake, for a real inspiration does not come unless you have had a lot of little inspirations. *Everything grows by use.* We know that our bodies would atrophy if we did not use them, and so we take a certain amount of exercise to keep our muscles supple. So it is true with reference to all things.



Therefore, when one has a sense of intuition, a sense of guidance, of direction, that is definite at all, the thing to

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do is to dare it! DARE IT! You won't have to dare it long until you begin to trust. At first it takes a little courage but this is a game . . . the greatest game in the world . . . and the only game worth playing—and certainly you can take a chance. Better to take it than to turn your back on it! When you “follow the gleam,” you discover that the “gleams” come more frequently and they are not so fitful. They are more dependable when they do come. If there is doubt, if you say “I will not do anything until I know,” these leads will soon cease to come to you.



When you see that you have been led wisely, give credit where credit is due. Never fail to do it. When you do not see the guiding hand of intuition and afterwards realize that you have been led, always acknowledge it. Not out of some purely conventional sense of thanksgiving; but because you

When the Heart Whispers

are hitching up in your subconsciousness the idea that you are led, and that is what you want to feel and know.



You will discover, as the days pass and your experience broadens, you will not depend on custom with reference to problems. You will not depend on precedent, on how people have been doing in the past. You will not depend on friends, or upon people who are not friends but in whose leadership you have faith. You will depend on none of these circumstantial things, man or the wisdom of man come down in books; but you will depend directly on intuitive leading.



One of the most necessary things in the world in any sort of achievement is to "*want to*" strongly enough. The reason why many people who know all the things they need to know and do

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not follow them is that they do not "want to" with sufficient power and strength. If you will analyze your best experience, you will find that the things that you have wanted with practically all your powers you have gotten. The things that you have just wanted a little bit, or wanted "in spots," or just wanted fairly strongly but have never believed you could get, these things you have not gotten. But the things to which you have devoted yourself with undivided interest, putting behind them a sense of power—and the things which you have found yourself wanting from within, not wanting as something impinged from without—these you have gotten.



Now, I should say that you have dominion in proportion to your desires coming from within you, in proportion to the depth that they are a part of you. And you are (to re-phrase the

When the Heart Whispers

idea) weak just in proportion as it seems to be something on the outside of you, something that the intellect has accepted and the intellect has desired, but that which is within you has not yet taken it up.



You see there is a circle to make, in which the intellect accepts and you then have to get what we have called the unconscious also to accept. When the circle has been made from consciousness to subconsciousness and back to consciousness again, then it is a part of you. But as long as the intellect has accepted, but the soul or subconsciousness has not accepted, it is not you. It is just on the surface, and the intellect may want, and the intellect may work a long time before it becomes a part of you.

THE MYSTIC'S WAY

TO have constant, conscious, intelligent contact with the Universal Essential Mind, for purposes of *creative living* and *doing* — that is the modern mystic's life . . . It requires vision and a technique (a practice) which leads to understanding and creative expression.



Definition:

(Century) "Mystic, one who seeks for direct intercourse with God in elevated religious feeling or ecstasy." . . . Mysticism, (Webster), "the doctrine that the ultimate nature of reality or divine essence may be known in an immediate insight differing from all ordinary sensation or thinking."

Religion (Bible Encyclopedia): "Religion means the constant, conscious relation between God and Man

The Mystic's Way

and the expression of that relation in conduct.”



That is, a mystic is one who seeks for direct intercourse with, or immediate knowledge of, God . . . Then, if we agree that God is Spirit, the spirit and the Creative Principle of Life, we shall have an all-encompassing definition: *a mystic is one who seeks for direct knowledge and communion with God, the Creative Principle of all life.*



So frequently the Christian mystics were unable to direct others into their own experience. This was due to the belief that it was a gift, an especial privilege. They had an ecstatic experience with God which they did not sufficiently understand as to make social use of it. Therefore, they made no effort to make a science of it, that is to reduce their experience to knowledge, system and principle. There were ex-

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ceptions to this. The Quietist of which Madame Guyon, in France, and Father Molinos, a 17th century Spanish priest, are splendid examples.



The oriental mystics developed various systems, the most generally known of which in the west was that of Raja Yoga . . . The orientals developed a system by means of which others might learn, but it was largely with reference to what to our sense is inactive.

Modern mysticism is distinctively an inner experience, or meditation, with an outer expression in terms of a larger social experience . . . And it differs with other methods mainly because of its simplicity and the maintenance of the normal physical state . . .

*The WORD WE HOLD WILL
CREATE IN US A CONSCIOUS-
NESS OF ITSELF.*

*The SPIRIT OF THE WORD IS
OUR PRINCIPLE OF CREA-
TION.*

The Mystic's Way

But we must prepare ourselves first by character and discipline.



In "A Book of Contemplation which is called the cloud of Unknowing, in the which a Soul is oned with God," by a nameless author of the 14th century, we are told to take the shortest of the creative, absolute words,—such as "God" or "Love," and "with a meek stirring of love in thy heart, stalwartly to break down all witting and feeling of all manner of creatures; but most busily of thyself... that stands between thee and thy God."



This same idea of the practice of mysticism, stated in the language of art and Nature, is set forth in this author's new brochure called "Wings of Beauty":

The vitalist essentially is one to whom life, elan vital, and its free ex-

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pression as love and beauty is the unvarying fact of nature and the potential of man. To realize this unity is his purpose: to manifest it is his art, his religion, his social gesture. Thus he would make of living an art as well as to create an art concerned with life. So he becomes the lover of life in itself: the transmuter of ideas and emotion into beauty. With him to seek the vital is to live the truth. The neopagan is the eternal affirmer: an everlasting yeasayer. With evil and the negative he has small concern: he is the exalter of life for its own sake in this hour: and life's high quality is love and its form is beauty.



“My spirit will always dwell with you. You will find me in the flowers, in the foliage, and in the falling leaves. You will hear me in the evening chimes, and you will feel my presence when ever you think of me.”



The Mystic's Way

*That I may know Thee, Creative
Life within me!*



*Be still and know that I Am Life,
Creative Life within Thee.*



*Creative Life within doeth its work:
I will be still and learn of It.*



“Because people cannot see the color
of words, the tint of words, the secret
ghostly motion of words:

“Because they cannot hear the whis-
pering of words, the rustling of the
procession of letters, the dream-flutes
and dream-drums which are thinly and
weirdly played by words:

“Because they cannot perceive the
pouting of words, the frowning and

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fuming of words, the weeping, the raging and racketing of words:

“Because they are insensible to the phosphorescing of words, the fragrance of words, the noisomeness of words, the tenderness or hardness, the dryness or juiciness of words—the interchange of values in the gold, the silver and the copper of words:

“Is there any reason why we should not try to make them hear, to make them see, to make them feel?”

—LAFACDIO HEARN



That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though He be not far from every one of us.

PAUL, Acts 17:27

EXCEPT YE BECOME

Be ye natural.

—LAOTSZE

THE man who is natural knows he needs no “pull” save to do his work honestly and in the spirit of good. If his position of the moment happens to be of such a nature that he cannot express what is best in him in it he “fires” the job. I knew a university professor who quit his professional chair and bought out a peanut stand because it tore down his walls and set his foot upon the open. But, mind you, it is not so much in the task—it’s in you. Be yourself without fear, but be your best self. The only harmonious self is your best self on the way to your still better self.



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Not until you find a meaning in yourself, will you find a meaning in the world.

That is what ails you . . .

Your inner confusion you perceive all about you,

Once you get purpose in your life, and you will see it in all life.

—JAMES OPPENHEIM



The way out? you ask.

Understanding, my friend, understanding, and still more intelligence. And then—Be natural.

To be natural is to be yourself, and to be truly yourself is to release the individual within for unfoldment and expression in beautiful relationships and activities. Abiding happiness, if you will but search your heart for the causes of your joy, is your delight in finding yourself at one with your fellows and the creative work of the world . . . And it isn't something new

Except Ye Become

or unheard that you desire. *Distinctiveness, courage, happiness, loveliness and usefulness, like freedom and opportunity, are natural rights.*

You were born with everything you are seeking now.



Come, I invite you to be born again!

Come, learn the truth of the naturalness of the child . . . For he who would enter the kingdom of loveliness and beauty must seek the way of childlikeness which is the simplicity of beauty.

In nature, every blade of grass, every leaf upon a tree, is different from every other. . . . All loving observers of children will tell you that every child is distinctive . . . Most grown people are colorlessly alike, while all children are colorfully unlike. They are individual. . . . And every child, when not inhibited by negative "discipline" in the home, and not neutral-

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ized by a mechanical educational system, is perfectly natural.



The child says just exactly what it *thinks*, does just exactly what it *feels* like doing. And this is right!

“Merciful heavens,” you exclaim, thinking of the neighbor’s children, “must those little Comanche proofs-of-perpetual-motion be encouraged in doing as they please?”

Reminding you that *education is training* and not the imparation of information, and that it begins at birth in the home, I reply they are to be encouraged in thinking for themselves and expressing their intuitions and energies in work, the drudgery of which is removed because of the joy-spirit in which it is done. (Work done in the joy-spirit is in childhood called play; in the adult it is called genius.) For the problem of education in the home and the school lies in developing this

Except Ye Become

natural distinctiveness, this strong tendency of children to be themselves, while training in social adjustment and self-expression in useful and beautiful activities.



Take note of the possessions of a normal, unspoiled child and learn:

The child knows no evil. Therefore it is an unnatural acquirement to think evil.

To the child all things are pure. It is natural to think good . . . Go repossess yourself of thinking good that you may know the bigness and the beauty of natural unmoral goodness.

Children know no fear.

The child, until it is taught bogeys by ignorant parents, possesses that natural, effortless confidence which has its base in an unreserved faith in the dependableness of natural goodness. Therefore fear is an unnatural acquirement and has no right place in life. . . . It is natural to be courageous.

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Go repossess yourself of the strong heart out of which you have permitted circumstances to cheat you.



Children know no despair.

It is unnatural to be unhappy.

To the child merriment and joy are life. The tears of childhood are but April showers.

Joy is natural. . . . Go repossess yourself of that delight in life which has its base in goodness and love finding expression in useful and beautiful work.



Children know no idleness.

Laziness is artificial.

The busiest person in the world is a child, and yet the most tireless.

Things done by love do not fatigue.

It is natural to work. . . . Go repossess yourself of joy in your work which has its base in the love of making your

Except Ye Become

thoughts into useful and beautiful things.



Children know no hate.

Hate is taught and unnatural.

Children, until changed by fear, love with completeness, without dissimulation.

It is natural to love. The need of loving and of being loved is the most dominant need in life.

We do more talking, more dreaming, more romancing about love than anything else in life, but few there be who dare love unquestioningly, non-possessively.

All the great beauty makers have been lovers of life, and they have dared love. Not some abstract Olympian love that waits on mountain tops of occasional glory, but a simple, everyday sharing of life in the sweet and lowly loveliness of habitual things.

So unpretentious and so omnipresent

Creative Living

is this love that, like the beauty of the grass, most of us overlook it in our hectic search for splendid roses and garish poppy fields. Yet a summer of grass is more essential to man's need of lovelines than all the years of roses.

So, love manifesting itself as desire for life, goodwill, equity, beauty, joy, understanding, is the only love man cannot do without and live. When acted upon in faith, it is life itself. And the child has it.

Go repossess yourself of the goodness that has its base in natural loveliness.



Children know no unfaith.

This inability to realize the actuality of the spiritual is unnatural.

To the child the unseen realities are quite as tangibly actual as mother and father.

When one can believe, (not make-believe) in fairies and angels, it is easier to believe in men and God.

Except Ye Become

It is natural to know the things of faith and understanding as the great realities.

Go repossess yourself of your lost faith in truth and love and beauty for these alone can make you happy, wise and useful.



But, you ask, how will I begin to “become as a little child?”

Make the beginning by daring a little to be natural. Say YES to Life! Follow this with devotion and faithfulness: the end is to be born again. It is a second childhood the reality of which is more precious than the first.

THINKING THOUGHTS INTO THINGS

William James says:

“All mental states are followed by bodily activity of some sort. . . . All states of mind, even mere thoughts and feelings, are motor in their consequences.”

THIS means that our thoughts cause activity. An exception of course, is when one thought counteracts another thought.

George Betts, a student of James, who for a long time was teaching in Iowa at Cornell, and who is now the head of the Department of Psychology in the Northwestern University, makes the following statement:

“Our actions are finally and irrevocably dictated by the things we think about.”

Thinking Thoughts Into Things

I could add statement to statement, but no one is attempting to prove that this is not so. You will meet many ignorant people who will say, "I do not believe it"; but you will meet nobody who will say, "I am prepared to prove it is not so."

The artist and aesthete, the greatest of all English aesthetes, John Ruskin, expressed this thought in a saying which is quoted as "pretty," but which is also fundamentally true:

"Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face."

Had John Ruskin known the science of psychology, he would have said:

"Every true thought and right action sets the seal of its beauty on person and face."



James Allen, an English clergyman who wrote a little book called, "As a Man Thinketh," says:

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*“Man is the Master Mind that
moulds and makes,*

*And Man is Mind, and ever more
he takes*

*The tool of thought, and shaping
what he wills,*

*Brings forth a thousand joys, a
thousand ills.*

*He thinks in secret—and it comes to
pass!*

Environment is his Looking-Glass!”



Phineus Quimby makes the statement, “That which we believe, that we are.” You have noticed how people do not have the same thoughts about a certain thing; to one person it will be beautiful and to another ugly. If you think a thing is evil, it reacts on you as such. Did any of you grow up thinking it was wicked to play cards or dance? You could teach a child that to look at a rose was a sin, and the child looking at a rose would

Thinking Thoughts Into Things

feel guilty. Now, that is what Allen means when he says, "Environment is your looking glass." We see ourselves in the world about us.

It means that, if I myself am a "grouch," I see so many "grouchy" people, and everybody is more or less "grouchy" to me. If I myself have associated the idea of suspicion with reference to people and am always seeing "queer" things that folks are doing, that will be the view in the mirror of my environment. If I myself have associated deeply in my sense of being the idea of goodwill, the world will reflect goodwill for me.

Take Coue's statement, "I love all the world and all the world loves me." You can prove that for yourself. People will treat you, not like you want them to, but like you *are*.

Your home is to you what you are to yourself. If you are full of fears and suspicions and "grouches," this is a "rotten" town. If you are full of

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goodwill and faith, this is a good place.



There are two or three things that cause us to concentrate. Love is one of them. Fear is another. What you *love* to think about, you keep within your mind until you become like it. What you love to think about, you associate with yourself as a part of your being, and when that is so, that is the way the world is to you. You do not have to control the world; you only have to control yourself. What you are the world will be like to you.

That is the important thing. I emphasize that tremendously. What you want, you do not get because you want it; you only get what you *become!* Let me state that again. A man does not get what he wants; he gets what he *is!*

I may want wealth, and I do want wealth. I want it because of the freedom it brings, because it is to me the symbol of a thousand-and-one things in

Thinking Thoughts Into Things

the terms of service and freedom and of all that I would do. If you want wealth, you must begin to associate yourself in your thought with the idea of wealth. You must become one with the thought of wealth.

John Burroughs says that "your own" cannot be kept from you, "the friends I seek are seeking me," your own will come to you. What is "your own?" It is what you are. Not what you want, but what you are.

I once heard a woman say, "I have no friends." I said to her, "Are you friendly?" If you are to have love in your life, you must yourself love, particularly in the finer sense of goodwill. It is so easy to love selfishly and narrowly, and you will have love back in the terms in which you love. Some mothers love their children "uglily." They love themselves through their children, and so they spoil them and enslave them.

Therefore, if you want something in

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the world, and are sure that you want it, set out to become it, and you will get it; but you must become it.

If you have in your thought the idea that you are more or less of an invalid, that you are not very strong, that your family is of a nervous temperament, etc., you will as a result not express much vitality. The beginning of all health is to work with this truth that I am telling you. It is an accurate law, and is the one absolutely accurate law in the world, that as a man thinks in his heart, so does he become in terms of being. Therefore drop from your thought all ideas of "being an invalid." If you had enough Life, you would never worry about health.

How are you to change your sense of Being? The idea is to so associate the thought with yourself that when you say "I am Life," it will not feel like a mere statement that you have made, but it *will be the fact of your feeling*. It will be a reality to you.

Thinking Thoughts Into Things

Words have tremendous power. You can take a major word like "Life" and by repeating it to yourself, you can overcome any sense of fatigue. It is all "bunk" to say you are tired; simply self-inoculation to say it to yourself. You can overcome this by using these major words, Life, Power, Vitality, "I am Life."

I said that words have power. The Bible speaks of the "Word." There is no question in my mind but that the use of this expression in the first chapter of John is explained here. In the beginning was an idea, and the idea became objectified and became the word. The idea took form, became a thing.

This will apply to you and to myself. I hold the thought of Life, and it will materialize in my activity and my surroundings.

Jesus once made this statement, "If ye do these things, ye shall know them." This means that the only way

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you are ever going to know that what I have said is so, is to *do*—to act.

In this study we use three ideas (words) with reference to changing our sense of being: INTELLIGENCE, LIFE and LOVE. Life will be the greatest of all for Life is a thing in itself, while Intelligence and Love are qualities of Life. To these we will now and then add Power and Beauty, other qualities of Life.

By thinking and controlling thoughts and feelings through eliminating on the one hand what is a death-thought and realizing on the other hand the Life-Power, we become just the thing which we will to be and have in our experience.

I have said that a man does not attract to himself what he wants. He attracts to himself what he is. If I want something that I am not, I cannot get it, no matter how much I struggle; but if I become that thing, I will be it and have it. If I want Wisdom, then I ally

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myself with Wisdom within. If I want Life, I ally myself with the Life principle. I have taught you how to begin. If I want Love, I ally myself with the Love principle. That builds me up in the terms of being and wholeness. If you can think of anything that does not come under the head of Intelligence, Life and Love, I do not know what it is. This requires time and patience. It is a process of re-education.

YOU AND THE UNIVERSAL MIND

LET Go, let God through you, is the true act of the mind. Giving up is not the right gesture. Trusting in the Universal to use its instrument with accuracy when the instrument submits, that is the thing. I take a pencil or other instrument in my hand. What is to do the work? I am to do the work through the instrument. I owe it to the instrument to keep it in the best of shape for the best of use.

True religion is to realize one's unity with the Universal and make one's self an adaptable instrument for the Universal,—the Spirit giving one Life and Love in all truth and fullness. To consciously experience the Presence and action of God through me is *Eternal Living*.

It is not a question of the Univer-

You and the Universal Mind

sal giving. It is a question of our capacity for taking. And it is the purpose of this practice I teach you to show you how you can open up your life to the Universal, receive, and give forth.



You have but to look about you to see the abundance with which this thing we call Life gives itself. How profligate a thing is Nature! Only man knows poverty and weakness and distress. It is nature's tendency and practice to give, and give abundantly. And that is true of us also, when we have developed a capacity for taking—but we have lived so negatively ourselves. We have altered and narrowed our beliefs so. We have looked for the star in the gutters rather than in the heavens until we have deadened the little consciousness for it with which we were born.

Now, we are about the business of enlarging our consciousness, for when

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we speak of realization it means simply enlarging our minds, our consciousness, our intuitiveness, so as to take in more and more of that which is Universal. Intuitive knowledge of God and His purpose is our Goal.

You know this is so: Some people have a larger sense of life than you have. We grow in this way so that our minds take in more and we realize more. It is by aspiration, prayer, the practice of meditation and affirmative thinking and acting that we enlarge our consciousness and therefore our receptivity to the Universal.

For instance, you have all learned that you do not have to manufacture happiness. You have to get the things out of the way that keep you from happiness. Happiness IS and Life IS and Beauty IS! You only have to open your eyes to it. If you do not have them, it is only because your life is not open to them. You know that a lot of people do not appreciate the things

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you appreciate You love music, but you know people who do not. And because they do not, they think that you do not. We must not think that because we ourselves have not had the experience, that the experience is not a reality at all.



First control your thoughts in behalf of positive living. You know how you would talk to a child or a friend that you found expressing destructive thought and feeling. For instance you would say, "Look here, my friend, you know very well that you are talking nonsense. There is not a word of truth in it! You are giving yourself all sorts of ugly suggestions! You know very well there is absolutely a Universal Mind: and your mind expresses it. Express faith, man and look for the good, and stop all this negativeness!"

In like manner talk to yourself, speaking definitely and positively. If you speak in a mild, indifferent, uncer-

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tain way, you will get no response. Speak firmly and emphatically. And I would say it aloud. You will find that the gesture of moving the lips is needed to make the method effective. Do not be afraid to talk aloud to yourself—and to talk in a commanding tone. “Right now you are going to quit doing (thus and so).” “Right now you are doing so and so.”

You remember the first chapter of Genesis contains the command, “Let there be light!” We do not find it stated, “I hope there will be light,” or “Try to get light.” So talk to yourself just exactly in that way. If you find yourself thinking something you have no business thinking, say “Quit it!” You are interested in “getting the thing over” and you will find this method most effective. Then affirm, “This thing I do”: and name it precisely.

Affirm to yourself faith. Heaven knows we need it more than anything

You and the Universal Mind

else in the world. Fear is wrong. You have no business experiencing it and suggesting it. Affirm to yourself faith!

If you really, "honest-to-goodness" knew there was a Universal Mind of Power, of Love, of which you were a direct manifestation, and that you could have that power did you but trust and realize it, you would be afraid of nothing on earth. It is because you do not believe it that you are afraid. It is because you do not trust it. Fear has been the bane of my existence; it has been the only hell and devil I have ever known, or ever expect to know. It is absolutely and unqualifiedly the worst enemy that humanity has and the only enemy.



Second, by thinking and use become conscious as "I am," spiritual being, as differentiated from your thought, feeling and body. But you are never to depreciate your body. If you want a

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piano or victrola, you want the best instrument that you can find, with beauty of finish and tone. And so you should want your body to be a beautiful instrument for your use. The reason some people have such ugly bodies is because they have thought ugly thoughts about them.

What is "I-Am?" It is not your eyes, nor your mouth, nor even your brain. Brain is what the mind plays upon. "I-Am" is pure spirit, the individual.

Spiritual does not mean to me what it means to prayer-meeting people. It means pure mind, separate and apart, distinguished from that which we call matter. Can you think of anything above or beyond "I-Am" in yourself? You remember the expression used in talking to Moses, "I AM THAT I AM." When you have cultivated a sense of "I-am-ness," then you are to say, "I am Life." If I am not Life, I am nothing. Life is a thing in itself,

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and has the qualities of Wisdom, Love, Freedom.

The practice for this class is to realize your "I-am" relationship with the "I-AM" which is the Self of the Universe. How is that done? Purely intuitively and with feeling. To say automatically, "I am one with the 'I-AM' that is the Cosmic Self," is all right, but it does not get very far. Some of you have learned in your meditation to raise feeling. You will never grow much until you do. Feeling—just as strong as it will go—with the right idea in it, means realization.

Every morning, try to feel your oneness with the Infinite "I-AM," the Universal Self. When you first attempt that, it will seem like an empty gesture to you; and then some day it will rush over you — like such things do when they begin to take hold and when they have been taken into the mind. There will be days when that realization will be so clear that it will lift

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you off your feet and you will not want to do anything all day long but “follow the gleam.” At other times there will be no response, but you are not discouraged. You open the thought to it. So the great mystics have told us, whether we have that sense of realization or not. I teach you no “piosity.” I do teach you a method by means of which you can realize to an extent your oneness with the Universal, the Presence of God, the Infinite Good, here, now, eternally.



SILENCE

I AM RELAXED AND REST
IN THE HARMONIOUS ACTIV-
ITY OF GOD, MY LIFE, MY
LOVE.

HOW TO BE YOUR REAL SELF

TO know your immortal Self, rather than mere mercurial mental states, and live the Life Eternal in the midst of time, is the high task of the disciple of Truth.

When you begin to sense that there is an Infinite, Eternal, Omnipotent Life, that is Omniscient, that love-governs the entire universe including man; when you begin the long task and the beautiful one of attaining conscious unity with that Life, then you are reaching out toward the only Self in which there is any degree of mastery, and the only Self in which there can possibly be any control, and the only Self out of which can come happiness and respect.

I long ago learned the sad lesson of depending upon my personal self with

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the consequent self-condemnation and self-pity, most ugly vices of the personal mind. In sensing that there is an Infinite Self, an Infinite "I AM THAT I AM," of which I am an agency for its expression, I have found that I may now respect and rely because of that something within me that is reliable. "Mine integrity within me!"

And because that is so I can look with a new respect upon my person. The old idea, that was found in the orthodox belief, that man was a "worm of the dust," is bound to have been based in some way or other upon the personal self. Any man who has only a personal sense of self is bound to think poorly of himself, no matter how much he may seem to have attained in the eyes of others. But once he senses this relationship of which I speak, immediately the personal sense is raised, for he has made a connection and com-

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pleted a unity that makes that which was nothing something.



Let me illustrate this: A pane of glass, for instance, on an ash-heap is not worth anything at all. It is simply so much refuse. A pane of glass, even in a window, if it is curtained all the time, is of no value in itself. It has no power, no brilliancy. It does no service for the world. But the moment that the pane of glass becomes a transparency for the sun, then it becomes of value and does a most beautiful service.

That is the reason why we speak in such great terms of men and women who have that within them which radiates from them. We do not value the persons of the great only save as they serve as centers from which come to us wisdom and love. Ralph Waldo Emerson's body, as such, is worth no more than any man who walks the street. Our whole sense of valuation and our

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whole sense of power and sense of control must come from Life in itself to be of any value to us at all; and if it does not come from that source, then it is not worth having.

Every day in your meditation you should unite your thought with the thought of the Infinite. In the beginning you can but do this as mere thought. You should say to yourself, "I am I am the individualized consciousness of that Infinite Universal I AM, the Self of the Universe." By sufficient practice you begin to realize as a living fact that the source of your life is the Infinite Life.



Everything is to you as are the terms of your thought-feeling. To one who has learned to depend upon his personal self, believing that everything comes direct from the physical sense, just to open the mind to the thought that "I am" is the center of conscious-

How To Be Your Real Self

ness from which radiates the Infinite Life that is the "I AM" of the Universe, seems but to repeat meaningless terms. That does not matter. Tell it to yourself day in and day out. Some day it will seem as if you can speak to It. When that is so, it is a good thing immediately to act upon it.

Have you noticed how frequently in the Bible, particularly in the Old Testament, there is a change of tense. "I am" it will be said, and then "Thou art" it will be said. When you feel the presence of a power within yourself, not yourself and yet yourself, say "Thou art ever with me Thou dost lead me day by day Thou art Infinite Wisdom, my Infinite Wisdom." Speak that way, not to your personal self, but to your Infinite Self.

You say, "I do not see that that is so, Mr. Allen. That may be simply a matter of my subconsciousness." The psychologist might think so and explain it that way, but I have this reply. Try

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it just long enough, like a little child, for you to see how truly it works. Have that much faith and then you will not scoff at it. For those who tread on holy ground, my friends, are in this strange position. They may tell others that they tread on holy ground, but cannot tread on holy ground for them.



I have been teaching you to use every opportunity you have to reach out and get the sense that the Infinite Life that touches your own at the point of your consciousness of "I am," guides you, directs you, and that this is that upon which you must depend for mastery of every kind; and when a problem arises instead of falling back upon yourself, shift the burden upon this spiritual sense, of which I speak.

For instance, that is evidently what was in the mind of Jesus when He said, "I of myself do nothing The Father that worketh in me, He doeth

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the work.” That is evidently what Jesus meant when He said, “My Father worketh and I work also.” That is to say that “the Father worketh through me,” and only as the Father expressed through Him did He work.

Let us change that into terms of philosophy. “Life worketh, is active, and ‘I am’ is active also.” “I am” is active only because the Infinite Life is active. If it were not active, I myself could not act at all; and when I find a lack of activity and when I find in my personal self a lack of work or activity, I evidently have been dealing in separation, depending upon a self not dependable.

Self-respect cannot come out of a sense of personal self, but it indubitably must come out of the feeling that Infinite Life, Infinite Love, Infinite Wisdom, is the source of your life, love and wisdom. It is a strange thing that when an opinion is your own in the sense that you yourself are defending it, it is very easy for people to attack you

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and for you to lose your sense of power and be thrown into doubt. You have doubtless experienced that in your early study of metaphysics. The time comes when you have learned your lesson better and sensed that it is Truth itself upon which you depend, and then no man's criticism and no man's doubt may touch you, for you are showing forth something that is not of your own personal self, but of a Self so sure that it is superior to attack and criticism.



The same thing is true with reference to self-possession and self-poise. The whole lesson lies in the fact that he who sees and he who understands that it is Life in itself with the qualities of Wisdom and Love that doth show forth through him, walks a way that no man may touch; and he can go his own way even though that be contrary to the ways of people about him,

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and he goes with strength and a whole heart.

As you cease to depend upon others and depend upon this One Source, you will discover that it does not change your relationships except to strengthen them. You are better off with your friend not to lean upon him, not to lean upon her, not to have to trust them. What are people for? To be used? That is where we have failed. They are not to be used; and when we learn to live without depending upon them or having to use them, we find the most of them delightful And because we have something to give that requires nothing in return, we find ourselves loved unqualifiedly for perhaps the first time in our lives.



I AM POSSESSED BY THE
SPIRIT OF LIFE, LOVE AND
INTELLIGENCE NOW AND
ETERNALLY.

DIVINE HEALING

Spirit is life or intelligence, conceived of entirely apart from physical embodiment. It is vital essence, life-force, energy, as distinct from matter.

—WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY



WHEN I learn to think with feeling of Life as being the Infinite Spirit of all life—and that the life I show forth just as certainly has its source in the Infinite Life in itself, the spirit of all things that runs the entire universe; that is creative thinking. That is hitching up a higher candle-power with the electric source of all energy; and when I realize that the life I manifest is the infinite energy of the Eternal Mind in itself, that is creative living. I am the embodiment

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Divine Healing

of the Good of God on Earth for Living, Loving, Knowing, Doing.



*“The poem hangs on the berry bush
When comes the poet’s eye;
The street begins to masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.”*



Here is this external world about us. What do you know that it is? It looks to you like one thing one day, and like another the next. A man who looks to you like a “good” man today may tomorrow look like a “bad” man. Most people are good-bad-sad-mad persons to us, as you feel yourself to be. The same thing is true with reference to all things. You say Los Angeles is a bad place to live in. Are you viewing Los Angeles? You are viewing your own thoughts and feelings perpetually. If you would clean up the world, and clean up yourself, there is but one place

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to clean it up and that is by adjusting your thought to Spirit as source, as beginning; and out of that will come all that will beautify and strengthen and straighten out your work, your environment, your relationships.

Here is a practice that heals: Every day, when you find yourself using externals by means of which to pass judgment, by means of which to measure relationships, by means of which to value your own life and the life of things, go through the very simple process of realizing that Infinite Life is the source of all, manifesting itself in one way through Nature, in another way through Man, in a multitudinous number of ways through men and women in the world, and that you have but to relate yourself constantly, eternally, to this Infinite source to have the circumstantial world reflect a different experience to you.

That will have to be done constantly by you, and at first it may not always

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Divine Healing

seem to be so—and it will not seem to be so if you try to see the *ideal* in people and things. It will only be so in isolated instances. You will be delighted one day and full of enthusiasm, and the next day you will be “down and out” because you are trying to see something where it is not.



Good or intelligence is not in me. If you look for it in me, you will be disappointed. *The intelligence is through me.* The good is through me. Do you see the difference? You say, “I do not see the good through you.” And you do not have to see the good, for which I am glad, as it saves me a great deal of responsibility. There is only one place you have to see the good; and when you see it there, you will, as you learn the truth, be surprised to find it where you did not expect it to lurk. It is in going to source every time, *and seeing it through yourself!*

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For instance, if tomorrow you find that your nearest friend is not all that you had expected of her or him, you do not have to dig around (like a dog trying to get a rabbit out of a hole) in order to dig some goodness out of your friend. If you find it, you may be grateful about it; but you do remind yourself that there is One source of goodness and you have but one task—not to relate yourself to your friend at all, but to relate yourself to the One source—and when that is done, you will find a different friend—a divine friend.



Man has but one task; and that is to know himself as the medium of Life, Love, Wisdom. Not the originator of Life, Love and Wisdom! Not the cause of Life and Love and Wisdom and Power and Freedom! Not the master of them in the sense that he owns them and controls them! He has but one thing to know—that he is a medium,

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or instrument, or channel, for the expression of Life, that Infinite Life which is the source of the universe itself. That is all man has to do by way of work, by way of friendship, by way of making love, by way of religion, by way of philosophy, by way of education, by way of everything.



Learn to think that it is the Infinite Life Spirit that is seeing through you. That will give you vision. That undoubtedly will make accurate the *eye* I, alone, or of myself, do not see, but the Infinite Life, of which I am a medium, sees — and tastes and smells and feels and expresses motion through me.



I am not lonesome nor apart that men must think, lo, there!

I am the All, immersed in all, behold me everywhere.

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*I am the morning zephyr soft while
skipping o're the lea;*

*I am the music of the brook that
flows on to the sea.*

*I am the kisses of the sun, I am the
tears of the rain;*

*I am the welcome breath of spring,
that brings new life again,*

*I am the sprouting of the seed, the
budding of the flower;*

*I am the beauty that men see unfold-
ing everywhere.*

*I am the singing of the birds, the
rustling of the leaves;*

*I am the holy force of life in every-
thing that breaths,*

*I am the thrill of harmony men feel
but cannot tell;*

*I am the firm unchanging law, that
worketh all things well.*

*I am the source which all men seek,
I am their peace, their pain,*

*I am the courage of the weak, that
turns all loss to gain,*

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Divine Healing

*I am the hope that never dies, the
ecstasy divine.*

*I am the Great Eternal Love that
draws all life to mine.*

*I am the light that never fails, the
power that never dies;*

*I am the still, small voice within
that bids the soul arise.*

*I am the fruit of highest thought;
I am the iron rod*

*That strengthens and supports the
whole, I am what men call GOD.*

—AVESTA SONGS



You will find that all is lifted up and made beautiful, spiritualized, by thought. *Thought is the mould in which feeling is given form.* Therefore, when I surge with emotion, and the thought that I draw into the feeling with which to mould it says “vice and ugliness and sin and shame and sorrow and distress.” — that is the

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mould, and so it will be formed . . . But if I say to myself, "God . . . Life . . . Love . . . Wisdom," and if I cling to that enough (and it is more difficult because we have been in the habit of doing the other), then I shall view or vision from on high.

SILENCE

THAT I MAY BE THE UN-
FAILING INSTRUMENT OF
DIVINE LOVE, LIFE, INTELLI-
GENCE, HERE, NOW, FOR-
EVER!

CREATIVE HEALTH

THE word "Health" is derived from the Saxon. The most pure form is the northern Saxon, "hal." The southern Saxon is "hol." It is the same root from which come the English words, whole, holy, hale, health and *heal*. The Greek word covering the same experience of fitness is "kalos," meaning grace or beauty.



When I say that the average individual thinks of health as the opposite of disease, it will show you not only how imperfect a feeling we have for health, but indicate as well which of the two words, health or disease, has made the deepest impression upon our consciousness. There is no question but that most of us give a great deal more thought to disease than we do to health

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or wholeness or perfectness. That is the reason why the very beginning of health, in the finest sense of the word (and the sense which we are getting at in this lecture) is to eliminate from our thought the idea that it is the opposite of disease.



*“What we love, that we see;
What we see, that we are.”*

—DEAN INGE



Get into your feeling what you mean by health. You should have a very definite idea with reference to it — wholeness, perfectness, grace, beauty. That is the positive thing, and by all such terms you mean health.

Then, in order to be perfectly sure that you have a concept of health that is affirmative, couple this idea with Life. I should say that, after all, perfect health is perfect Life; and to use the term Life in its stead will enable

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you to have a very definite term for health and to give it a positive meaning in your experience.

Health is a way of thinking, a way of feeling; most of all a practice of living.



“When Carlyle wrote that every sick man was a scoundrel he was with characteristic violence overstating a case which does not need strengthening, and there is something to be said for the point of view in Butler’s “Erewhon” where people suffering from physical disability are brought before a jury to be judged and condemned accordingly. The Roman who spoke of a “healthy mind in a healthy body” knew what he was talking of. And with Carlyle I marvel at what men suffer, not at what they lose . . . In the study of the Occult a healthy body and a clear brain are even more necessary

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than in the affairs of daily life, because in that strange world we are explorers.”

—L. ADAMS BECK in “The Way of Power”



“The fashion of this world passes away, and it is with what is abiding I would fain concern myself.”

—GOETHE



George B. Crile the celebrated specialist of Cleveland, in his book called “Man—A n Adaptive Mechanism,” says:

“The effect of fear, grief, worry and jealousy on the physical body is seen in the changes in the cells of the brain, the adrenals and the liver, and in the numerous resultant diseases and disabilities. Against man’s inhumanity to man, religions and philosophies have been evolved, each of which aids in proportion to its power to substitute altruism for selfishness, to substitute faith for fear. Thus, in understanding

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the physical basis of the action of faith and hope as opposed to fear, despair, anger and grief, we have at our command a concrete force which can be efficiently used to protect the individual."



"Therefore the health of the body, which includes that transmitter the brain, is of immense importance for people who wish to attain high results in the study of the psychic, commonly called the occult, and it is plain wisdom to neglect no means of attainment, especially in the fundamental one of body trained to co-operation instead of hinderance."

—L. ADAMS BECK, (E. BARRINGTON)
in "The Way of Power"



"Let us not attempt to separate God from any part of His creation. If we do, then that which we deny will tyrannize over us."

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It is not the body that we deny, but our unintelligent consciousness of it: it is not the senses that we lose, but our ignorant way of looking upon them as the real self of us.



“All feeling is energy energy ignorantly directed is destructive. Illness of mind and body is the result of MISDIRECTED ENERGY. We have to learn how to use our passional forces with such intelligence that they may perfectly reconstruct our defective consciousness.”

—ADELA CURTIS in “The New Mysticism”



Moreover, after you have thought, prayed, affirmed, *you must act* (practice) like you have affirmed. Ask, affirm health and then *act like an invalid* and you will die! Ask, affirm, pray for *health* and *act* like a healthy, hearty being and you will live! To

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think is the first and *to act* is the last and co-ordinating step in demonstration. Strut your stuff, and you'll snap into it!



You should make it a rule of daily practice to build up your sense of Life. It is much better to have that sense of health and prevent disease. You do it by keeping out these negative thoughts, and transmuting your energies as I have told you. Not magically! I think sometimes people in my classes are disappointed at first. I must be perfectly frank with you. You cannot by “bowing to the East and bowing to the West” and saying “Open Sesame!” secure for yourself these things. There is nothing like that in the world.

The big thing, friends, is to so live, so express vitality and wholeness all the time, that there is no disease or pain for you. That is the thing that requires re-educating your mind, but

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it is the thing in the end that makes you immune. It is real health.

*I am Life, I am Love, I am Health
Eternal.*

S I L E N C E

**THAT I MAY KNOW AND EM-
BODY THE HEALTH OF GOD.**

CREATING A NEW HEART

Set love in order, thou that lovest Me!

—JACOPONE DA TODI



I OFFER no definition of Love. It transcends the language of the intellect. It is something that we may only approach intuitively, that we may give meaning to out of feeling rather than out of a declaration in the terms of words.

Perhaps the first love that we think of is that of children and mothers and fathers; the love of man and woman as sweethearts, lovers, husbands, wives; then the love of comrades and friends; the love of Nature, of the beauty that man has called art, and the love of God. And yet, when we have covered this gamut, we feel how inadequate it is.



Creative Living

To the illumined there is but one Love. You have heard men speak of sacred and profane love. There is no "sacred" love per se; and there is no profane love. There is one Love. Of the loves that we have expressed, sometimes we have said "this is parental love" and "this is the love of a man and woman" and "this is friendship." I insist that while these externalizations do take different forms, there is but one love. If we are going to love in the external world of separateness, it is of course very well to build up walls. But you will hear people say, "That is not love; it is called love, but it is not." I say it is all love when we have the eyes to see it. When we have purified the stream of our own thought, when we have removed the layers of false beliefs, and fears, and shame, and condemnation, that we have applied, to ourselves (to our true selves), and stand clear and free and naked as spiritual

Creating A New Heart

beings, we will see there is but one Love.



Whatever “kind” of love manifests itself takes its color and temper from what we ourselves think of it when it is being expressed. All true love—and there is a true love for child and parent, for friends, for God, as well as for lovers—all true love begins within and is a giving. The only thing that ever made love “wrong” in anyone’s eyes is attempting to look upon it as a getting.



Love should begin with a sense of unity of spirit, of oneness of mind. Lovers, husbands, wives, children, friends, when they see through this person of ours that beauty in the soul, in the spirit, in the being, and sense the unity that is there, realize that “kindred spirit” of which we have heard the poets sing, of “two hearts that beat as one.” We get beginning that is

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sound, a beginning that cannot be undermined, for we begin with that which is immortal. Then it is expressed outwardly and the body partakes of the quality of the spirit.



Love is a sense of unity, oneness, with Being. When I have a sense of oneness, of unity, with an infinite Being, the Self of Life called God, then I know that I love God and God loves me, because we are one. Then, when I have a sense of unity of being with my child, with my friend, then I know that Love is. There is a sense of oneness there and it hallows and makes beautiful and makes holy.



Love is Beauty. Mr. Sherwood Anderson says that nothing is beautiful to us until we love it, and all things whatsoever we love become beautiful to us.

Creating A New Heart

It may be said that Beauty is Love given form.



Love releases Life. I have emphasized Life in itself in this class, and that is our desire. We desire to live, to be alive, for every particle of us to vibrate to the beauty and wonder of life about us.



It has been taught you that the antithesis of fear is not courage, but Love. "A perfect love," said St. John, "casteth out fear." A whole love is for all—not that you love me and I love you—but that I have a sense of unity with God, and therefore with you. . . . And then the poets sing for me The roses bloom for me. The stars of night come out and shine for me. People walk the streets for me, and I look into the eyes of the world and see that a whole love is what St. John

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*meant when he said, "Perfect Love
casteth out fear."*



*"For God so loved the world that He
Gave"*

In that line lies the key to the Love
that endureth forever and a day!



INFINITE LOVE WITHIN ME!

THE RETURN TO JOY

*"A thing is only completely our own
when it is a thing of joy to us."*

—TAGORE

UPON the discovery that beauty is the outward and visible symbol of an inward and spiritual desire, you may create it in mind and love it until it sets its seal upon face and person and things. For love and intelligence are the stuff and the shaper with which beauty is expressed.

When it is learned that all true beauty begins in the thought and is loved into expression, we know the only secret there is to art and to making of life an art. This, too, is the fountain of youth for which poets and lovers have sought. This love of beauty is a most precious thing, for of it comes joy. He who by love builds his dream into beauty knows he has attained by

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the joy he experiences. We only know that we have loved wisely by the joy of it.

Wisdom and love and beauty are the stuffs out of which joy is made. To the natural man: to the child: to the child-minded, Life is an end in itself and as a result joy is a usual experience.

The child makes joy out of joy's stuff: not out of misery, nor dead yesterdays and untried tomorrows. Whoever heard of a child living for the day after tomorrow, or the hope of the heaven of after death? Living in the dream of tomorrow, or resigning one's self to one's lot on the basis of the compensation of another world than this, is to have failed to have lived today. It is the resort of the nay-sayer.

Men and women unnaturally attempt to escape life by any number of evasions and anaeshtetics: alcohol and drugs, literature when unrelated to life, amusements when they have become an obsession, fondling old memories, toy-

The Return to Joy

ing with day dreams, appealing for a shoddy sympathy upon the one hand, and making a cheap effort for self-expression upon the other, by calling attention to themselves through their diseases, are but some of the means of escaping the personal self.



To live naturally is to live every day, without regret of yesterday, or depending too much upon tomorrow, in terms of usefulness and enjoyment. It is to live the moment with completeness. It is for a man to determine whether that experience is to be endured by dramatizing one's misery into martyrdom, inflicting it upon others as a means of personal self-expression; whether it is to be escaped by recalling past delights or making a dream future; or whether that high joy born of the love of life, of expression made beautiful, is to be his lot. The natural and fundamental right of man is enjoyment: it is the

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measure of his greatness: it is the touchstone of his value: everything else is tributary. It is the sign that life and love are beautifully expressed.

But, you say, that is all very pretty as poetry, but isn't it a fact that most of life is pretty drab, with a deal of sorrow and misfortune, and very little joy? It is, miserably and bitterly so. But, I ask in return, isn't all of the dirty sordiness and the mess which most people call life due to ignorance, superstition, selfishness, ugliness, fear, resentment? And what are we going to get out of it if we do not, with high and confident spirit, set about the great task of bringing forth intelligence, justice and love into beauty that we may know something of life in its fullness?

Men will put up with old difficulties, to which time has accustomed them, rather than dare a new idea, even though it promises better conditions. They prefer a familiar "no" to an unaccustomed "yes."

The Return to Joy

Most men and women develop a sort of hazy philosophy that accepts unhappiness, sordidness, bread-and-butterness, conventional animality, as the inevitable concomitants of life, with joy and beauty as mere rare unrealities, unfulfilled youthful dreams, all because they are too cowardly, too mousy cautious, too negatively good, to unqualifiedly dare life for its own sake, to seek the Kingdom of Wisdom and Beauty. Now joy is well begun when we dare life.

Therefore, the very biggest things in life, other than the realization of the Self, is to learn to love life into beauty. Every lover of music, of poetry, of art, of dancing, of the haunting thrill of October days, of the hopes struggling for expression in the faces of strong men and lovely women knows what this means. It is by love that my high thought becomes a thing of beauty, the thing of beauty which Keats writes is

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a joy forever. And appreciation is the beginning, the dawn, of joy.

In Olive Wadsley's "Conquest," Philaine says to a youthful prize fighter who has a perfect body, but, so far, only the conventional, unappreciative bread-and-butter mind:

"Appreciate, appreciate; it means everything, it gives you everything, and the chances to have appreciation are doled out as if a company owned a monopoly on it; some of us, the lucky ones, get a share. We get pushed up against the things that count, like the sway and beat of words that sting your pulse, and the music that falls like sheets of flowery rain. Why, the very clouds and the sun and the moon don't mean the same if you can't appreciate."



Love that becomes beauty begins with appreciation. There are some other people to whom the sun, the wind and the rain have no higher pur-

The Return to Joy

pose than doing their share toward forwarding the crops. There are others to whom poetry is piffle, music is mush, a picture is a prune, and a sunset is the sign of whether it is going to rain tomorrow or not. Such are among the animated dead—they walk about, eat, sleep, procreate, buy and sell, and to them everybody who attempts anything more is a plain “nut.” There is something in being a nut, especially if you hang high on the tree so as to get a heaven-sent glimpse of what lies over the hills and far away in the land where man does not live by bread alone, but by the truth that wakes beauty.

Enjoyment is not mere freedom from trouble, but it is a consciousness of being, a sense of unity with all; in knowing that you are alive to life, understanding and living it appreciatively, catching every beauty, every loveliness, every delight, and sharing these joys with one’s fellows; it is giving ex-

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pression to the true self through one's work that is brought forth for its own sake, with happiness in the doing. Particularly is it that delight in expression which is love stuff moulding intelligence into a thing of beauty.

“I hear grown and bearded men shouting in the woods for joy, shouting, singing with the birds; I hear the immense chorus over all the world, of the Return of Joy.”

A GARDEN IN THE HEART

HAIL, my Fellows, do you love a garden? A green, love-warmed Christmas garden? A perfumed, bright-hued garden in the Spring? An eternal garden in the heart? Let's plant and grow a garden!



Your garden is a plot of earth where you may sow what pleases you. And while there is much pleasure to be had from tilling the soil and planting the seed, yet the chief end is in the harvest.

You make your garden in the first wholesome days of spring. You do this that the seed may have time to rot, to sprout, to grow, to flourish, to bear. If you planted it later there would be danger from frost or drouth. And it seems as if Nature has arranged this

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with your comfort in view, for it is so much easier and more enjoyable to work in the fresh and fragrant soil of the Maytime. When planting, you do not want it altogether a flower garden, for one must eat; nor do you want it entirely a vegetable garden, for one needs must feed the soul; but you plant enough of things eatable to give strength to the body, and because the spiritual is vastly of greater importance than the physical, you plant the rest, large or small, in flowers for the heart's sake.

And you merely sow seed in the earth, but you reap a garden.



Your garden of life is your mind. And, as in the garden of the earth, you sow solely with the idea of what is to be your harvest. This garden of the mind should be planted in the first wholesome days of youth. You do this

A Garden in the Heart

that the seed-thought may have time to sprout, blossom and bring forth fruit.

You do not want the mind altogether a flower garden. There are problems to be dealt with; nor do you want it altogether in the practical, for the soul is ever a poet. There must needs be enough of the vegetable in the mind to solve the problem of living; but the rest should be planted in flowers of kindness, justice and love for the heart's harvest.

And you sow merely seed-thought in the mind, while you reap a garden in the heart.

THE REALIZATION OF HARMONY

HARMONY is the state of mind resulting from having allied all our processes of thought, feeling and emotion with the current of Life in itself, particularly as it manifests itself as Intelligence and Love.

It is a process of unification. Consequently, all our efforts to bring about harmony, amicable conclusions between ourselves outwardly and on our own initiative, are doomed to either unqualified or relative failure.

We have been reared upon a philosophy of wrestling with people and conditions. If we do not get along well in our homes, or in our business, or with our group of friends, what do we do? The first thing we know we begin to contend and see if we cannot somehow or other fight it out. We begin

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The Realization of Harmony

a process of criticism, usually last of all ourselves and first of all of the conditions or circumstances or people with whom we cannot get along. (Discord is being unable to "get along," using a phrase of the street that will describe the external thing. Harmony, externally speaking, is being able to "get along" with goodwill).



The truth way to get rid of fears, discord, resentment and possessiveness, is not by dealing with them directly, but it is by opening the mind to the opposite states of mind.

For instance, if you wish to overcome the desire to possess, so that this joy will not be the empty and lustful joy of ownership but will become the joy of giving in terms of love then know that Love in itself is a giving thing, not something that one takes. As this truth permeates the mind and plants itself there, growing and enlarg-

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ing at your invitation, gradually, slowly and surely, you will discover your point of view has changed; and as it changes, you change, and your experience changes. Thus freedom comes out of living the Truth.



If it has been fear that possessed you, realize Wisdom and Faith. "*The Will of God in me is not doubt. Faith is the Will of Life in me.*" If you have been acting foolishly, or if you have been filled with resentment, "the Will of Life in me is Wisdom and goodwill." If you have desired to possess somebody and be able to own them and treat them in the sordid sense of ownership, then it is Love that you need to know. And as Love comes to you, you will constantly have more consideration for other people. You do not take what they do not give; and you do not give save that which will bring them joy. That brings goodwill, harmony.

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The Realization of Harmony

You will be glad you are alive. You will sense your kinship, your unity, with Life itself, and with one another. There will be nothing you will misunderstand that other people would say or do. Have you ever known anybody who never misunderstood? They have sensed that what happens to them happens to all. There is no such thing as separation. They have gotten at the unity of Life, and that means harmony.



I know of nothing in the world that brings one a greater peace than to feel that after all there is some system and order in the universe . . . and that one can harmonize with order . . . and that it is beneficent, giving Wisdom and vitality and beauty and joy.



***THAT I MAY BE THE UN-
FAILING INSTRUMENT OF
DIVINE LOVE TO ALL WHO
NEED ITS HEALING POWER.***

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CREATIVE WORDS

The Eternal is always with us whether we know it or not. The difference between Heaven and Hell is to dwell in It or out of It. To know It, dwell in It, be at home in It, is Heaven. Not to know It, to dwell outside It, is Hell. To devote ourselves to learning how to know It, feel It, obey It, serve It, is the only "true" use of life.

—ADELA M. CURTIS

CREATIVE WORDS

THE perfect life is the life of perfect and constant receptivity and expression.



Never believe anything is too good or too big to be true. Only limitation is untrue.



Nothing is too good to be true, and your only error will be in falling short of the full vision of perfection.



Art is the perfect, or loving, or spontaneous, or beautiful way of doing a thing.



He is wise who does not live for his senses but sees to it that his senses live to serve him.



Creative Words

You need to become friends with
what you quit or it will never quit you!



The “muddle”-aged making whoop-
pee: brave gestures of jazz to hide be-
wildered souls!



There is nothing that brings such
happiness as creative work—the doing
of something that you see and feel
growing, expanding, becoming beauty,
under your guidance.



The only things that chatter success-
fully are monkeys. They are good at it
because it is the best they can do.



Life is an end in itself, it is always
eternity, and the moment is always now
to the joyous.

Truth, justice, love, beauty, are all

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to the end that man may know Life
as joy.



My protest against the present order
is based on the fact that it not only
never lets men and women forget
primitive creature needs, but forces
their acquirement as the chief concern
in thought and activity.



The puritan is that modern pharisee
with the corrective habit whose per-
verted sense of pleasure is secretly
gratified by the legalized and respect-
able form of cruelty known as medd-
ling in other people's affairs as a duty.



Joy, which is of the spirit, is the one
touchstone by means of which one may
know that he has made his own the
heart-beat of Life as an end in itself.



Creative Words

If I were an architect, and permitted, I would build these words of John Keats into every bank, stock exchange, store and temple in the land:

Beauty is truth, truth is beauty—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.



The child does not lose the present by regretting past delights; by, through memory, living over again fond yesterdays; nor does he avoid today by anticipating the probable enjoyment of tomorrow.



To find happiness in stream and meadow, in music and poetry, in work and folk, we must first have discovered it within our self.



It is a pleasant thing, in no wise to be discouraged, to find loveliness in the

Creative Living

dew o' dawn, the wonder of the stars
o' night, or the glory of the moonlight
spilt among the Maytime roses o' the
South, yet it is not at all what we need
the most.



A young girl's beauty speaks for it-
self: her lover's song is a wooer's de-
vice: we love the lovers' joy in them-
selves, but it isn't our greatest need.



Our greatest need is to be shown, so
that we cannot help but see and under-
stand, that there is wonder, fairyness,
loveliness, star-dust, in all the things
we have set aside as commonplace, un-
romantic, utilitarian and drab.



We need to know the omnipresence
of Beauty: Beauty everywhere, in
everything: we need our eyes opened
to the eternal loveliness of Life: we
need a singer whose songs will of

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themselves reveal that the ordinary is truly extraordinary.



You never know a poet's heart until you know his love songs. His thought of love is the key to his thought of life.



There is no freedom save in Truth —that is save only in harmony with the positive laws of Life.

Creative Living
HOLY WEEK
(1928)

GETHSEMANE is not a garden:
It is an arid acre in the heart;
A no-man's-land of the spirit.

I too have sweat blood;
I too have kneeled down
In a lonely place under cold stars.
I have not known Christ
But I know the agony of old deaths,
And I have seen great drops of life
Pool themselves in trampled grass.

I have paid the debt:
Furtively I have kissed the cheek
Of one who called out, "Friend":
And I have seen Judas
And felt the fever of his lips.

Twice I have been crucified—
Each time a thief.
I wait—in the shadow of a cross.

I am dead—
Yet hear the bursting of a tomb!



Creative Words

A bonding company that has bonded seven million men and women who have access to other people's money, reports that only one in one hundred fail to make good; and that only one in seven thousand "hit the wrong path with downright criminal intent."



It does not matter so much *how* you express your love, but of everlasting importance is what you *think* and *feel* about it. Fear and shame make a sty of it; understanding and joy, a heaven of it.



"A thing is only completely our own when it is a thing of joy to us."

—TAGORE



"Every object comes into consciousness in a two-fold way: as simply thought of, and as admitted or denied."
(Brentano's Psychology).

Creative Living

The mind assimilates that which it affirms and rejects that which it denies.



All ye who would make life over again and rehabilitate the world: you who would bring peace, equity and freedom to men, do not look lightly on the way of Beauty!



“Love and worship body and soul with soul and body and you may do what you like and love body as passionately as soul.” (From “The Modern Mystic’s Way.”)



Pain and pleasure are things neither to be *avoided* nor *sought* in themselves, but things to be made the most of.



To meditate is not to think in the sense in which to *think is to reason*:

Creative Words

to replace ignorance with truth by intelligent affirmations.

Meditation is to dwell upon idea, as a word or a sentence, not in the terms of reason, but to hold it in consciousness with the desire for a perfect *understanding* of it as *wisdom* and a perfect *realization* of it as *life*.

Meditation is a mental discipline by means of which an old instinctive state of mind is transmitted into a new kind of consciousness.



The Old Testament is full of references to the practice of meditation:

“And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.” Gen. 24:63

“Mine eyes anticipated the night-watches,

That I might meditate on thy word.” Psm. 119:148

*“My mouth shall speak wisdom;
And the meditation of my heart
shall be of understanding.” Psm. 49:3*

Creative Living

*"I have more understanding than all
my teachers;
For thy testamonies are my medita-
tion." Psm. 119:99*



You know when a thing is a part of you. You know when it is on the outside; and you know when it is down deep within you. And so, in this search of ours for Life, Wisdom, Love, beauty, freedom, power, these spiritual qualities must become part of us. Not something like a garment slipped on from without but something that is one with us, that our soul takes within itself as a part of itself.

Meditation helps to this end, particularly rythmic meditation.



"The wisdom of living is in that which gives you the power to give it up. Do your work, but let not your work cling to you. For the work ex-

Creative Words

presses your life so long as it flows, but when it clings, then it impedes, then it shows not the life, but itself. . . . *Life is here to express the eternal in us.* If we smother our consciousness of the infinite either by slothfulness or by passionate pursuit of things that have no freedom of greatness in them, then like the fruit whose seed has become dead, we go back into primal gloom in the realm of the unformed. Life is perpetual creating; it has its truth when it outgrows itself in the infinite. But when it stops and accumulates and turns back to itself, when it has lost its outlook upon the beyond, then it must die.”

—TAGORE



The term fear comes from an old English word meaning, the apprehension of evil.

Courage comes from an old Latin word meaning *heart*, which, among the ancients, was believed to be the seat of

Creative Living

both *mind* and *love*. Scientifically it is the involuntary or subconscious function of the mind.

Superstition, "a standing still over a thing; dread of the supernatural."

Repression—Webster —"To crush back." (That is, you crush it back in you. It would be like trying to get rid of a cancer by driving it in, instead of cutting it out).

Timid comes from the Latin, *timidus*, meaning, to fear.

Worry, an old Saxon word meaning, to strangle.

Anxious, a Latin word, meaning, to choke.



"Consider how much more you suffer from your anger and grief than from these very things for which you are angry and grieved."

—MARCUS AURELIUS



Creative Words

Sometimes God puts on a stern face when He would do certain things with men: sometimes His look is inscrutable with wisdom: and sometimes when He is doing His biggest, best things, He smiles and laughs over His work.

Beauty is the smile in the eyes of the Infinite when He would lead men by winsomeness to unity and mutuality.



“Is not he hospitable who entertains good thoughts.”

—THOREAU



*“For that thou seest man,
That too become thou must;
God if thou seest God,
Dust if thou seest dust.”*



*That I May Know, Embody and
Express the Good-of-God as Health.*



Creative Living

That I May Know, Embody and Express the Good-of-God as Prosperity, "In All, Over All, Through All," For All, Always.



That I May Know, Embody and Express the Good-of-God as Love.



That I May Know, Embody and Express the Good-of-God as Joy.



Any act whatsoever is consecrated when the intent put upon it is growth, or understanding, and the thoughts felt during its consummation are beautiful and true.



To put intent upon an act is to strongly desire to have revealed its spiritual significance to your own particular need.



Creative Words

**THAT I MAY KNOW THE
TRUTH OF MY BODY, ITS
EVERY ACT AND FUNCTION!**



You do many things that you do not wish to do either because of duty or a forced yielding to circumstance, and you wonder how you may be healed of such experiences. PUT UPON THESE ACTS THE INTENT OF KNOWING THE TRUTH OF THEM, AND WHILE ACTING SEE THAT YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE THOUGHTS. If intelligently persisted in such blessing, or consecrating, will cause mere duties to quietly leave you or you will discover yourself harmoniously and adventuriously adjusted to your activities. And there will be a unity of physical success, mental meaning and spiritual significance.



Creative Living

*Wherever lovely and true thoughts
are felt, that place is sacred.*



**JOYOUS SERENITY IS THE
RADIANT SPIRIT OF THIS
HOME; A SENSE OF THE IN-
FINITE WEALTH OF THE
SPIRIT OF GOOD PROSPERS
MY ACTIVITIES; THE SPIRIT
OF WHOLENESS IS MY
HEALTH.**



*“I know that the future will be well
for all that is, is well,” said Walt Whit-
man with preternatural vision as he ap-
proached the Green Gate that opens
into the Beyond.*



*“O my Divinity, blend Thou with
me . . . that out of darkness I may go
forth in Light.”*



Creative Words

*The quiet mind, the friendly heart,
the silent tongue make way for Under-
standing.*



*What is truth? High praise of the
lordship, the shining wisdom, the di-
vine wholeness of every man, woman,
child, animal, tree, plant, stone, star,
throughout all the near and far stretch-
ing expanses, visible and invisible —
this is truth. For back of each visible
is a divine reality.*

—EMMA CURTIS HOPKINS



Never the spirit was born; the spirit
shall cease to be never;

Never was time it was not; End and
Beginning are dreams!

Birthless and deathless and change-
less remaineth the spirit forever;

Death hath not touched it at all,
dead though the house of it seems!

—BHAGAVAD-GITA



Creative Living

O Child of Light, no matter what the seeming, faithfully affirm with firmness the living Truth of the all-is-well and ever-hereness of the good-of-God and thou shalt Know, Understand, be Whole, be Quick, be Full.

—JOHN O'LIGHT



“WITH A THOUGHT YOU MAY BE IN THE HORROR OF THE DESOLATE COUNTRY, WITH ANOTHER IN THE SHINING LAND, FOR EVERY MAN CREATES HIS OWN UNIVERSE UNTIL HE CAN PERCEIVE IT AS IT IS IN TRUTH.”



“Whoever was begotten by love, and came desired and welcome into life, is of immaculate conception. He whose heart is full of tenderness and truth, who loves mankind more than he loves himself, and cannot find room in his heart for hate, may be another Christ.

Creative Words

We all may be the saviors of the world if we believe in the Divinity which dwells in us and worship it, and nail our grosser selves, our temper, greeds, and our unworthy aims, upon the cross. Who giveth love to all, pays kindness for kindness, smiles for frowns, and lends new courage to each fainting heart, and strengthens hope, and scatters joy abroad; he, too, is a redeemer, son of God.”



“I sought for God
But God eluded me;
I sought my brother
But I found him not;
I found my Self
And, finding, found all three.”



The man who believes that there is a purpose in the universe, and makes the achievement of that purpose an act, not of self-sacrifice for himself, but of self-realization, that is the effec-

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tive man and the happy man, whether he calls the purpose the will of God, Socialism, or the Religion of Humanity.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



That is the happiest relationship, from appetites to star dust, from passion to paradise, from bread to God, which is shared most completely because of the variety and intensity of love. For Rabindranath Tagore speaks truly when he says that "A thing is only completely our own when it is a thing of joy to us." And joy, like beauty, is merely another self of love—love in a different mood. And only shared love can be great love.

—SUN TREADER



You have always wanted Joy, Happiness, Beauty, Life, Love, Wisdom, Strength, Power, Freedom. These are *the* holy, the Universal things. And

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they are the things you get—not when you go to seeking them in books, not even if it is the Bible—not when you seek them from friends, even if it is from some great man or woman. You can not get from anyone else what you alone can find in yourself. And you get it from yourself, strangely, by dropping out of consciousness for the time being all these externalizations, and becoming consciousness of “I am” And that “I am” is one with that “I AM” that is the Self of the universe . . . And that “I Am” is being protected and directed and made free and filled with Life and Beauty by the Infinite Wisdom that is Life in itself. Let God through your consciousness and, behold! Life, Love, Joy, Beauty is your Destiny!



I AM RELAXED AND REST
IN THE ACTIVITY OF THE IN-

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FINITE WISDOM OF THE DIVINE WILL IN ME.



We must open the doors of our house to Life. That expression came to me out of that most happy book of Edward Carpenter's, "Towards Democracy." He is speaking of "opening the doors of the house that Life may come in." He is constantly using the phrase that I can enter into your house if you will receive me, and you can enter into my house if I will receive you. His whole concept of Life is one where all its beginnings between human beings are made within, between that which is spirit, and that therefore flames outward into form. I have read a remarkable novel that has the same idea carried out in it. The author speaks of "opening the door of your house" of love to your friends. The reason we know no more of Life and

Creative Words

Love is because we keep the doors closed.



Getting ready for Opportunity:

I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I fit myself for one. I am not concerned at not being known; I seek to be worthy to be known.

—CONFUCIUS



To open the doors to Life requires courage and yet it is the most natural thing in the world, for as children we did it unselfconsciously. We must re-open the doors. Not the doors, my friends, that receive first the things of the flesh, those things that appeal to us in material terms like the attraction of the beautiful body of a man or woman. That is good, but secondary. It is when I look into your eyes, or when I sense without looking into your eyes that I am one with you. It is there that all

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true human relationships begin. That is beginning within in spirit. That is the theme of the book I mentioned to you. In "Many Marriages," Sherwood Anderson uses the idea that every time we find one another through the sensing of our unity, it is a marriage. It means sensing oneness. Man to man we have had it sometimes. All of us have had the good fortune to have had some friends to whom we never had to make explanations. Our vibrations were keyed harmoniously.



Floyd Dell, the novelist, in a sketch appearing in *Vanity Fair* portrays one of the greater Celestial Beings showing a visitor, unacquainted with our planet, about the universes. They visit universe after universe and world after world, and finally the visitor says to the guide, "What is that little speck away off yonder?" "Why," said the guide, "that must be the earth." "We have

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not visited that; when are we going?" Said the guide, "There is nothing particular there; it is very much like other places." When asked if there was not something for which it was different from the others, the guide said, "There is one thing which you will find on the earth that you do not find anywhere else;" and so the celestial guide took this visitor very suddenly to the earth. There they beheld a man and a woman seated on a sofa, kissing. The man says, "This is wrong," and goes on kissing; and the woman says, "We ought not to do this," and they go on kissing! "This is the strangest thing I have ever seen," said the celestial visitor, and they proceeded to other worlds.



Emerson says, "The key to every man is his thought," and surely, of all key thought there can be none more potent than that of the Protecting Presence. It clothes us with the gar-

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ment of praise and thanksgiving and opens the doors which no man can shut. It lifts the soul above time and place and circumstance. It places street-sweeper and day-laborer on equality with kings. Under the compelling dominance of this insight, the Apostle Paul, writing to slaves, calls them "priests and kings unto God."

—HENRY VICTOR MORGAN



THE LAKE OF BEAUTY

By EDWARD CARPENTER

Let your mind be quiet, realizing the beauty of the world, and the immense, the boundless treasures that it holds in store.

All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your Nature so specifically fits you for—That or the counterpart of it waits embedded in the great Whole for you. It will surely come.

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*Yet equally sure, not one moment
before its appointed time will it come.
All your crying and fever and reach-
ing out of hands will make no differ-
ence.*

*Therefore do not begin that game at
all.*

*Do not recklessly spill the waters of
your mind in this direction and in that,
lest you become like a spring lost and
dissipated in the desert.*

*But draw them together into a little
compass, and hold them still, so still;
And let them become clear, so clear
—so limpid, so mirror-like;*

*At last the mountains and the sky
shall glass themselves in peaceful
beauty,*

*And the antelope shall descend to
drink, and to gaze at his reflected im-
age, and the lion to quench his thirst,*

*And Love himself shall come and
bend over, and catch his own likeness
in you.*



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The other day our friend the peripatetic philosopher, said to us: "Have you noticed that as we grow better we meet better people?" We find the kind of people we are.



Only that is really yours which you can rise above. What you can rise above is yours if you want it. What you cannot rise above is your master, to which you are enslaved, whether you have it or not. If you can rise above wealth it is yours to command: if you cannot rise above it, it is your master whether you be worth ten million dollars or ten cents. . . . We become masters of whatsoever things Love teaches us we do not need.



Emerson is right when he asserts that life is not to be measured by years, but by experience. That is a man might well live a hundred years and never

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have sensed the profounder meanings of life. He may have lived so smoothly, so unruffled may have been his oxen days, as to have missed great sorrow and great joy. Or, with the average lot of suffering and happiness, he may have lived so self-satisfiedly, so pharisaically, so self-righteously, as to have missed life itself. On the other hand a man may live fully and completely, knowing every human sensation, having had every fundamental experience, and probed and known the spiritual verities by twenty-five or thirty. Keats, Byron, Shelley were old in experience, as was Burns, before thirty. Yet Burns, Keats, Byron and Shelley died young. Whatever may happen to the body youth is a quality of mind. There are old men at twenty: there are young men at eighty. A mind that possesses elasticity, adaptability, kindness, hopefulness and the quality of gladness, is young no matter how many are the years that have passed. And the

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man of twenty, fixed of habit, opinionated and unchangeable, sour and grouchy, cynical and doubting, is old and full of bitter years.

Education is not book learning—not reading, writing and arithmetic. Education is not erudition. . . . Many college graduates are uneducated: many people who never saw a college are uneducated. . . . To be educated is to be trained to live fully and efficiently.



I like to think that the difference between Adam and Eve in the garden and out, is the difference between having the Eden without and having it as an inner spiritual experience. I've a notion that when they left the garden of the senses they found the garden of the soul. It is more or less embarrassing to speak for either Adam or Eve, but I can speak for myself:

I loved my Junetime for I was an adventuring young pagan; but I love

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October the best. October may not have June's zest and sheer animal buoyancy, but October is mellow and gentle and whimsical. October is June's dream come true. . . . But, you say, does the dream always come true? Always it comes true. If your October is one of withered fruit and frosts you have been having "bad" dreams somewhere between April and September.



I believe in Power: I do not believe in weakness.

I believe in Faith: I do not believe in fear.

I believe in Health: I do not believe in illness.

I believe in Wealth: I do not believe in want.

I believe in Unity: I do not believe in strife.

I believe in Love: I do not believe in pride.

I believe in Joy: I do not believe in sorrow.

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I believe in Peace: I do not believe in trouble.

I believe in Rightness: I do not believe in wrong.

I believe in Wisdom: I do not believe in foolishness.

I believe in Good: I do not believe in evil.

I believe in Grace: I do not believe in condemnation.

I believe in Beauty: I do not believe in ugliness.

I believe in Freedom: I do not believe in bondage.

I believe in Principle: I do not believe in personality.

I believe in Substance: I do not believe in appearance.



Do you remember the whimsical little bookkeeper of whom Daudet so lovingly tells in his novel "The Nabob?"

All during business hours in the

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banking house of Hemerlingue & Son, his employers, M. Joyeuse worked on his books with unfailing accuracy, yet in the "phantasmagoric chamber of his brain" he would one day be made president of the institution, the next, maybe he would fall a sort of dream heir to a large fortune, or, perhaps, be a bold but kindly Corsican, pirating in the adventurous Mediterranean. He was good at accounting, yet least of all was he an accountant.

Splendid, gentle, little M. Joyeuse was really a successful, gallant pirate when he wasn't a bank president. And the beauty about it all was that he never had any of the responsibilities and troubles of either bank president or pirate.



We sometimes bother over the material and the spiritual. Material things are chameleon-like; they assume the color of the mind that shines through them. If you seek a self of

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beauty, of strength, of sincerity, of charm, everything that you possess will emanate charm, will be alive and everything that you do will show power and gentleness; but if you yourself are cold and lifeless, then so much the more will that which you possess and that which you do be lifeless and colorless. So that the great man is he whose task, whose ultimate purpose, is not only a holy thing, but, sensing that he can color the path through which he walks and everything with which he contacts, he adds to his work and purpose the quality of charm. Consequently, not his task alone, but everything that he is and does is colored with beauty, with truth, with wonder, with that infinite delicacy of touch which proclaims an artist at Life as well as at work.



The personality is the pane; Truth,
Life, Love is the sun that shines
through it. Personality is the globe;

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Truth, Life, Love is the light that radiates from it. This person of mine with its daily gesture of work, this person of mine with its little round of duties and concerns, of passions and pleasures, is as the pane within the window, the glass within the globe. It is as I open myself to the sun, to the light, that I actually possess and that I actually gain value. What profiteth a window glass, however good the glass, to be so curtained that the sun cannot shine through it? The glass that lets in the sun is actually the glass that is doing the service of the world. Then, look upon personality as a medium, as an instrument, as a pane of glass in the window, and look upon Life, Love, Wisdom, in themselves as the sun that shines through; and you have solved the problem of values.



I should say that if a man can keep just one relation in his life of absolute

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sincerity, he is very likely to find all of his life assuming that honesty. For instance, any man who "plays fast and looses" with every phase of his life soon disintegrates. He has no purpose, no fixed intents; but if he has one thing that he cleaves to, one phase of integrity, it will have its effect on all of his life. You will find some men with an extreme integrity in their search for truth, in their devotion to an ideal. Sometimes it is in devotion to some cause, sometimes to family, and so on. A single integrity will sweeten and strengthen a whole life. So, strong is it that it will redeem into itself all that once was unlike it.



What is dignity? It is a sense of poise from within. That man is dignified who knows that he is equal to occasions. He has a sense of power that Life gives him, as an instrument of Life. Sometimes he sits upon the floor

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and plays with children or rollicks in the street, and never loses unity. There is no dignity in being starchy and stiff-backed. Dignity is a sense of individual worth as an instrument of that which is most beautiful in Life.

We would have many more charming and lovely people about us with whom to live, no matter what their work might be, if they would realize that all things in terms of personality, just as well as all things in the terms of eternal greatness or the Kingdom of God itself, begin within in human feeling and thought. That no matter how much you may want to, and may succeed in plastering on the outside by way of honors and distinctions, having joined *this* and *that*, and having the *other* conferred upon you, it is all as nothing if your beginning has not been within in terms of being. It is as "clanging brass and a tinkling cymbal." No matter how successful you may have become, how well groomed

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you are, and how prepossessing your appearance—still there is an emptiness and a failure unless the realization is made within. Women who want to be beautiful, truly beautiful, and men and women who want to keep young and attractive should learn this truth:

It is the desire they express, the thought they think, and the direction, nature and freedom of their feeling that gives them loveliness and keeps them young and unafraid.



Have you ever known anyone who was ugly and yet beautiful at the same time? Perhaps having none of the physical appearance of beauty and yet so much of charm that they were irresistible? James Whitcomb Riley was a man like that—not a handsome man, but with an indefinable charm that was irresistible. You see how any way you approach this the outer circumstance gains its value from the inner state of

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desire and mind. The outer circumstance, no matter how glittering and golden, without the inner state of mind is nothing. Don't you see, then always, whatever you desire to possess by way of a quality of personality you should begin within as a condition of mind in order to get it? Also, to give your possession true value the same process is necessary. Your money has value, your books have value, your home has value, your hat has value, your teeth have value—according to the state of your soul! If you have no soul life, no matter what you have, you have nothing! If you have soul, and have none of these outer "things," you have everything!

You see so much the wisdom that is in that statement of the young Hebrew Prophet and Teacher when he said, "Seek ye first" the inner thing, the mental state or feeling (which the Jews had taught and called "the Kingdom of God") and things shall have

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value and "be added unto you." And the negative of that is true: Unless you do seek that and find it, things are nothing. They have no value. They are as death upon you.

You women love clothing; you desire to have them beautiful and to be beautiful yourselves. You men and women love beautiful homes, streets, parks, all of the appurtenances of life; and these things cannot be too good and too beautiful for you. Understand that! But, I say, unless you have something from within, these outer things will be empty and as nothing; and if you have beauty from within, character, then alone will these other things assume beauty and usefulness. . . . As I am my possessions are!

CREATIVE VISION:
THE SUN TREADER

*Sun treader, life and light be thine
forever.*

—ROBERT BROWNING

“My spirit will always dwell within you. You will find me in the flowers, in the foliage, and in the falling leaves, you will hear me in the evening chimes, and you will feel my presence whenever you think of me.”

SUN TREADER IN THE LONG TWILIGHT

I LOVE to walk in the long summer twilight, overhearing.

You've no idea how much comes to you by way of the music of earth when you roam about the streets receptively silent.

There is the murmur of insects, the rare goodnight note of birds, the laughter and shrill cries of children at play, while on solemn front porches old men and women talk gossipily, and young lovers in the shadows banter in undertones. It is a time of tenderness and good will, when memories are about, and the Gentle People venture in for a look at city folk.

It is hoped that you believe in fairies, Gentle Reader—that is, if you were born outside of Ireland. The Irish all know the Little People.

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Michael Monahan tells us how he put this question to his gifted friend the poet and story writer, Seumas MacManus, who is a great authority on the Gentle People, and who has pleased all of the world with his delightful tales of Tir Nan Og or the Irish fairyland.

“Seumas,” said Michael, in a twilight moment that seemed to inspire confidence, “do you really believe in the fairies?”

“Well, sir,” replied Seumas, “to give you a fair answer, I don’t disbelieve in them.”

Then you remember the poet William Butler Yeats’ story of a time when he was questing for folklore in a primitive part of Ireland.

“Did you ever hear of a banshee in these parts?” he queried of a silent old man who was rowing him over a silent sheet of water in the grey twilight.

“Banshees!” broke in the old man

Sun Treader in the Long Twilight

irritably, "ain't I bothered with them?"

So ought any one to be who refuses to put faith in the fairies.



I love to walk in the long twilight, overhearing. You've no idea how friendly the children are, and how young you become.

On Tuesday night, I'm thinkin' it was, as I passed a group on a dark doorstep, the Littlest One, in the friendliest of voices, called out:

"Mister, there ARE fairies, aren't there?"

"Now that's curious," said I. "An' I just bein' on my way to visit one who is a friend of mine."

"Aw, what yer givin' us!" exclaimed a worldly old atheist of fourteen or fifteen years of age.

"My friend," I continued, ignoring the Infidel, which I find is the most severe punishment that can be admin-

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istered to the argumentatively inclined, “my friend is a lepricaun who married a young lady pixie. . . . Do you happen to have a dictionary about?” I inquired of the Little One, whom I was eager to snatch from the hellfire of unbelief.

She was seven, going on eight, and didn't have a dictionary with her, but the Atheist, only a short while out of Elfland himself, and in the twilight uncertain of his new gods, stalked into the house and returned with a perfectly good, unused copy of the Standard Dictionary.

“Now,” said I, quite schoolmarmly, “what do you think o' this?”

They gathered around me, including the Infidel, in the twilight, and, with extended forefinger underlining the words, I read with ceremonial gravity:

“LEPRECHAWN, leprecawn, lepricaune, lepricaun,” (my friend spells his name Lepricaun, I interposed), the

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Cluricaune, sometimes called the Lep-ricaune, is the shoemaker of the Irish fairies. He is about as tall as a span, . . . and gives leg-bail with great clerity if not captured at once."

"There," said I, with great grave and dignified finality, also turning reproachful eyes on the Infidel, "there, sir, you see, there isn't a doubt of it."

"What's leg-bail?" he asked, with due respect, as they all snuggled-up in the grey twilight.

"What do you do," said I, "when people come around who don't believe in you, scoldin' you an' always tellin' you to behave?"

"I run, that's what!" piped the Little One, the one of faith, before the repentant backslider could answer.

"That," I affirmed, "is leg-bail. . . ."

"The reason," I continued, "ever so many people never see fairies and children and four-leaf clovers and rainbow's ends and happy people and the first robin in the spring and the man

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in the moon and Santa Claus and true love and star dust and circuses and laughing old folk and lepricauns and men-who-are-boys and mermaids and women-always-young and ice cream cone trees and free merry-go-rounds and cherry pie and brownies and babies and Cinderella and Little Red Riding Hood and Mary Pickford and puppies - in - the - house and Prince Charming and Lady Loveliness and pumpkin devils and ever so many perfectly marvelous things is because they have not partaken of wonder — never eaten fairy bread, nor have they faith in what they can fancy.”

“Fairy bread,” I hastened to add, “as all of you know, literally, is the little bisquits Mother lets you make of the left-over bits of dough, but which the fairies really save for you right from under cook’s hands, though there are those who declare it is made of the pollen of lotus flowers.”

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“You’ve made ’em, baked ’em and eaten ’em?” I asked triumphantly.

“Sure!” they shouted with one voice.

“You, too?” I insisted, turning to the Prodigal.

“Once,” he said quietly.

“Not half—not one-tenth enough. . . That accounts for your doubting disposition. . . . Even yet it is not too late. . . . A doubting disposition is the worst of vices. . . . Eaters of fairy bread see elves, little children, the first violets in the spring, crocks of gold at rainbow ends, all happy people, jolly days—”

“An’ cherry pie an’ babies,” interrupted the Littlest One.

“. . . . an’ ever so many glorious and hidden things in a very wonderful world,” I concluded in the long twilight.



I love to walk in the long twilight,
overhearing.

You’ve no idea how completely there
comes over you an understanding of

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your oneness with everything that lives and loves and makes gesture toward the stars.

There is the laughter of children: most sweet music.

There is the drone of the night bees: the Gentle People's symphony.

There is the murmur of more distant voices from resting men and women: the twilight is full of shadows and the people, unseen, speak freely and with goodwill.

There is the playfulness of young lovers: it is a time of sweet and whispered nonsense made magical by the hour.

Then there are the fairies: every blessed goblin, kobold, sprite, troll, banshee, pixie, gnome, fay, elf and leprecaun dancing in the white moonlight: and the world, the while, like an old tale, has grown tender and full of dreams and hilltop hopes for the heart.

I love to walk in the street of the long twilight, overhearing.

SUN TREADER ON THE MORNING ROAD

I LOVE to walk the morning road
where the hilltops lift into the blue:
the road that lies across the youth
of the day, leading to adventures in
hope and beauty, heartening the spirit
of man.

Here is fragrance more fresh than
at any other hour: here is the dew, the
fairies' rain, to bless the grass: here is
the woodthrush-flute piping joy as if
the earth, new-made, were just from
the hands of God.

And the hilltops, hazed in smoky
amethyst, are places of vision and un-
derstanding.

This is a place where the sunrise
may be seen as a pink rose unfolding
over the white rose of dawn.



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Here is the place where Loveliness
keeps house,
Between the river and the wooded hills,
Within a valley where the Springtime
spills
Her firstling windflowers under blos-
soming boughs.

—MADISON CAWEIN

This is the place where dreams come
to play, like sunlight upon dancing
water: old dreams made young again,
now sure of fulfillment.

I love to stand on a shaded, grey-
hazed hilltop, overlooking.

It releases in the heart gentleness, a
sense of infinitude and vast spiritual
strength: one is made strong with the
Omnipotence of the hills. It brings a
realization of freedom: of the far
reaches of man's destiny: of oneness
with Omnipresence.

And there is a peace that is very
tender and yet mighty with sureness:
it is a peace that makes forgotten

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dreams of old burdens and old pains:
it is peace made restful with Love.

I know, now, why Moses went into
the hills of Sinai for the tablets of
righteousness.

I understand, now, why the Naza-
rene, when his heart was low, took the
mountainy road up Hermon to find
Wisdom and Love.

I love to walk the morning road
where the hilltops lift into the blue. It
lies across the youth of the day and
leads to dreams come true.



I know a little hilltop hazed in misty
amethyst: it lies at the end of a blos-
somy road that climbs from the town
below.

Beyond the town a loitering river
wanders through the valley, until it be-
comes a silver thread losing itself in
distant meadows.

The river drifts, broad, full of
strength, in pleasing sinuosity, covered
by a thousand hurrying little ripples.

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Beyond it becomes smoother, the yellow of the water turning a clear green, and motionless it winds in and out among the farms and woodland until it may be followed only by the line of blue mist between the hills. Here and there hangs the smoke of a steamboat. A forest shuts the stream momentarily from sight only that you may catch a glimpse of silver sheen, lake-like, smiling under the happy sun; a farmhouse, as a silent, contemplative fisherman, now and then sits on the bank; and over it all there broods the great Mystery.

I love to walk the morning road for it leads to knowing all of the hilltop people: the people who never grow old because they have visioning eyes and remembering hearts: the high-hearted, dawn-eyed sun treaders!

As Angelo saw the angel in the uncut marble, so all hilltop people see in the muck of the world the grass, blossoming, and the harvest, ripe for garnering.

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Sun Treader on the Morning Road

There is no outer ugliness, but has its hidden beauty if there be but morning eyes to see it.

And so it is with all evil—with what bound eyes call sin, aye, even death—if but the place of vision be reached.

Love is all-in-all to hilltop men: in “the rose, the worm, the tempest and the star.”

No matter what else may happen to you, how much of repudiation, how much of crucifixion there may be waiting, if you but keep the eyes of the morning road and the remembering hilltop heart, no harm can come to you, sun treader. It is of a sunfooted man with whom I walked, of whom Mahlon Fisher has made this song:



I went a little way with him
Whose eyes a-weary were, and dim:
He could not see the silken sky,
Nor yet the children flashing by.

But, as I walked with him that day,

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These things I heard the old man say:
“The sky is blue—’tis always so;”
And, “Bless the children,—how they
grow!”



William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, tells us that there are three types of men which have made all beautiful things.

Aristocracies have made beautiful manners, he tells us, their place in the world put them beyond the fear of life, and the countrymen have made beautiful stories and beliefs, because they have nothing to lose and so do not fear, and the artists have made all the rest because Providence has filled them with recklessness. All these look backward to a long tradition, for being without fear, they have held to whatever pleased them. The others being always anxious have come to possess little that is good in itself, and are always changing from thing to thing, for whatever they do or have, must be a

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means to something else, and they have so little belief that anything can be an end in itself, that they cannot understand you if you say, "All the most valuable things are useless." They prefer the stalk to the flower, and believe that painting and poetry exist that there may be instruction, and love that there may be children, and theatres that busy men may rest, and holidays that busy men may go on being busy. At all times they fear and even hate the things that have worth in themselves, for that worth may suddenly, as it were a fire, consume their book of Life, where the world is represented by cyphers and symbols; and before all else they fear irreverent joy and unserviceable sorrow. It seems to them, that those who have been freed by position, by poverty, or by the traditions of Art, have something terrible about them, a light that is unendurable to eyesight. They complain much of that commandment that we can do almost what we will, if

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we do it gaily, and think that freedom is but a trifling with the world.



There, as you stand on the hilltop heights, you see the wisdom of freedom and loveliness.

Life is lived, not shunned: Life is loved, not hated: Life is not a scramble for bread and butter, breeding and sleeping, then death: Life is Love and Beauty and the vast adventure of the Spirit.

I love to walk the morning road where the hills lift into the blue, because it is living poetry.

I love to stand on hilltop heights and look across the day, because it is making music out of my very human heart.

I love to take the mountainy path that climbs beyond the town, because the living loveliness that doth possess me makes me one with the green, the gold and the blue—the morning blue, and, afterwhile, the sunset gold. At

Sun Treader on the Morning Road

the turning of the morning I love to
take the dawn way that lies across the
wonder of the earth, because it leads
from the gluttony, lustful, lying self
that is not really me, and takes me up
to my hilltop Self of Love, of Beauty,
of Vision.

SUN TREADER IN THE RAIN

I LOVE the beauty of the rain: big, spattery, summertime rain that pelts the earth in slanting silver lines from the sky.

The rainy days are golden days because they are full of childhood's attic memories: the rainy days are friendly days because they bring cool, cleansing thoughts to the thirsty minds of men: the rainy days are rainbow days because, always, after the rain, by day, the sun; by night, the stars: loved days of morning blue and sunset gold, with silver rain between.

How they come back to me: childhood's attic memories:

Don't you remember ever so long ago when you were, say, nine, going on ten, that the builders always made an attic at the top of the houses so there would be a place for happy children

Sun Treader in the Rain

to play on rainy days? And don't you remember how fathers and mothers always furnished this delectable land of play with old red plush chairs that became fairy thrones, with old clothes for dressing up as lords and ladies gay and fair, with old trunks for pirate ships in which to sail the Spanish Main?

Ah, many's the day in a glorious attic under the roof of an old Kentucky home, have I gone sailing with Captain Kidd in the MERRY ROVER over the blue Carribbean, taking treasure trove from Spanish galleons, only to hurry away to a friendly cove where all hands were left on board while the bos'n, the captain and I slipped ashore to bury the stuff in Dead Man's cave!

Hey! O! Jolly Roger, O.

Or maybe it was dressing up in the clothing of a cast-off fashion: old hoops that our mothers wore in the sixties; old plug hats our fathers wore to busi-

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ness in the seventies; or, very best of all, delving in an old walnut highboy, a pair of men's silverbuckled shoes!

Silver buckles. . . . Silver buckles: how easily they become silver shoes for fairy use!

Never again are silver-buckles to carry a swaggering, youthful cavalier through the debonair days of the Old Dominion, but forever after are they to grace the happy feet of children at play on rainy days. . . .

And did you ever discover old letters?

Think of a rainy day adventure like that: faded old letters tied in a faded old ribbon, once blue, that your great grandmother wrote to the young cavalier of the silver shoes when she was enchanting eighteen!

Read them? Not much!

What does nine, going on ten, care for what "Ever Thy Marcia" writes to Thomas Nash, Esq., of Culpepper Court house, Culpepper county, Virginia?

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These letters were the treasure trove buried by Captain Kidd, the bos'n and the mate of the MERRY ROVER in Dead Man's cave!

Hey! O! Jolly Roger, O.

And all of the time the rain is pattering on the roof, singing a song of coziness, of sweet stay-at-homeness, making forever gentle to memory dear attic days.



I love the beauty of the rain: big, spattery, summertime rain that pelts the earth in silver slanting lines from the sky.

I love the music of the beating rain by night upon the windows and the roof: it is the very best time of all to begin a swashbuckling tale of old inns, sword-thrusts in the dark, and the king's courier to horse and away on the road from Paris to Fountainbleau.

Hah! Listen:

“It was a stormy and dark night; vast clouds covered the heavens, concealing

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the stars; the moon would not rise till midnight.

“Occasionally, by the light of a flash of lightning which gleamed along the horizon, the road stretched itself before them, white and solitary; the flash extinct, all remained in darkness.

“A solitary horseman—”

Oh, thrice blessed old Alexandre Dumas, William Harrison Ainsworth, Robert Louis Stevenson: the three of you knew the thrill of beholding the solitary horseman on a lonely road by night! Long live D'Artagnan, Porthos, Aramis, Athos, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, Jim Hawkins, Long John Silver, Ben Gunn and Prince Florizel of Bohemia! The three of you—Alexander the Great, William the Conqueror and Louis, the Well-Beloved—had a way with you: a way, when the rain beat on my window pane, of making me into a musketeer, or a robber on the great north road, or a stowaway aboard the HISPANIO-LA bound for Treasure Island!

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Sun Treader in the Rain

I love the mellow music of the beating rain upon the roof: it is a pleasant thing by which to dream by day: it is a crooning lullaby by which to go to sleep at night.

The rain by night upon the window is as sweet against the ears as the remembered voices of the friends of other years, when youth and hopes were high. It is as if memory came and knocked without the door, whispering through it of old adventures, old battles and old loves. And in through the cracks and down through the roof, dear, birdlike ghosts of childhood come haunting the heart with wistful beckonings for recognition: lovely, tender joyous little ghosts that come with the wind and the rain and the memories.

Oh, it is good to be abed by night when the rain beats and the wind whispers and even loneliness is sweet.



I love the sungold pastures and the

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sundrowned shadows when, after the summer shower, comes the sun.

It is then that there is peace upon the land, and beauty.

It is then that there is hope upon the land, and fragrance.

It is then that there is love upon the land, and harvest.

I love the sungold streets and the sundrowned trees when, after the summer shower, comes the sun.

Beauty is Love made manifest: it is the loveliness of the spirit externalized.

All things whatsoever are beautiful when seen through the eyes of love.

The earth is more beautiful as you are filled with goodwill to men: the more love, the more beauty.

I have seen the same far and blue-hazed hills lifting into the same heaven in the same hour of life. And yet at the beginning of that hour they meant nothing to me, while at its close they were aflame with wonder and

Sun Treader in the Rain

with joy... Love came at the end of the hour.

I love the waning golden sunglow and the scurrying clouds afire, when, after the summer shower, comes the sunset.

It is then that there is hope within the heart, and delight.

It is then that there is love within the heart, and strength.

It is then that there is peace within the heart, and beauty.

I love the beauty of the rain: big, spattery, summertime rain that pelts the earth in slanting silver lines from the sky.

SUN TREADER IN THE STREETS

I LOVE to become Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid of old Bagdad and go adventuring in the city streets: the streets where the people of the mad, bad, glad, beautiful world come and go.

It is very well to love books and pictures and music: it is still better to love lilacs and honeysuckle, great trees and mountains and cool grey seas: but the very best love of all is for the shouldering, moving, hurrying, laughing human crowd.

It is easy to believe that one has discovered intimations of the Infinite in a Gothic cathedral or the stars of twilight, but it requires Love's self to find it in the pageant of the people of the streets. Yet it is in the crowd: as Love and Life in the laughter, hopes and

Sun Treader in the Streets

dreams of youth, adventuring: in the loving, striving happy-heavy-hearted human throng! God, who is Love and Life and Joy, is either there or nowhere and it requires neither a genius nor a poet to make the discovery: sympathy with human things and a faith in folk finds God, colorful, joyous, creative, in the people.

You who live in cities while you claim to despise them: you who go into dim, empty churches to pray a far away anthropomorphic deity to save the world and yet shun and misunderstand the living beauty of God and men and women as they walk the streets together: you who withdraw and despise, separating yourselves, yet wonder why you are afraid and hate: go cleanse yourself in the city streets, finding your eyes of vision and your heart of understanding.

He who sought the hilltop heights by night on Olivet was He who, sandal-footed, sought the crowds by day,

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dispelling their fitful fever and unrest with the power of Life and Love and Laughter.

People who would be hilltop people with never a delight nor a footfall in the crowd must be very lonely: people who would be of the streets altogether with never a view from the heights must be very sad: but the people who have brought the hilltop vision down where the crowd hurries by, have found the only abiding happiness.

I love to become Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid of old Bagdad and go adventuring in the city streets: the streets where the people of the mad, sad, glad, beautiful world come and go.



There is Fleet street and Chancery Lane, London: there is the Champs Elysees toward the Pont Royal, Paris: there is Broadway between Forty-third and Forty-seventh streets, New York: there is Madison and State streets,

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Sun Treader in the Streets

Chicago: there is Seventh and Broadway, Los Angeles: and Market street, San Francisco: all, where one may see the folk of the world go by.

If one stands in any of these places long enough, or even lesser places where men and women in crowds pass, he will learn the truth of the likeness of the people: that only superficially is there a Frenchman, an Englishman and an American, an aristocrat and a commoner, a rich man and a poor: that elementally people are "jes' folks," their differences a veneer: Kipling phrases it in saying that the Captain's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin. . . . And it's a fine thing to know beyond a doubt, for it pricks the bubble of smugness and frees the mind for becoming!

But one does not need to go to Fleet street or Madison, to learn the truth and see the beauty of the crowd: just as truly and quite as cock surely, though it may take a bit longer, one

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may see the folk of the world go by at—say—on Main street, Sauk Center, Minnesota!

I have seen in the streets of Long Beach every sad and beautiful tragedy, every enticing romance, every mocking comedy, every ugly vice, every lovely strength, that Honore Blzac dug out of the streets of Paris for his *Comedie Humaine*.

How many times in the passing crowd on my own streets have I seen Pere Goriot with his selfless love, Cousin Bette, Valerie Marneffe and Baron Hulon, the prodigal father playing the game of jealousy, lust and hate: how many times have I seen the winsome beauty of Esther van Gobseck and the adventurous spirit of Lucien Rubempre playing with passion, making an art of love, one moment as a pretty toy, the next as the flame of life itself: I've seen them all, Eugenie Grandet, Rastignac, Nucingen, Pons, Birotteau,

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Sun Treader in the Streets

Vautrin, all, in the streets of our Lady of the Sea.

Here I have seen Becky Sharp, haughty and bold-eyed, Lord Styene, Rawdon Crawley, Colonel Newcombe, and even Thackeray himself, with twinkling humorous eyes, slightly ironic, yet tender with understanding, edging his way close to Becky in the hope of catching a glance of recognition in her eyes.

And here is Dombey and Son, little Nell, Nicholas Nickelby, Dot and the inevitable Micawber. . . . Once I have seen Tess of the D'Urbervilles upon these streets . . . and Hedda Gabler . . . and Nora Helmer . . . and

“. . . Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley.

The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozier, the fighter. . . .
. . . and Ella Kate, Mag, Lizzie and Edith,

The tender heart, the simple soul, the loud, the proud, the happy one.”

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I love to become Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid of old Bagdad and go adventuring in the city streets: the streets where the people of the mad, sad, glad, beautiful world come and go.



These are the things I see by the country road in spring and summertime:

Clover bloom and bee boom and honeysuckle blossom: apple bloom and bird song and daisies in the sun: pennyroyal and sheep-sorrel and strawberry flowers: bluebird, blackbird and orchard oriole: little yellow cherry bird, red-headed woodpecker, brilliant, darting redwing and old Robin Redbreast: smell of soil, scent of herb and fragrance of the bloom upon the air: the sky in far blue reaches growing grey at the horizon's rim, with clouds afloat like fairy boats bound for the land of dreams: and along the way an old rail fence with Virginia creep-

Sun Treader in the Streets

ers climbing high: and over all a gentle strength . . . a brooding Presence.

These are the things I see within the town in spring and summertime:

Faces . . . faces . . . faces . . . hard faces, smug faces, worry-ridden faces, lust-loosened faces, pinched hope-forsaken faces, bland self-satisfied mercantile faces, supercilious superior-than-thou faces: Uriah Heep's face, moist and oily with sychophancy: Becky Sharp's face, sensual, cunning, lazy, bootlicking her so-called superiors, giving herself airs to those she cannot use: Baron Nucingen's face, luster of money and women, hard, stupid, sentimental, coarse . . . faces . . . faces faces

Faces . . . faces . . . faces . . . youthful faces, laughing faces, beautiful faces, flower faces, gentle faces, happy faces, love-gladdened faces, strong hope-flamed faces, understanding prophetic faces, tender winsome humble, most lovely faces: Nicolette's face,

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sweet with beauty and love of Aucassin: Tess's face, strong with undefeated love: Saint Joan's face, she of old Orleans, brave and ever gentle with hilltop vision: Saint Francis' face, who spoke with birds and woodsy creatures: Jesus' face . . . Lincoln's face . . . faces . . . faces . . . faces . . .

In soil and sea, in earth and star, in men at toil and play, in marketplace and city street, on hilltops and in the crowds, there is the ever-lifting gesture of all toward the Infinite. It is the undaunted, undefeated spirit of man moving from birth to rebirth, ever upward along the earth, seeking to become one with Love and Beauty.

I love to become Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid of old Bagdad and go adventuring in the city streets: the streets where the people of the mad, sad, glad, beautiful world come and go.

SUN TREADER AND THE GREEN OF THE GODS

*And pray ye that it be not in the
winter time—Jesus.*

WINTER: drab, barren, frost-hearted and treacherous, has ever depressed the spirits of men. It is true that in the dusty, hot, dry-throated days of midsummer our fancy makes lovely the ice-covered streams and the fields of snow. And even when the autumn comes with the kiss of the joyous sun left in crimson and gold upon each ripening leaf, we still insist that winter is beautiful and kind. Yet the thousand-hued landscapes of October prove to be but the hectic flush of the disease which fore-runs death.

The dreamed-of-beauty wrought of frost is but ephemeral, while the stu-

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pid, seared face of the colorless, naked earth chills the heart and leaves an unnamed fear upon the soul. The fancied kindness, too, found in the coziness of the open fire assumes a meager value when, reminded by northern blasts, one remembers the unsheltered and unfed. The doctor of medicine, the sociologist and psychologist agree that man, physically, mentally, spiritually, is possessed in this season of the least vitality. It is a time when death stalks openly and impudently about his task.

In olden times—so long ago that it is but tradition—men, realizing the fact of the heart's heaviness and the world's weariness in midwinter, introduced the festivities of Yuletide, using decorations chosen from the few things the frost had failed to conquer. They garnered holly, mistletoe and the evergreen which we have named the Christmas tree. They used this bit of color, all the more beautiful because of contrast, symbolically.

Sun Treader and Green of the Gods

Thus, the green of the gods told them that at least the Great Mother never had forgotten to send the spring-time. It whispered of April rains, the blossoms of May, the warm south winds of June; it prophesied in song of the coming of the grass, the crocus, the early violet. It was a song for flowers to work by as they pushed their way unseen through the clod to the sun that they might smile into the faces of men. It told of immortality, of the birth of love, and there were those who believed they could see in it the significance of the Birthday that has made sacred to memory "the dear little town of Bethlehem."

Ever since that brave elder day men have continued, oasis-like, to bring the green of the gods into the desert of winter.



Life, for most of us, is commonplace. Each day is but a return to yesterday's routine. It is tragically easy

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to make of it only the business of securing the means by which to feed, to clothe ourselves, and to provide a roof beneath which to sleep. Our ideals, our dreams, our enthusiasms are killed by the cold. Our love of the beautiful, our capacity for happiness, our impulse to be useful, sympathetic fellows of men, are blown away and we find life bitter and barren and ugly.

There is nothing more pitiable than to become an unconscious dweller in eternal winter.

It is the largest duty man owes himself, no matter how irksome may be the task of every day, to keep alive in his heart a love of beauty, to ever play with the wonder-waking fairies of the dream-world, and keep his heart aflame with human idealism.

To be of value to his fellows and enduring to himself he must own and tend a green and sunny garden spot on the happy hills of Arcady. When the work within his hands seems hardest,

Sun Treader and Green of the Gods

and the spirit behind it most hopeless,
when the world looks gray and cold;
when the winter comes, then blessed is
he, if there is a bit of green to tell him
that Love, like spring, with never-fail-
ing joy but waits the seasonable hour.
If there is just enough immortal color
to whisper of happy days to be, of old
friends to trust, of undiscovered
beauty, of faith made new and hope
returned, then life, with all its sorrows,
will not have proven futile.

Keep alive the Green. Tend the
Garden. Beware the Frost. And mind
you, though you may have been taught
that the food and the raiment and the
roof are of great value, I say unto you
that the poetry, the romance, the
dreams, the color of the gods, if you
please, are most sacred. Is it not He
of the green, happy Judean hills who
asks you, "is not life more than meat?"
Aye, garner the green and forget it
not. Keep it in the sanctuary of your
heart, for of all things it is life's most
valuable possession.

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“Life is the gift of nature; but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom.”

WORDS

*Literature is simply the expression
of the eternal things that are in man
... It is beauty clothed in words.*

—ARTHUR MACHEN



NEXT to thought itself, the most powerful thing in the world is its symbol—a word.

Words are deeds.

The spoken word, the written word, the printed word, the sculptured word, the painted word, and the word made music, bring from the heart of man whatever of courage and loveliness he expresses.

Words are blows more hurtful than bludgeons.

A scolding is a whipping with words.

The Bastard in “King John” ex-

Words

claimed most literally: "Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words since I first called my brother's father dad."

Words are curses blighting and breaking the heart.

These are the three words out of which hell is wrought:

fear

hate

ignorance

(I write them small and without capitals because you must not think them. They are the enemies of life and joy).

Words are fairies making mirth bubbles on young and eager lips.

Words are angels bringing hope and strength to striving folk.

"Your words
Are little silver pebbles,
Teasing thoughtful pools
Into laughing circles."

Words are caresses more dear than the kisses of finger-tips that linger.

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Words are friends more staunch
than many a comrade of the years. And
he who gives them keeps them, too,
helping others and himself as well.

“It may be that the words I spoke
To cheer him on his way,
To him were vain, but I myself
Was braver all that day.”

—WINIFRED WEBB

These are three Yes-words out of
which heaven is built:

LIFE
LOVE
UNDERSTANDING

(I write them large and in capitals
because you must delight to think upon
them. They are the friends of life and
joy).



When people realize that words are
alive they are more careful how they
treat them.

Too many use words like they do

Words

human beings, without trying to understand their meanings. If people understood words better, there would be less cross-purpose in the world. When you understand a word or a man or a woman, you use them with courtesy and gentleness. We only despise and misuse what we do not understand. Hatred is misunderstanding. My enemy is the man who will not discover my meaning.

Next to great literature the thoughtful man reads his dictionary. To know the meaning of a word is to know the meaning of an experience. The reason why a great literary artist, like John Keats, is always a lover of words is because they are the living tools with which he makes his song of life and beauty. Stevenson read the dictionary as adventurously as many people read a romance. That wit, who, in praise of the dictionary, said that it contained all of Shakespeare's plays, spoke more literally than he knew. It is the most authentic record of the mind of man.

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Give me the ugly-words and the beauty-words of my friend and I will read you the story of his life. He may hide his meaning in his sentences, even in his deeds, but his words reveal him . . . So I read the story of mankind in the record of the symbols of its thoughts.

If you would know life and great literature, make friends with words. Most of them, save prig and snob and snippy, are quite approachable. Some of them, like slush and gush and mush, are perhaps a trifle too effusive. But the best of them, like strength and courage and justice, soon put you at your ease.

A great many words are lonely. They aren't understood, and very naturally they don't have a chance to prove their honesty and their friendship.

I've known quite a few words in my day and I find them much like most people: eager for appreciation, eager

Words

to be loved, and when truly loved, most eager to make life strong with joy and true with beauty.

Next to a flower, a child's eyes, a woman's mouth, a star, a summer sea, an October sunset, a mountain hazed in distance, and a robin in the spring, the most beautiful and colorful thing upon which to look is a word.

For example: opalescent, amaranth, azure, Mesopotamia, Mediterranean are paintings full of the adventurous romance of color.

Here is "Blue Beauty" in words:

The hills are blue, and blue the sky,
And bluer yet the blue bell earth;
Here comes a pale blue butterfly—
Rejoicing in its early birth.

Deep blue the surface of the lake
That lies in beds of speedwell blue;
And blue the lissom waves that
shake

The calm of sky, and flowers, and
view . . . —M. C. STRACHEY



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Next to a rose, a honeysuckle, a baby newly bathed, the fresh-turned earth in spring, the leafy woods of June, and a south wind through the pine tops from the sea, the most delightful odor in the world is a word.

In a word is the attar of every fragrant and blossomy thing that ever made sweet the air of May. The words John Keats uses in "An Ode to Autumn" fairly startle the nostrils with the smell of October apples, pungent and spicy with ripeness.

And did you ever taste a word? Read the episode of Athos imprisoned in the wine cellar of the inn, The Golden Lily at Amiens, when he, Aramis, Porthos and D'Artagnan were riding from Paris to London for the honor of the queen, as recounted in "The Three Musketeers" by Dumas, pere, and you'll taste words. There were great sausages from Touraine, savory hams from Westphalia and wines from Bordeaux—but this unfair!

Words

Then there is "the feel" of a word: how it comes caressingly from the tongue, or with sweet symmetry from the pen. Any printer who loves his craft will tell you that words have a "look" quite their own, even as a human being. That is the reason why some of us rebel against reformed spelling. Certainly good old-fashioned English "neighbour," with a "u" has a most unhurried and hospitable "look." As for "nabor," it looks like the ugly machine-made term it is!

Words, like fine flowers, have their colors, too;

What do you say to crimson words and yellow?

And what to opal, emerald, pale blue?

And elvish gules?—he is a glorious fellow.

Think of the purple hung in Elsinore,

Or call it black and close your eyes to see;

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Go look for amber then on Lochlyn
shore

And drag a sunbeam out of Arcady;
And who of Rosamund or Rosalind
Can part the rosy-petal'd syllables?

—ERNEST RHYS



Where the self-righteous make their
mistake is that they choose their hu-
man companions with unctuous care,
yet they've seldom a thought for their
words.

The most holier-than-thou prig
about proper persons I ever knew had
a mind like a gutter. Now the mind
is the man and his words are the sym-
bols of his thoughts. I'd know a man
sooner by his most used words than by
any other act or deed. In a world
where there is so much to forgive, gen-
erosity and gentleness towards our fel-
lows is perhaps the most lovely trait in
character. It is not so much our human
companions that we should take care

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Words

in choosing as it is the words with which we companion.

For men are known by the words they keep.

And words of a feather flock together.

Just like a word in time saves nine.

Also a word in the mind is worth two in a book.

The Man who chose Publicans and sinners as his companions in preference to the respectable and good people—the unctuous and prideful good—not only knew who was most interestingly human, but He did that which was most divine. It was His words concerning which he was exactly choice both as to meaning, reputation and high purpose. He even went so far as to insist that the words he spoke were spirit and life.

This I do know of myself: Certain great and wise words, meditated upon with patience and devotion, ultimately

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bring peace and find expression
through the heart and hand of man.

And these are the words:

Life, Understanding, Love, Beauty,
Peace, Freedom and Joy.

He who dares these words finds
Life.

BEAUTY

*“Of that fair beauty which no eye can
see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can
measure.”*



PRETTINESS may be pleasing,
but it is shallow, meaningless;
form void of spirit; Love's house
empty.

Beauty gives joy, is the emblem of
truth and full of meaning, therefore,
bringing sincerity to form.

Prettiness is inarticulate and mater-
ial.

Beauty is the voice of the Spirit.

Prettiness is but the shadow of
beauty.

Beauty is love articulate.

Poetry is beauty speaking.

Music is beauty singing.

Dancing is beauty in motion.

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Beauty, then, is the language of love.

Art is the loveliness within man made the Word through song and color and movement.

Beauty is symbolized truth.

Beauty is a dream, a vision, a desire, a devotion, given form.



I love John Keats' "An Ode to a Grecian Urn" because it brings to consciousness something altogether lovely in myself. It brings to my understanding some meaning of myself that I had forgotten; some meaning of myself I had not known was in my heart. Out of myself it unfolds the real, the true man, the very Man of the soul. It brings me something of the inner meaning of life in itself and the kinship through love, of man to men, and men to earth, and earth to all.

I love Ludwig von Beethoven's Ninth Symphony because it reveals to me the meaning of great sorrow, the

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Beauty

wonder of compassion, the divinity of sympathy, and the unconquerableness of hope aflame with love.

I delight in the beauty of Anna Pavlowa and Ruth St. Denis dancing before me, for from them I understand that the very symbol of life itself is the untiring gesture of love. I love bodily beauty because it symbols truth and love made flesh. George Rostrevor expresses this for me:



Her curving bosom images
A tender-folded thought
Whose grace, too exquisite for speech,
Was in her body wrought.
The shining vale between her breasts
Is like a quiet joy,
Such as no malison can harm
Nor any shade annoy.
Yea, all her bodily beauty is
A subtle-fashioned scroll,
Where God has written visibly
Brave hintings of her soul.



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That is not a true saying, that thoughts are things. The truth is, things are symbols of thoughts. When things are things, then sorry is your world, for life is but a biological urge, with little meaning and no high purpose.

When things resolve themselves into thoughts, then fortunate are you, for upon every hand life voices her meaning and her plan. Then truth becomes a tangible actuality and beauty her most gracious instrument.

Why do I love the blue beauty of mountains hazed in distance? Why, when I gaze from summit across the miles to summit, are all ugly thoughts impossible, and a sense of awe and grandeur possesses me like a garment of heaven? Is it not because within me deep there is a most true self, a most immortal Man, whom these heights and horizons summon forth to realization?

Why do I love the gray beauty of

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the evermoving, sunkissed sea that curves with dipping promise beyond the rim of the world? Why, when looking out to sea, does unfaith drop off like a worn-out garment and I am clothed in the gentle strength of understanding? Is it not because unmarred nobility cries to nobility? Is it not that the quiet might of the sea calls to yearning within me the power, not my own and yet my very own, upon which I need most to lean in my utmost hour?

The sea calls me and the hills call me because I know in my heart that when I have conquered fear and overcome limitation I will discover my true Self is one with the mountain-tops in vision and the perfect splendor of the sea.



What is to you the most beautiful thing in the world? Take care how you answer: that it be honest and but whispered in your heart. For the most

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beautiful thing in the world to you is that which symbolizes the best in you.

The mountains call you to the heights of being; the sea to the illimitable reaches of the soul. The rivers and the roads break down your walls and lure you on the highways of the world to the truth and beauty that sets men free. Walls shackle. Walls bind. Walls shut out the light of day. Walls cut off the vision. Walls separate. Walls exclude. Walls are built of fear. Walls make a house of limitations. Walls say, No. A grave, a prison and a man without hope each is a place of walls.

When you wall a river and a road, you no longer have a river and a road.

It is a river because it flows and bubbles and murmurs and whispers and runs, dancing and glistening in the rippled sunlight between the hills and over the meadows to find rest in the sea—the infinite, unconquerable sea.

It is a road because it goes and roams

Beauty

and winds and dips and climbs, vagabonding over the hills and beyond, where life is always beginning again on every mountain-top — the infinite, unconquerable mountain-tops.

We love the rivers and the roads because there is no end to them, because they promise adventure at every turn, because each step is a fresh view and a new starting point, and because they make our heart's desire the journey's end. New hopes, wider views, deeper beauty and greater love is in the call of the river and the road. And we love them because they bring forth from us what we love most genuinely in ourselves.

It is only in the open that we find freedom. The open is the symbol of the Infinite Yea. I wonder if this is not because of the effect upon our thought of wide horizons, the immeasurable depth of skies, the natural honesty of wind and sun? These vast reaches, with their hopeful feeling of

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nearness, ever-present yet everywhere, bring the buoyant knowledge that out there one's own but awaits one's coming. And when we are on the road in the open I wonder if it is not the effect upon our thought of the air we share and the far beauty of the sky, every whit of which belongs to me, and every whit to you, too, which gives us our high concept of the beauty of justice? And I wonder, again, if it is not the effect upon our thought of the byway folk we meet who have left their walls behind them and are sharers of the sun, the wind and the rain, which gives us our unshaken faith in the wisdom of love?

It is through this very sharing of love that we come to an understanding of the meaning of life. That is a lying proverb which tells us that love is blind. Love sees but does not hold to the unlovely, because there is so much of beauty and of strength. What we see that we love in our fellows is the

Beauty

little loves of men building a world
without walls out of the open spaces of
the Infinite. For our limitless possi-
bilities we use the boundless horizons,
for our high hopes we use the heavens,
which reach beyond the farthest star,
and for our delight in the labor, ours
are the colors of blossom and sky and
sea.



The Infinite speaks to man in a thou-
sand voices to call him to his own.

The tree speaks.
The sea calls.
The mountain shouts.
The river whispers.
The blossom beckons.
The road lures.
The poet sings.
The musician plays.
The dancer motions.
And the stars invite in their far dis-
tances.

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All sing and play and whisper and shout and call and beckon the same eternal invitation to man to come forth, to be himself in oneness and in joy with Life and Love. Each singing star and luring road, each mountain-top and poet's cry, promise that he shall attain when he dares to heed the voice: the voice of truth that beauty brings.

LAUGHTER

*I take wings through the night and
pass through all of the wildernesses of
the worlds, and the old dark holds of
tears and death — and return with
laughter, laughter, laughter:
Sailing through the starlit spaces on
outspread wings, we two—
O laughter! laughter! laughter!*
—EDWARD CARPENTER, "Towards Democracy"



I GO to a "movie" because I like to see a "movie": then I go because I love laughter.

In the darkened motion picture theatre men and women forget themselves, forget the shadowed presence of the people sitting beside them, and become as if each were the lone spectator of the drama on the screen. As a consequence, with this sense of being unobserved,

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they let down barriers, they lay aside their acquired mien, and with a lessening of reserve, the more natural being comes forth and finds expression in laughter and in tears. Consequently there is no place where people laugh so much and so freely as where Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin bid them come forth and be natural.

I hear more laughter at the "movie" than anywhere else: and it is a good, free laughter that possesses curative power for the ills of a man. If I do not care for the picture, I close my eyes and listen to the words of laughter, telling me more of life and love, of tears and heartbreak, of wild hopes and dear delights, than it is possible to reveal in the flickering film racing over the screen.

For laughter speaks to me: laughter is language: laughter whispers me things.



Child; there in the darkness, you are

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Laughter

not hidden from me. Your frank, unselfconscious joy in being alive I share with you. I do not know you; I cannot see your face; to you I would seem an old man, but in your laughter I am one with you. You have swept away the years: I am seven, going on eight.

Lad, unseen across the aisle, I know you by your dream. It arose out of your secret heart just now and told every bit of itself to me in your laughter. I am not so sure about the dream: it is likely to change. If you did not fancy yourself explorer, hunter, soldier, poet, lover and president, in turn, all in the course of a few years, I would not claim you. Let the dream pass, for others and better will come, but keep the laughter. Whatever dream may come true, the more of a man you become, the more you'll need the laughter to keep you strong and sane and gentle.

Girl, there in the shadows, you can not hide your heart from me. Your

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laughter speaks with a directness your lips and eyes deny. The high hope you dare, yet fear to voice save unconsciously in laughter and in tears, is of the oneness of life and love. . . You, my sweet, are an April daffodil dreaming that life is fulfilled with the coming of June: a June that knows no passing: an eternity of roses and summer skies and long twilights and a lover immortally constant. . . . Keep the hope, Eternal Girl, if you can: but uncompromisingly hold to the laughter, for it will keep your heart to the end and after.

“Woman, in your laughter you have the music of the fountain of life.”

Man, in your laughter lies the wisdom and the strength to rebuild the world as Truth and Beauty.

God, I missed seeing you in the eyes of these people as they hurried in here for an hour of forgetfulness, but I heard you in their laughter.

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Laughter

My masters: it is laughter the sick world needs.

Try laughter.



Vice doesn't laugh: it makes only a raucous gesture of the throat.

Laughter is of the heart: laughter is not a noise: it is elemental music.

Stupidity does not laugh: it grins with a meaningless posture of the lips.

Laughter is of the mind: laughter is something more than a mere emotional explosion: it is articulate delight.

Nasty-niceness never laughs: leering and sneering is the lie about laughter expressed by the prurient who lack the courage of their fancies.

Laughter is of the soul: the psychologist who would limit it to an experience of the nerves needs to laugh more and mess less in the perversions of the flesh: laughter is the honest prayer of gratitude for the heart's happiness.

Death never laughs.

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Life laughs.

Do not believe them when they tell you it is unbecoming to laugh — bad form, to use the term of the socially self-righteous. It is true, if you are undisciplined, if you have a disorganized mind, if you are vulgar in your tastes, if you have not learned something of self-mastery, it will speak with unerring frankness in your laughter. But do not let this keep you from laughing. Keep your laughter: change the message of your laughter by changing the concept of self.

It is just as true, that if you are gentle, unafraid, generous and strong, it will be proclaimed by your laughter.

Beware of him who never laughs as of the dog who never barks.

The unselfconscious laugh: the natural laugh: the honest laugh: the clean of heart and free of trouble laugh.

Laughter was the first song.

Laughter is the most primitive music.

Laughter

Laughter is man's first articulate gladness.

The merriment of children and men crying-out for joy is the laughter of God.

Try laughter.



There is a kind of sorrow that dries up the heart like the August sun that burns the unshaded pool to frittered mud.

There is a kind of sorrow that maketh glad the heart like the April sun flecks with warm, sweet gold the waters so soon escaped from winter.

The sorrow that burns the heart is bitter and tearless: it is the barren failure of grief to arouse the soul.

The sorrow that maketh glad the heart is sweet and strong because of that which comes out of it: it is travail: travail of the soul.

A heartache may be joy's birth pangs.

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To be beyond heartache is to be beyond sympathy.

Beware of a tearless woman as you would beware of one who cries over herself; or cheats her husband with sobs.

Tears like laughter are more meaningful than speech.

But of the two—laughter and tears—laughter is the finer, the sounder, the more honest.

Laughter is too sincere to sentimentalize: too frequently tears lie and are maudlin.

I have never believed in that often quoted, but unintelligent couplet:

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,

Weep and you weep alone.”

You can't weep alone. People won't let you weep alone. Try it and see: they like too well to weep with you. How we do love tears! Ask the “movie” man: he'll tell you: the big “weep” is the climax of every film. . . .

Laughter

Ask the old-fashioned word-painting, sky-climaxing orator for his receipt for glory. He'll tell you: "Make 'em laugh; but mostly, make 'em cry . . . Then make 'em cry some more. They'll think you're great!" . . . Suppose we could get all the movie-shed tears and the spellbinder tears and the Harold Bell Wrong tears together! The Pacific ocean would lose its reputation. . . People do like to weep together.

The trouble with the world is that it hasn't laughed enough.

If we wept more alone and laughed more together, there'd be less bickering, quibbling, fighting, snickering, sneering, leering, jeering, hating.

It is self-important men and women who take themselves and their kind with overseriousness, who never laugh: who weep in their hearts that such as they should ever meet with opposition: who arrogate a power and a life to themselves that is not their own. They

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need to laugh: to laugh at themselves:
to laugh with the world.

Tears may lie: never laughter.

Tears may be dishonest: never
laughter.

Most of our grief is selfish: much of
our sorrow is self-pity: too frequently
tears are an evasion of self-mastery.

Tears are kind when they break up
grief: when they free us from pity's
enslavement: when they make way for
Self, for Life for its own sake.

True tears are the heart's house-
cleaning.

The trouble is, all of us want joy, but
we refuse to believe in it. We talk
about being happy, yet have not the
courage to dare it. We have accepted
the medieval theologian's lie: that sor-
row and sin and pain and disease are
our earthly portion: that joy is re-
served for children and those who have
died and gone to heaven: that laughter
and merriment and beauty, if not in

Laughter

themselves wrong, have the appearance of evil and are to be fled.

Joy, and its symbol, laughter, are natural and honest and courageous and strong and gentle and lovely and beautiful. I do know that man may have them today if he is of the mind and heart to claim his own.

I do know that God laughs, the earth laughs, the sun, moon and stars laugh.

Already I have heard the laughter of young April Look: the grass smiles today The Infinite and all His universe laugh this hour, save man.

Come! Let us heal the heart of the world with our laughter.

Try laughter.

THOUGHT

Whenever a mind is simple, and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away: means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. . . . The Universe is the externalization of the soul . . . Thought makes everything fit to use.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON



“MY CHILDREN,” said an old man to his boys scared by a figure in the dark entry, “my children, you will never see anything worse than yourselves.”

To this fact of human nature might be added this truth of soul: My children, you will never see anything more lovely than yourselves.

A wise man has said that “men do

Thought

not attract that which they WANT, but that which they ARE.”

This is but a modern version of the wisdom of a still greater sage, “As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”

In my words this means simply that the personality, character and conduct of a man is formed by the thoughts to which he gives the most single-minded devotion.

Thought is everything: action and things are only the externalized result of thought.

That is what Emerson meant when he said, “My children, you will never see anything worse than yourselves.” Your own thought about a thing is all you see of it: if your own thought is ugly, that which you look upon becomes to you as your thought.

That is what is meant by, “My children, you will never see anything more lovely than yourselves.” All things are lovely to all who are possessed of the vision of loveliness.

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That is what Shakespeare meant in *Hamlet* when he said, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

All of which is to say:

You, O Man, carry the world in your heart!

All of the world you see is the reflection of your inner mental condition. You are the manner of man your mental attitudes — your viewpoint — have made you.

Reflect and see if what you really are isn't the result of what you have loved to think about when you have been free to follow your heart's desire.



Not a great while ago my friend Vachel Lindsay said to me:

"A real university is simply a place where eager minds are in residence."

And to this descriptive definition, most sound though likely to disturb the institutionally minded, the reply was made:

Thought

“That is the true university. . . We will have the true learning when it is taught that man is mental: and that by controlling his thought man realizes life after the manner of his heart’s desire.”

The greatest discovery that man has ever made is that he is mind, his body but tributary to his thought: the greatest achievement of man is to change himself by changing his thought.

Ever we see things in the light of our own state of mind.

Ask the grouch. He knows that most everybody is sore about something all of the time, and sour about all things some of the time. That is his state of mind.

That grouch you had is not in the world, it is in you. The suspicion and doubt you find about you are really your own suspicion and doubt. The pruriency you seem to find about you is really your own rotten thought. Your

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distrust of the world is but your distrust of yourself.

Ask the prurient pryer into other people's privacies, and he (she or it) will tell you that every little home has a scandal all its own. Of course it is his state of mind.

The libertine, overtly or imaginatively, knows beyond a doubt that virtue is an impossible ideal. Of course the only virtue he knows or understands is in his own mind.

The hypocrite is quite sure that everybody else is fundamentally insincere.

The liar doesn't expect anybody to tell the truth.

To the thief everybody is a crook.

To the shyster the good are those who have not been found out.

To the egotist a fool and his foot are soon in it.

To the man who has his price every man has his price.



Thought

Now ask the man in love with life: He knows that most everybody is glad about something all of the time, and happy about all things some of the time. . . . That, you see, is his state of mind.

Ask the people who are humble enough to know that they have their hands full attending to their own business, and they will tell you that the general run of folk are decent and as kind as the self-righteous meddler will allow them to be. As in a mirror they see in others the reflection of their own mental state.

Ask the really clean of mind — for virtue is a state of mind—and they will tell you that most people are genuinely pure of heart, that their follies are superficial, and that most of the filth is in the minds of the muck trucklers, whose perverse pleasure is in regulating others.

The sincere man knows that while there are many mistaken, and fooling

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one's self is about the easiest thing in the world, that the consciously insincere man is very rare. The high priests who accused Jesus were well-meaning. The promoters of the inquisition had good intentions.

The man of truth finds truth everywhere. He knows it to be omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient.

Certainly that pleasant greeting with which people meet you is already in your own morning heart. That faith you have in your fellows is the reflection of your own faithfulness. Because you are normal and wholesome in your thoughts about men and women — clean, poised, sane, gentle—you are not bothered about the erotic, neurotic and the tommyrotic.

The honest man knows that unless confidence in honesty were the prevalent belief of men with reference to one another, the entire structure of modern commerce would not last thirty days. The business man knows that no matter

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what is his collateral, his biggest asset at the bank is his reputation for integrity.

Thought is the thing: thought is everything: action, conduct and personality is the externalization of the thought which has most definitely occupied our consciousness.

Life is mental: man is mental: control thought and you control yourself and master life.

In changing our old minds for the new mind, that mind which has been in all the great of characters from Jesus to Lincoln, we have but to understand that it is only the good and lovely in man that is representative of him.

My children, you will never see anything more lovely than yourselves. Then seek and see the loveliness within yourself.

Your world is your own consciousness: it is just as big and beautiful or as little and mean as your thought:

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your world takes its height and depth from your own heart.

Jesus, Judas and Caesar lived in as different worlds as if they had lived in different centuries on different planets.

You may make the world of your heart after the pattern of joy and usefulness if you but persist with patience in the work of making for yourself a new mind whose consciousness is filled with the expression of beauty, wisdom and goodwill.



How?

By “thinking on these things” until they are assimilated: by lining-up your conduct with your thought: by doing this with the same intelligence and patient application that was required to make you a merchant, lawyer, teacher, preacher, stenographer, writer, mechanic, coal digger or whatever may be your daily work.

Most men will admit that they can change the process of buying and book-

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keeping in their business, or of teaching school or running a saw mill, yet they have but a hazy conception that a man may just as surely completely change his mind, and thereby change himself, by changing his thought processes.

Nothing is more true than that a man can change his personality and unfold his individuality just as completely as he can change and develop an art or a business. But it requires as much patience and work in changing his viewpoint — his world — as it does in introducing a new business method.

It is only by means of right thought, to which the conduct is patiently aligned, that men are made free: that loveliness is released: that beauty becomes a joy: that good-will becomes at once the strength and gentleness of life.

The thinker is the world's true pioneer. First the thought; then the thing.

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The thinker is society's blazer of trails. First the dream; then the fact.

The thinker is humanity's teacher. First the seed; then the flower and the fruit.

To progress, the dangerous man is he who does not think.

To think, to think sympathy, justice and beauty, is to develop, to unfold, to live abundantly.

The thinker is the hope of the world. That is why Diogenes insisted, centuries ago, that education was the very foundation of the Greek state. That is the reason why education, training to think, is the hope of the race.

Not in dollars and dynasties is actual power and good to be found. Real dominion is in thought.

There is a new wisdom and it may be stated in five words:

Set your thought right first.

Nothing is more certain than that our personality is created in the image of that to which we give the most ard-

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ent thought. Likewise what is so of the individual is true of nations and the race.

The new wisdom is simple. Watch your thought that it be affirmative. This will not only bring you harmony and loveliness, but by just so much will you correct the thought of the world. It is the way to the beauty of the earth.

INFINITE QUEST

All that we are is the result of our thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.

—GAUTAMA BUDDHA

That which we believe, that we are.

—PHINEUS QUIMBY



I AM a seeker and lover of life. More than anything else I want to know how to live so that I may be myself, keep friends with the folk who love the things I love, and perhaps be of some joyous service to my race. I love books and music and the beauty of summer skies, mountains and cool grey seas, and most of all the loveliness of human personality. I want to know how to live that I may come into a deeper and more abiding appreciation

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of all which enhances and completes life. I had far better leave behind work unfinished than life itself incomplete.

Though I may differ in degree and emphasis I am not unlike all my fellow beings in this craving for life. However we may disagree in our conception as to what is life, and notwithstanding the multitude of ways proposed for its fulfillment, there is nothing more universal than the search for this Great Adventure. The little song of Winifred Webb is everybody's quest:



Ho, all you eager travelers,
Have you some place to go
Where you forget the many things
You wish you did not know?
Forget your own insistent self
And find yourself just fit and free?
If you have found it, won't you tell
Its happy name to me?



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This craving for life explains the unrest of the laboring class. And those people think superficially who believe that what is popularly known as the feminist movement is merely the desire of women to vote and to do "a man's work in a man's way." In reality it is the race-old urge to a life more whole and joyous than the mere continuity of animal existence. Moreover, this explains much of the splendid hazard of business enterprise. There are men who adventure with the commerce crest in like spirit as the explorer and other bearers of what we have deemed to be more glorious banners. To many, even though inadequately, money is relieved of much of its sordidness because it symbolizes life. Even so we may account for war. The economist and sociologist explain its cause in the terms of trade expansion, greed, militarism, intolerable industrial conditions, and the philosophy of force. And they are right; but the psychologist is

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no less right when he states it as the explosion inevitably following the prolonged repression of desire for life.

So with the individual as well as the race, the greatest of our hopes, the most magnificent of our achievements—veritably our heart's desire—is the life long and eternal struggle, not to live, but for a more complete and joyous life. It is this that is the infinite interest, the great quest!

COURAGE

So first of all I believe in life. All men everywhere have the right to live, not only in the terms of animal well-being but in the enjoyment and participation of all those things and thoughts which result in creating beauty and fellowship among men. Nothing is more sacred than life with its potentialities for joy and usefulness. And by life is not meant merely the pleasure of eating and drinking, as another has so splendidly said, but well-being in

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the highest and noblest forms, the joy that springs from obligation discharged, from generous acts, from being true to the ideal, from an appreciation of loveliness in nature, the conduct and the work of men; the joy that is born of and gives birth to poetry and music, friendship and fellowship, fraternity and freedom, and that follows the gratification of highest wants.

Courage and genuineness are the beginnings of the love of life. To live completely one must dare a faith in men in the face of any disaster to any or all; to be dissatisfied with less than justice itself as the foundation of human relations; and to know love as the creative force of earth and heaven, with fellowship and beauty as the makers of the joys of today and their increase and intensification as the hopes of tomorrow.



“If we ask those geniuses who represent the highest achievements of hu-

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manity what we ought to think about life," says M. Bordeaux, "how would they answer us? The great minds in art, literature, and history are only great when they animate us, when they quicken the movement of our blood and stir our resolution. They realize for us the changing beauty of the world and the transient charm of our days. No artist is great without unlimited love of life. I will quote only one example, the most touching; that of Beethoven. Financial worries, family troubles, a most cruel malady — that deafness which shut him up within himself — moral loneliness, unrealized love, such was the record of his life. A weak soul would have given way to despair. From the depths of all his distress he undertook to celebrate joy, and he did so in his Ninth Symphony.

"It is told of him that once, visiting a lady who had just lost her son and not finding words both strong and

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gentle enough to express his sympathy, he sat down at the piano and played. He played a song of sorrow, but a song of hope also. Thus in our suffering the great masters of art come to our help.”

Here was a man who dared to love life. Yet, too many of us are content with only the pretense of living. We do not want to be great; we want to be thought great. We want to be seen of men at that which appears to be living. We do not brave life as the soldier the battle, with honor and death and victory and defeat all about him, yet fearing none, while daring and hoping all.

HUMANITY

Because I have learned to love life I believe in humanity. “Above all creeds, above all religions, after all, is that divine thing—Humanity.” All of my faith is based on the potentialities of men to become their heart’s desire. Aware of human weaknesses, which en-

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ervate, undermine, and destroy, I am more aware of man's integrity of being, confident that within him are possibilities for good so infinite that there has not yet come prophet or poet so far-seeing as to sing the song of his achievement. It requires neither mind nor heart to see the vicious or the ugly. "It is the evil that lies in ourselves that is ever least tolerant of the evil that dwells within others." To see and know the good, the divine, is alone a science and art of living.

If you were to ask why I believe so confidently in the ultimate possibilities of the human race, I would answer you with two reasons: First, man is both a dreamer and a thinker concerning those things which pertain to beauty and love.

Now I know that man is potential with greatness of mind, with loveliness of personality, with infinite possibilities for creating, because these are the things about which he dreams and

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thinks most ardently. Nothing is more certain than that our characters are created in the image of that to which we give the most of our thought and feeling.

The other reason the race will come into its own is, if we call the roll of the men and women whom history has deemed both great and beautiful in achievement and character we will discover them to be our poets and prophets and builders. What was it Moses wanted for his people? About what did David sing most glad-heartedly? Upon what did Isaiah spend his energies and hopes proclaiming to his day? What was the central thought of Jesus? For what did Savonarola die? Why did Luther lift his voice? What was the plea of Wesley? Of what did Shakespeare and Milton and Dante and Homer and all the poets sing most ardently? What was the dream of Lincoln? And what is the cry of the hearts of men who lead us today?

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Though we use our own phraseology, is not the answer of the poet and seer and saint the one immortal hope: That humanity, being potential, might have life and have it more abundantly?

PROGRESS

Consequently I believe in progress. The growth of the race, no more than the growth of the individual, is uninterruptedly forward. Blunders and deep-seated errors cause much failure and many setbacks, but despite all the ruin and disaster there is sufficient development toward better conditions and those steady and wholesome experiences to create what we call progress.

It is presumed that none deny progress in terms of material achievement. This is now so patent in the wonders, as well as the disasters, which modern machinery has wrought in the transportation, manufactory, and the dissemination of intelligence. From the

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ox team, by means of which my mother came from Virginia to Kentucky, to the automobile and the airplane is achievement. From the candles, of which she used to superintend the making by slaves, to the electric light is achievement. From the clothing which she used to produce out of the native flax and cotton to the machine-made "suits" to be bought at the nearest clothiers' is achievement.

But material achievement is not all. Science has reconstructed the world of thought, helping in the overthrow of fear, superstition, and ignorance. From the little backwoods schoolhouse with its benches of split logs and its "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic," which constituted the elementary education of the grandfathers of many of us, to the democratic educational system of today, is perhaps our greatest achievement. But it is said: We grant you intellectual and material growth, but has man improved morally and spiritually?

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Man is at least in his thinking, if not always in his conduct, more sympathetic, more kindly, more generous, more just than ever before in history, and thinking differently is the very beginning of living differently. A world that can rid itself of duelling, piracy, and chattel slavery can rid itself of the industrialism and militarism with which it is cursed today.

“All that tends to develop the minds and bodies of men; all that gives us better clothes, better food, better pictures, grander music, better heads, better hearts; all that renders us more intellectual, more loving, nearer just; that makes better husbands and wives, better children, better citizens — all these things combined produce what I call Progress.”

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

JUSTICE

And, therefore, I believe in justice, for there can be no progress without

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right relations among men. By justice is meant equal opportunity for all to live their lives under such conditions as will eliminate drudgery from labor, permitting all to know something of the joy of achievement. By justice is meant economic freedom that man may have a fighting chance for his soul. This is the day of the release of the soul. Necessity forces us into undue emphasis upon things, bread and meat, shelter and clothing. Ideas, ideals, hopes and creative work are the right of the soul. If man is merely a differently shaped, de-horned ox, than the usual cud-chewing animal of the meadow, let him eat, sleep, procreate, and die; but if he is mind, soul, in other words, if he is a spiritual being, dwelling in a house of flesh, then justice demands opportunity to realize his possibilities. Exploitation, poverty, vice and greed, all have the tendency to drive him into his animal self with bestiality as a result; justice, liberty,

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and beauty have the tendency to release in him his spiritual self.



I like my food and have the Epicurean's delight in a dinner, and I love poetry with all the hope it brings to birth. To me there are fewer pleasures more keen than when healthily tired to lie down on the cool, clean-scented sheets of rest and experience the sensuousness of falling into sleep; and I love the wonder-working emotion that music brings to every bit of me, both body and soul. And over against the pleasures of my eyes in May-time fields and summer sky, in the fresh and fragrant beauty of young girls and flowers, of heaven-kissing mountains and far-reaching blue seas, is the mind's delight in seeing those invisible things, the deeper realities, which prophet and dreamer and painter bring to life.

With all my senses I delight in the many things that bring sweetness and

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perfume and sound and sight and feeling to me; but greater than all these—even greater than literature and music and ideas—is the fellowship of friend and comrade with whom in wonder and joy I share all that delights and makes my life. For a dinner and a poem and a song lose half when experienced alone; it is in sharing that we find the deeper and more fundamental meaning and loveliness of life. Therefore, by justice is meant that splendid democracy of lives shared in all things which make the man a good animal and a human soul unfolding into the consciousness of immortal being.

LOVE

All of which leads me to say that most of all, I believe in Love. Not only love as we commonly understand it as manifested in the mating instinct, but love as the *elan vital* of the prophet, the novelist, and all the world's

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artists and achievers who bring forth their work in joy.

By love is meant sympathy and tolerance and tenderness. Love, that makes all labor and pain endurable; Love, that like a light leads us through all misadventures and ugly places; Love, that more than any other power, draws us together and humanizes us, producing strength and hope. Love, that simplifies and sweetens and ministers, that suffers all things and is kind, that for the individual taketh no account of evil, that endureth all things, that believeth all things, that blossoms in beauty everywhere from the face of a flower to the heart of a child. "For everything of beauty tends to the elevation of man. Every little morning-glory whose purple bosom thrills with the amorous kisses of the sun, tends to put a blossom in the heart."

"Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens

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of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods."

It is M. Maurice Maeterlinck who suggests the element love plays in the prophetic mind. "Truly they who know still know nothing if the value of love be not theirs; for the true sage is not he who sees, but who seeing the farthest, has the deepest love of mankind. He who sees without loving is only straining his eyes into darkness."

GOD

And because I believe in Love I must believe in God. By God is meant the Creative Force that keeps a star in its course, or shapes and unfolds and colors and perfumes the petal of a rose. By God is meant the ideals and high purposes of men when they turn to liberty and love. He is Spring when

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the earth renews her life in green and crimson, in sap and song; He is Autumn when the grain grows golden with ripeness; He is Truth and Beauty when men prophesy and sing and paint: He is Progress when nations make peace and establish justice; He is the Light and the Love and the Life of man. God, the *esse*, the Spirit, the Principle, the Heart of all, "everywhere evenly present," and ever available to the minds of men of like nature.

And since all of this is so, religion is no longer a hierocratic mystery, nor a social convention, but a power by means of which to know and live life more deeply and consciously. All things have become religious that have in them the hope of joy and growth; all days are holy days which abound in health and usefulness; all tasks are sacred which bring opportunity and fellowship; all things are of God from a machine to an ideal, which draw men

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together in good-will and promote beauty in the earth.

However great and holy a purpose the church, the Sabbath, preachers, priests, sermons, rites, and creeds may serve, religion is not confined to the temple, holiness to one day in the week, nor is God represented by caste, or salvation achieved through an ordinance or a dogma. A school may be as much a sanctuary as a church, Monday as holy as Sunday, a merchant as much the spokesman of God as a clergyman, and certainly cleanliness, honor, and justice are sacred beyond all confessions of faith and baptisms.

Consciously, men are discovering God in their motives and acts here on earth in every moment of time. Religion is no longer for another world than ours, apart from life; it is life itself at its highest and best.

LIFE

Thus, to find usefulness and joy in today in the simplest thought and act

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Infinite Quest

of the hour's need or hope; to dream of tomorrow, but not to live in it; to remember yesterday, but not to die in it; to believe in myself, my fellows, and the race, and to have the courage of my faith; to accept defeat with nobility, and go on with the task before me; to meet triumph with an appreciation of all I owe to friends and to society; to learn from sorrow both fortitude and sympathy unmixed with either bitterness or self-pity; to know happiness without egotism or sensuality; to keep in unflinching expectant human touch with all sorts and conditions of folk; to know the ideals and loves and struggles of men through literature, art, music, philosophy, and religion; to dare life, to love life, if needs be to wait upon life, with a morning eagerness like youth, yet with the enduring patience of winter nights or age when wisdom has come; always of good cheer, yet ever unsatisfied with less than loveliness of character and

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Creative Living

sincerity in achievement; this is to live completely.

It is with one gesture to make an art of living and to release the Spirit divine into individual activity.



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