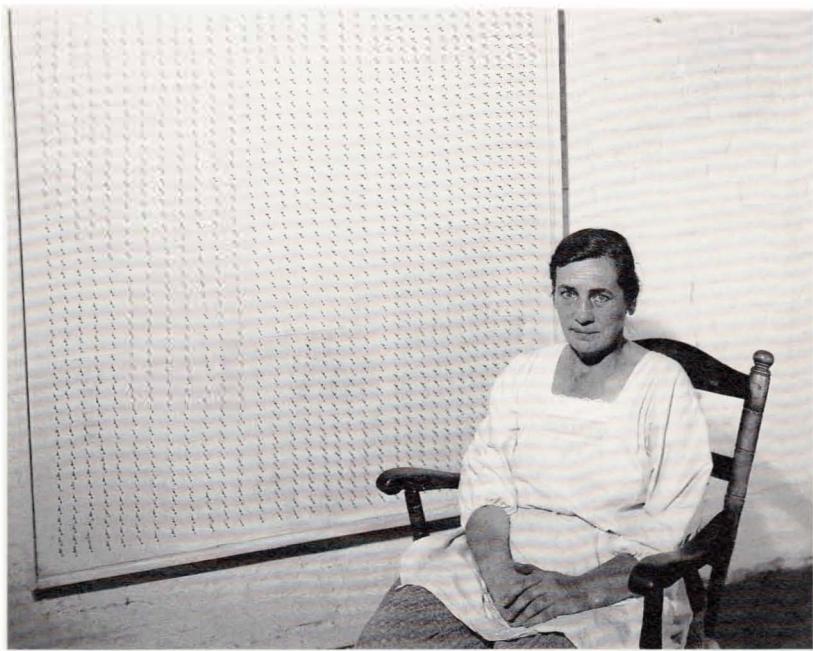


AGNES MARTIN

WRITINGS  
SCHRIFTEN



AGNES MARTI New York, Early 60's / Frühe 60er Jahre / © Peter Moore

AGNES MARTIN

# WRITINGS

EDITED BY / HERAUSGEgeben von DIETER SCHWARZ

# SCHRIFTEN

KUNSTMUSEUM WINTERTHUR / EDITION CANTZ

## PREFACE

It might seem surprising to see the writings of Agnes Martin being published in a book, for this artist born in Maklin, Saskatchewan, in 1912 has never put aside her painting in favor of theoretical manifestoes or programmatic statements. Agnes Martin is an artist who has abandoned painting only occasionally when she was engaged in drawing or making watercolors. What Agnes Martin has presented is in fact a decidedly pure painterly body of work that seems reserved exclusively to visual perception and from which all literary allusions or representational references are banished. And yet we have a stately volume with the artist's writings of the past twenty years before us.

Only a few surviving notes from the fifties and the early sixties provide us with an insight into Agnes Martin's thinking of that time. Next to external difficulties that led to the loss of numerous paintings, her self-critical attitude is also to blame that only fragments of her early work have survived. As she herself has declared, she destroyed her early paintings in the course of the last few decades as far as she still had access to them for, according to her view, her work does not follow a genealogical line. Just as little should it supply documentary reference points for any kind of evolution or development. Such aspects are extraneous to the claims of absoluteness and timelessness that her painting demands. So it would be wrong to assume that Agnes Martin's work evolved towards the activity of writing. The reason for recording her ideas at a given moment was an invitation by the Institute of Contemporary Art of the University of Pennsylvania to deliver a lecture. She was in a longer period of abstention from painting then. Since she had left New York for New Mexico in 1967 because she had lost her apartment in the artist's community Coenties Slip at the southern tip of Manhattan, she had not painted any more. Only in 1974 would she take up to her work as an artist again, with *On a Clear Day*, a series of prints.

The lecture *On the Perfection Underlying Life* was completed only after numerous onsets – the published version of the manuscript is entitled “Beginning No. 5”. This speech addressed to young artists is neither an autobiographical review by an artist of an older generation nor an essayistic reflexion about the chosen subject. No, this is a true speech, a monologue in which each new element joins the preceding sentence or idea in a seemingly clumsy pace that allows every sentence to unfold in an uniform way. Agnes Martin delivers precise statements on the artist and his work, the solitude of the artist, on notions like beauty and truth. Yet the result is more than a mere statement. In the process of writing, in this inner speech, the conviction grows on her that the ideas that result from personal experience, that the particular individual experience of the artist inevitably become detached from the personal and turn into universal truths. The handwritten lecture moves away from the painting it cannot reproduce, but it attempts to transmit analogically the hopeful awareness of the unity of truth and beauty in the work of art.

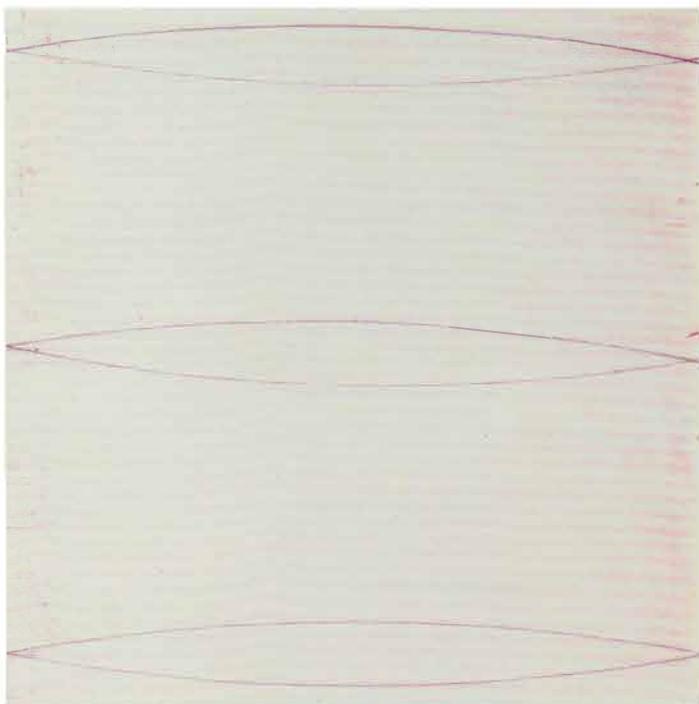
Writing and speaking: the precise form of Agnes Martin’s talk led the critic Ann Wilson to write down some of the stories that often recur in the artist’s conversation, without interfering too strongly with the flow of her words. This is how, along with other texts, *The Untroubled Mind* has come about. In retrospect Agnes Martin meets this text – it has been published several times – and the lectures she wrote down herself with the same friendly scepticism. In re-reading her texts, she is doubtful when trying to bring back to mind her own thoughts. She is sceptical about the manuscript that has become conclusive by being reproduced. Her manuscripts are collected and published by others. She has discarded things that were of no more importance to her, things like manuscripts of speeches and lectures once they were held.

In the tension that exists between the abiding static form of the individual paragraphs and the dynamic narrative pull of the text, the flow of words in such a lecture transmits something of the emphasis and the subtle impatience that also characterize the paintings of Agnes Martin. These pictures that seem so calm are the result of an intensive, moved process of painting whose

physical intensity is not expressed in gestural brushwork but through the insistence through which Agnes Martin pursues a pictorial idea day after day. Most of the results of this continuous painterly work are rejected or painted over. Eventually only a few paintings are left. Those that seem successful to her, in which she sees her idea of leaving the preconceived, fixed form left behind and where the concept of creating a space for perception is realized stroke by stroke, line by line:

“My paintings have neither object nor space nor line nor anything – no forms. They are light, lightness, about merging, about formlessness, breaking down form. You wouldn’t think of form by the ocean. You can go in if you don’t encounter anything. A world without objects, without interruption, making a work without interruption or obstacle. It is to accept the necessity of the simple direct going into a field of vision as you would cross an empty beach to look at the ocean.”

Dieter Schwarz



## NOTES

I hope I have made it clear that the work is *about* perfection as we are aware of it in our minds but that the paintings are very far from being perfect – completely removed in fact – even as we ourselves are.

\*

In graphic arts and all the arts technique is a hazard even as it is in living life.

\*

Everyone recognizes the nature pattern of unequal and contesting or related parts.

Classicism foregoes the nature pattern.

\*

The underside of the leaf  
Cool in shadow  
Sublimely unemphatic  
Smiling of innocence

The frailest stems  
Quivering in light  
Bend and break  
In silence

This poem, like the paintings, is not really about nature. It is not what is seen. It is what is known forever in the mind.

\*

The silence on the floor of my house  
Is all the questions and all the answers that have been known in  
the world  
The sentimental furniture threatens the peace  
The reflection of a sunset speaks loudly of days

\*

Huang Po, page 50, John Blofeld:  
The Buddha has three bodies  
the Dharmakāya – the void-pure mind, freedom  
the Sambhogakāya – the underlying purity (*the classic*)  
the Nirmānakāya – ritualistic  
The last two are not real teachers of the true Dharma

\*

Art work has only a tintering of what it attempts to represent to  
the artist and to responsive observers. It is not beneficial,  
nothing is gained from it, and it does not tell the truth. It is  
enjoyed or not according to the condition of the observer. A  
very small gesture of exultation.

\*

Good criticism by Robert Coates in the New Yorker Magazine,  
Sept. or Oct. 1961.  
Comparison with Albers who was showing in Janis G. at the  
time.

\*

The struggle of existence, non existence is not my struggle. The  
establishment of the perfect state not mine to do. Being outside  
that struggle I turn to perfection as I see it in my mind, and as  
I also see it with my eyes even in the dust.  
Although I do not represent it very well in my work, all seeing  
the work, being already familiar with the subject, are easily  
reminded of it.

\*

In my best moments I think “Life has passed me by” and I am content.

Walking seems to cover time and space but in reality we are always just where we started. I walk but in reality I am hand in hand with contentment on my own doorstep.

The ocean is deathless  
The islands rise and die  
Quietly come, quietly go  
A silent swaying breath

I wish the idea of time would drain out of my cells and leave me quiet even on this shore.

\*

We cannot even imagine how to be humble.

I can see humility  
Delicate and white  
It is satisfying  
Just by itself

And Trust  
absolute trust  
a gift  
a precious gift

I would rather think of humility than anything else.

Humility, the beautiful daughter  
She cannot do either right or wrong  
She does not do anything  
All of her ways are empty  
Infinitely light and delicate  
She treads an even path  
Sweet, smiling, uninterrupted, free

\*

## THE THINKING REED

We need more and different flags.

What is the worm of the world that spoils exultation?

One who has become all eyes does not see.

To try to understand is to court misunderstanding.

Not to know but to go on.

Anything is a mirror.

There are two endless directions. In and out.

\*

## RESPONSE TO ART

When we go to museums we do not just look, we make a definite response to the work. As we look at it we are happier or more sad, more at peace or more depressed. A work may stimulate yearning, helplessness, belligerence or remorse.

The cause of the response is not traceable in the work. An artist cannot and does not prepare for a certain response. He does not consider the response but simply follows his inspiration.

Works of art are not purposely conceived. The response depends upon the condition of the observer.

\*

In our minds there is an awareness of perfection and when we look with our eyes we see it.

\*

I would like my work to be recognized as being in the classic tradition (Coptic, Egyptian, Greek, Chinese), as representing the Ideal in the mind. Classical art can not possibly be eclectic. One must see the Ideal in one's own mind. It is like a memory of perfection.

\*

The adventurous state of mind is a high house.

To enjoy life the adventurous state of mind must be grasped and maintained.

The essential feature of adventure is that it is a going forward into unknown territory.

The joy of adventure is unaccountable.

This is the attractiveness of art work. It is adventurous, strenuous and joyful.

\*

## SHORT ESSAYS

Freshness:

Especially when the morning air is struck alive

Especially when the stream runs cool and the grass drinks

Especially in sweet sleep when small waves go back on themselves

Clear shining tumbling gay

Soft lifting serene

Allaying thirst

Freshness enters

Staleness:

Because I cannot see

Because I cannot know my desire

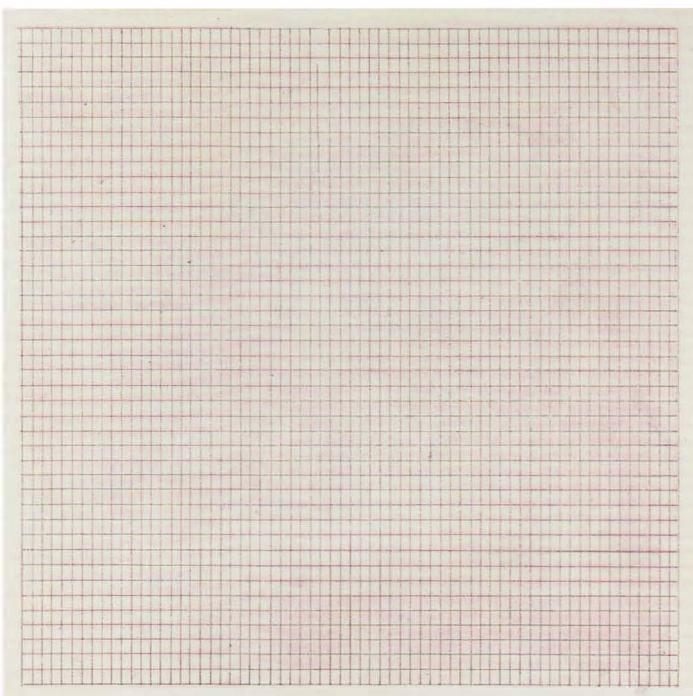
Because of burning and ashes

I am looking on my own death

Now in desperation I will help this one, that one

But there will be no help given

There will be hope and determination and no breathing



## ANSWER TO AN INQUIRY

My formats are square, but the grids never are absolutely square; they are rectangles, a little bit off the square, making a sort of contradiction, a dissonance, though I didn't set out to do it that way. When I cover the square surface with rectangles, it lightens the weight of the square, destroys its power.

## REFLECTIONS

I'd like to talk about the perfection underlying life  
when the mind is covered over with perfection  
and the heart is filled with delight  
but I wish not to deny the rest.

In our minds, there is awareness of perfection;  
when we look with our eyes we see it,  
and how it functions is mysterious to us and unavailable.

When we live our lives it's something like a race – our minds  
become concerned and covered over and we get depressed and  
have to get away for a holiday.

And then sometimes there are moments of perfection  
and in these moments we wonder why we ever thought life was  
difficult.

We think that at last our feet are on the right path and that we  
will not falter or fail.

We're absolutely convinced we have the solution and then the  
moment is over.

Moments of awareness are not complete awareness,  
just as moments of blindness are not completely blind.

In moments of blindness when you meet someone you know  
well,  
they seem hardly recognizable,  
and one seems even a stranger to oneself.

These experiences of the mind are too quickly passed over and  
forgotten,

although startling moments of awareness are never forgotten.  
Seeking awareness of perfection in the mind is called  
living the inner life.

It is not necessary for artists to live the inner life.

It is only necessary for them to recognize inspiration or to  
represent it.

Our representations of inspiration are far from perfect  
for perfection is unobtainable and unattainable.

Moments of awareness of perfection and of inspiration are alike except that inspirations are often directives to action. Many people think that if they are attuned to fate, all their inspirations will lead them toward what they want and need. But inspiration is really just the guide to the next thing and may be what we call success or failure. The bad paintings have to be painted and to the artist these are more valuable than those paintings later brought before the public. A work of art is successful when there is a hint of perfection present – at the slightest hint... the work is alive. The life of the work depends upon the observer, according to his own awareness of perfection and inspiration. The responsibility of the response to art is not with the artist. To feel confident and successful is not natural to the artist. To feel insufficient, to experience disappointment and defeat in waiting for inspiration is the natural state of mind of an artist. As a result praise to most artists is a little embarrassing. They cannot take credit for inspiration, for we can see perfectly, but we cannot do perfectly. Many artists live socially without disturbance to mind, but others must live the inner experiences of mind, a solitary way of living.

## THE UNTROUBLED MIND

People think that painting is about color  
It's mostly composition  
It's composition that's the whole thing  
The classic image –  
Two late Tang dishes, one with a flower image,  
one empty – the empty form goes all the way to heaven  
It is the classic form – lighter weight  
My work is anti-nature  
The four-story mountain  
You will not think form, space, line, contour  
Just a suggestion of nature gives weight  
light and heavy  
light like a feather  
you get light enough and you levitate  
When I say it's alive, it's inspired  
alive  
Inspiration and life are equivalents and they come from  
outside  
Beauty is pervasive  
inspiration is pervasive  
We say this rose is beautiful  
and when this rose is destroyed then we have lost something  
so that beauty has been lost  
When the rose is destroyed we grieve  
but really beauty is unattached  
and a clear mind sees it  
The rose represents nature  
but it isn't the rose  
beauty is unattached, it's inspiration – it's inspiration  
The development of sensibility, the response to beauty  
In early childhood, when the mind is untroubled, is when  
inspiration is most possible  
The little child just sitting in the snow

The education of children – social development is contradictory to aesthetic development

Nature is conquest, possession, eating, sleeping, procreation  
It is not aesthetic, not the kind of inspiration I'm interested in  
Nature is the wheel

When you get off the wheel you're looking out  
You stand with your back to the turmoil  
You never rest with nature, it's a hungry thing  
Every animal that you meet is hungry  
Not that I don't believe in eating  
but I just want to make the distinction between  
art and eating

This painting I like because you can get in there and rest  
The satisfaction of appetite happens to be impossible  
The satisfaction of appetite is frustrating  
So it's always better to be a little bit hungry  
That way you contradict the necessity  
Not that I'm for asceticism  
but the absolute trick in life is to find rest

If there's life in the composition it stimulates your life moments,  
your happy moments, your brain is stimulated  
Saint Augustine says that milk doesn't come from the mother  
I painted a painting called *Milk River*  
Cows don't give milk if they don't have grass and water  
Tremendous meaning of that is that painters can't give  
anything to the observer

People get what they need from a painting  
The painter need not die because of responsibility  
When you have inspiration and represent inspiration  
The observer makes the painting

The painter has no responsibility to stimulate his needs  
It's all an enormous process  
No suffering is unnecessary  
All of it is only enlightening, this is life  
Asceticism is a mistake  
sought out suffering is a mistake  
but what comes to you free is enlightening  
I used to paint mountains here in New Mexico and I thought  
my mountains looked like ant hills

I saw the plains driving out of New Mexico and I thought  
the plain had it  
just the plane  
If you draw a diagonal, that's loose at both ends  
I don't like circles – too expanding  
When I draw horizontals  
you see this big plane and you have certain feelings like  
you're expanding over the plane  
Anything can be painted without representation  
I don't believe in influence  
unless it's you, yourself following your own track  
Why, you'd never get anywhere  
I don't believe in the eclectic  
I believe in the recurrence  
That this is a return to classicism  
Classicism is not about people  
and this work is not about the world  
We called Greek classicism Idealism  
Idealism sounds like something you can strive for  
They didn't strive for idealism at all  
Just follow what Plato has to say  
Classicists are people that look out with their back to the world  
It represents something that isn't possible in the world  
More perfection than is possible in the world  
It's as unsubjective as possible  
The ideal in America is the natural man  
The conqueror, the one that can accumulate  
The one who overcomes disadvantages, strength, courage  
Whereas inspiration, classical art depends on inspiration  
The Sylphides – I depend on the muses  
Muses come and help me now  
It exists in the mind  
Before it's represented on paper it exists in the mind  
The point – it doesn't exist in the world  
The classic is cool  
a classical period  
it is cool because it is impersonal  
the detached and impersonal  
If a person goes walking in the mountains that is not detached

and impersonal, he's just looking back  
Being detached and impersonal is related to freedom  
That's the answer for inspiration  
The untroubled mind  
Plato says that all that exists are shadows  
To a detached person the complication of the involved life  
is like chaos  
If you don't like the chaos you're a classicist  
If you like it you're a romanticist  
Someone said all human emotion is an idea  
Painting is not about ideas or personal emotion  
When I was painting in New York I was not so clear about that  
Now I'm very clear that the object is freedom  
not political freedom, which is the echo  
not freedom from social mores  
freedom from mastery and slavery  
freedom from what's dragging you down  
freedom from right and wrong  
In Genesis Eve ate the apple of knowledge  
of good and evil  
When you give up the idea of right and wrong  
you don't get anything  
What you do is get rid of everything  
freedom from ideas and responsibility  
If you live by inspiration then you do what comes to you  
you can't live the moral life, you have to obey destiny  
you can't live the inspired life and live the conventions  
you can't make promises  
The future's a blank page  
I pretended I was looking at the blank page  
I used to look in my mind for the unwritten page  
if my mind was empty enough I could see it  
I didn't paint the plane  
I just drew this horizontal line  
Then I found out about all the other lines  
But I realized what I liked was the horizontal line  
Then I painted the two rectangles  
correct composition  
if they're just right

You can't get away from what you have to do  
They arrive at an interior balance  
like there shouldn't need to be anything added  
People see a color that's not there  
our responses are stimulated  
I'm painting them for direct light  
With these rectangles I didn't know at the time exactly why  
I painted those rectangles  
From Isaiah, about inspiration  
"Surely the people is grass"  
You go down to the river  
you're just like me  
an orange leaf is floating  
you're just like me  
Then I drew all those rectangles  
All the people were like those rectangles  
they are just like grass  
That's the way to freedom  
If you can imagine you're a grain of sand  
you know the rock ages  
If you imagine that you're a rock  
rock of ages cleft from me  
let me hide myself in thee  
You don't have to worry  
if you can imagine that you're a rock  
all your troubles fall away  
It's consolation  
Sand is better  
You're so much smaller as a grain of sand  
We are so much less  
These paintings are about freedom from the cares of this world  
from wordliness  
Not religion  
You don't have to be religious to have inspirations  
Senility is looking back with nostalgia  
senility is lack of inspiration in life  
Art restimulates inspirations and awakens sensibilities  
that's the function of art  
A boy whenever he had a problem

he called this rock up out of the mud  
he turned into a rock  
he summoned a vision of quiet  
The idea is independence and solitude  
nothing religious in my retirement  
religion from my point of view  
it's about this grass  
The grass enjoyed it when the wind blew  
It really enjoyed the wind leaning this way and that  
So the grass thought the wind is a great comfort  
besides that it blows the clouds here which make rain  
In fact we owe all our self being to the wind  
We should tell the wind our gratitude  
perhaps if we fall down and abase ourselves  
We can get more – we can avoid suffering  
That's religion  
solitude and independence for a free mind  
Nothing that happens in your life makes inspiration  
When your eyes are open  
you see beauty in anything  
Blake's right about there's no difference  
between the whole thing  
and one thing  
Freedom from suffering  
suffering is necessary for freedom from suffering  
First you have to find out about what you're suffering from  
My painting is about impotence  
We are ineffectual  
In a big picture a blade of grass amounts to not very much  
Worries fall off you when you can believe that  
pride is in abeyance when you think that  
One thing I've got a good grip on is remorse  
The whole wave  
it applies to life, the wave  
As it was in the beginning, there was no division  
and no separation  
Don't look at the stars  
Then your mind goes freely – way, way beyond  
Look between the rain

the drops are insular

Try to remember before you were born

The conqueror will fight with you

if there's no one else around

I am constantly tempted to think that I can help save myself  
by looking into my mind I can see what's there  
by bringing thoughts to the surface of my mind I can watch  
them dissolve

I can see my ego and see its intentions

I can see that it is the same as all nature

I can see that it is myself and impotent like all nature

impotent in the process of dissolution of ego, of itself

I can see that its main intention is the conquest and destruction  
of ego, of self

and can only go back and forth in constant battle with itself  
repeating itself

It would be an endless battle if it were all up to ego  
because it does not destroy and is not destroyed by itself

It is like a wave

it makes itself up, it rushes forward getting nowhere really

it crashes, withdraws and makes itself up again

pulls itself together with pride

towers with pride

rushes forward into imaginary conquest

crashes in frustration

withdraws with remorse and repentance

pulls itself together with new resolution

Individually and collectively the same

children trained in pride and patriotism

towering in national spirit

charging in conquest

Victory and defeat and frustration

withdrawning and repentance

then once more pride

the wheel of life

pride

conquest

Victory defeat frustration

remorse repentance

resolution

pride

More people at an earlier age see the conqueror in themselves  
then see the way out in another process

the real defeat of ego in which we have no part

The dissolution of ego in reality as it was in the beginning  
as it was before we were separate and insular

the process we call destiny

in which we are the material to be dissolved

We eat

We procreate

We die

We can see the process and recognize suffering as the defeat of  
ego by the process of destiny

We can relinquish pride, conquest, remorse and resolution  
inevitably as destiny unfolds

Cradled on the mountain I can rest

Solitude and freedom are the same

under every fallen leaf

Others do not really exist in solitude, I do not exist

no thinking of others even when they are there, no interruption  
a mystic and a solitary person are the same

Night, shelterless, wandering

I, like the deer, looked

finding less and less

living is grazing

memory is chewing cud

wandering away from everything

giving up everything

not me anymore, any of it

retired ego, wandering

on the mountain

no more conquests, no longer an enemy to anyone

ego retired, wandering

no longer a friend, master, slave

all the opposites dead to the world and himself irresponsible

perhaps I can now really enjoy sailing

adventure in the dark

very exciting

Beast seems to be stretched out dead  
He is very mild  
I will not be seeking adventure but it might happen I suppose  
Inspired action is destiny  
our feet are in the paths of righteousness  
the paths that our feet take are marked  
As the river runs to the sea  
and the plant grows to the sun  
so do we flow and grow and exist  
Ecstasy playing with Sylphides angels  
As long as I look in my mind and see nothing at all  
The Sylphides have the beast captured and are grooming him  
very pleasant sun, that is what destiny is like  
it is like grooming  
The idea  
the sudden realization of the destruction of innocence by ego  
In solitude there is consolation  
thinking of others and myself, even plants  
I am immediately apprehensive  
because my solitude has been interrupted  
solitude, inspiration  
Westward down the mountain  
I am nothing absolutely  
There is this other thing going on  
the purification of reality  
that is all that is happening  
all that happens is that process  
not nature, the dissolution of nature  
The error is in thinking we have  
a part to play in the process  
As long as we think that, we are in resistance  
I can see that I have nothing to do with the process  
It is very pleasant  
The all of all, reality, mind  
the process of destiny  
like the ocean full to the brim  
like a dignified journey with no trouble and no goal on and on  
Solitude  
other than nature

smiling

Everyone is chosen and everyone knows it

including animals and plants

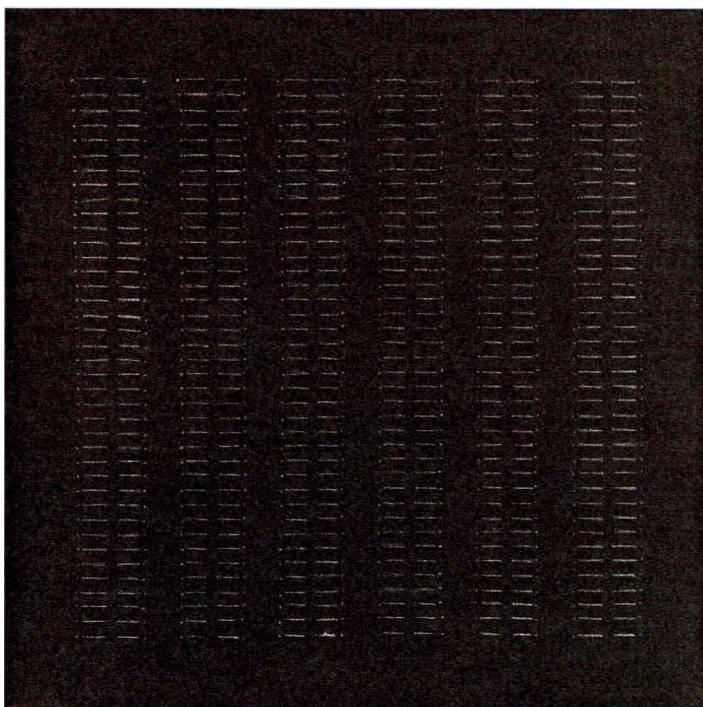
There is only the all of the all

everything is that

every infinitesimal thought and action is part and parcel of  
a wonderful victory

“freedom on the mountain, a glimpse of victory”

We seem to be winning and losing assassination of a  
president



## WILLIE STORIES

When they were draggin' Willie through the river Lethe he practically drowned the devils all three. When he got to the other side he saw the iron mountains there — solid iron, you know.

There's a big fire in the middle of the mountain, you know.

Willie saw the damned there.

Willie took one look at the damned.

He jumped right in the middle of the fire.

The devils called: "Come out, you're not supposed to do that."

They could see him sitting in there.

They came back, and he was still sitting in there, a glowing outline,

and on the third day he came out

and he was immune to the flames

and he walked right up to satan's officc

and he signed up to be a devil.

Willie was very fond of his mother when he was little. He prayed to God and said: "Please God I want to love my mother with my whole heart and soul. And I want everything to be like it is now."

And God answered: "Okay Willie."

Then Willie met this beautiful woman.

"As a matter of fact I want you to change that, I want you to make it that I love my wife."

"Okay Willie."

And Willie had a son.

And he says: "I want that changed."

And God said to the angels: "Take care of Willie."

And the angels said: "What are we going to do with these human beings they all want the same thing and want it changed?"

And Gods says: "Arrange it that way. Everything stays the same and everything changes. What is in the world is really opposites."

## PARABLE OF THE EQUAL HEARTS

Once there were two lovers that had equal hearts.  
One would pursue one,  
the other would pursue the other.  
Then the angels looked down and said:  
“What a waste”, and made them perceive each other.  
Their hearts melted into one.  
They had no use for the world  
so they leaped into the swift river.  
This heart was always restless  
and the only place where it had any rest at all was on the beach.  
But even on the beach one said:  
“I wish we’d never been made one.”  
And immediately one half flew up in the sky  
and the other half into the sea.  
But they yearned for each other.  
And when it rained the one in the sea said:  
“This is a message from my other half in the sky.”  
And when the water was evaporated from the ocean and rose  
up, the other said:  
“This is a message from my other half in the sea.”  
The angels were stumped.  
There’s one thing that God is not able to endure –  
a suffering heart.  
He felt one half in the sky and one half in the sea.  
God thought what to do.  
So the one in the sky fell down into the sea  
and immediately both turned to sea water.  
Ever since that time when the water is drawn up from the sea  
and it rains this is not an ordinary rain. It’s the rain that affects  
people and softens them. I painted a painting called *This Rain*.

## LECTURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

I want to talk to you about “the work”, art work.

I will speak of inspiration, the studio, viewing art work, friends of art, and artists’ temperaments.

But your interest and mine is really “the work” – works of art. Art work is very important in the way that I will try to show when I speak about inspiration.

I have sometimes put myself ahead of my work in my mind and have suffered in consequence.

I thought me, me; and I suffered.

I thought I was important. I was taught to think that. I was taught: “You are important; people are important beyond anything else.”

But thinking that I suffered very much.

I thought that I was big and “the work” was small. It is not possible to go on that way. To think I am big is the work is big. The position of pride is not possible either.

And to think I am small and the work is small, the position of modesty, is not possible.

I will go on to inspiration and perhaps you will see what is possible.

As I describe inspiration I do not want you to think I am speaking of religion.

That which takes us by surprise – moments of happiness – that is inspiration. Inspiration which is different from daily care.

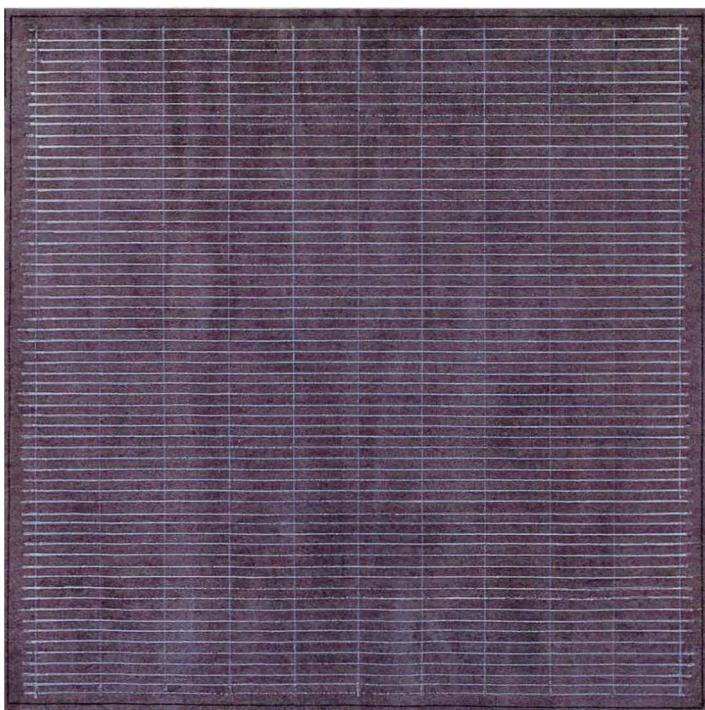
Many people as adults are so startled by inspiration which is different from daily care that they think they are unique in having had it. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Inspiration is there all the time.

For everyone whose mind is not clouded over with thoughts whether they realize it or not.

Most people have no realization whatever of the moments in which they are inspired.

Inspiration is pervasive but not a power.  
It's a peaceful thing.  
It is a consolation even to plants and animals.  
Do not think that it is unique.  
If it were unique no one would be able to respond to your work.  
Do not think it is reserved for a few or anything like that.  
It is an untroubled mind.  
Of course we know that an untroubled state of mind cannot last. So we say that inspiration comes and goes but really it is there all the time waiting for us to be untroubled again. We can therefore say that it is pervasive. Young children are more untroubled than adults and have many more inspirations. All the moments of inspiration added together make what we call sensibility. The development of sensibility is the most important thing for children and adults but is much more possible in children. In adults it would be more accurate to say that the awakening to their sensibility is the most important thing. Some parents put the development of social mores ahead of aesthetic development. Small children are taken to the park for social play; sent to nursery school and headstart. But the little child sitting alone, perhaps even neglected and forgotten, is the one open to inspiration and the development of sensibility.



## ON THE PERFECTION UNDERLYING LIFE

The process of life is hidden from us. The meaning of suffering is held from us. And we are blind to life.

We are blinded by pride. Pride has built another structure and it is called "Life", but living the prideful life we are frustrated and lost. It is not possible to overthrow pride. It is not possible because we ourselves are pride, Pride the Dragon and Pride the Deceiver as it is called in mythology. But we can witness the defeat of pride because pride cannot hold out. Pride is not real, so sooner or later it must go down.

When pride in some form is lost we feel very different. We feel the victory over pride, and we feel very different being for a few moments free of pride. We feel a moment of perfection that is indescribable, a sudden joy in living.

Our best opportunity to witness the defeat of pride is in our work, in all the time that we are working and in the work itself. Work is self expression. We must not think of self-expression as something we may do or something we may not do. Self-expression is inevitable. In your work, in the way that you do your work and in the results of your work your self is expressed. Behind and before self-expression is a developing awareness in the mind that effects the work. This developing awareness I will also call "the work". It is a most important part of the work. There is the work in our minds, the work in our hands and the work as a result.

In your work, in everyone's work, in the work of the world, the work that reminds of pride is gradually abandoned. Having in moments of perfection enjoyed freedom from pride we know that that is what we want. With this knowing we recognize and eliminate expressions of pride.

I will now speak directly to the art students present as an illustration of *the work*, with particular references to art work. My interest and yours is art work, works of art, every smallest work of art and every kind of art work. We are very interested,

dedicated in fact. There is no halfway with art. We wake up thinking about it and we go to sleep thinking about it.

We go everywhere looking for it, both artists and non-artists. It is very mysterious the fast hold that it has upon us considering how little we know about it. We do not even understand our own response to our own work.

Why do we go everywhere searching out works of art and why do we make works of art. The answer is that we are inspired to do so. When we wake up in the morning we are inspired to do some certain thing and we do do it. The difficulty lies in the fact that it may turn out well or it may not turn out well. If it turns out well we have a tendency to think that we have successfully followed our inspiration and if it does not turn out well we have a tendency to think that we have lost our inspiration. But that is not true. There is successful work and work that fails but all of it is inspired. I will speak later about successful works of art but here I want to speak of failures. Failures that should be discarded and completely cut off.

I have come especially to talk to those among you who recognize these failures. I want particularly to talk to those who recognize all of their failures and feel inadequate and defeated, to those who feel insufficient – short of what is expected or needed. I would like somehow to explain that these feelings are the natural state of mind of the artist, that a sense of disappointment and defeat is the essential state of mind for creative work.

In order to do this I would like to consider further those moments in which we feel joy in living. To some, these moments are very clear and to others a vagueness that can only be described as below the level of consciousness. Whether conscious or unconscious they do their work and they are the incentive to life. A stockpile of these moments gives us an awareness of perfection in our minds and this awareness of perfection in our minds makes all the difference in what we do. Moments of perfection are indescribable but a few things can be said about them. At such times we are suddenly very happy and we wonder why life ever seemed troublesome. In an instant we can see the road ahead free from all difficulties and we think that we will never lose it again. All this and a great deal more in barely a moment, and then it is gone.

But all such moments are stored in the mind. They are called sensibility or awareness of perfection in the mind.

We must surrender the idea that this perfection that we see in the mind or before our eyes is obtainable or attainable. It is really far from us. We are no more capable of having it than the infant that tries to eat it. But our happiness lies in our moments of awareness of it.

The function of art work is the stimulation of sensibilities, the renewal of memories of moments of perfection.

There is only one way in which artists can serve this function of art. There is only one way in which successful works of art can be made. To make works of art that stimulate sensibilities and renew moments of perfection an artist must recognize the works that illustrate his own moments of perfection.

Perfection, of course, cannot be represented. The slightest indication of it is eagerly grasped by observers. The work is so far from perfection because we ourselves are so far from perfection. The oftener we glimpse perfection or the more conscious we are in our awareness of it the farther away it seems to be. Or perhaps I should say the more we are aware of perfection the more we realize how very far away from us it is. *That is why art work is so very hard.* It is a working through disappointments and a growing recognition of failure to the point of defeat. But still one wakes in the morning and there is the inspiration and one goes on.

I want to emphasize the fact that increase in disappointment does not mean going backward in the work. There is no such thing as going backward in anything. There is increased and decreased awareness, that is all, and increased awareness means increased disappointments. If any perfection is indicated in the work it is recognized by the artist as truly miraculous so he feels that he can take no credit for its sudden appearance.

What does it mean to be defeated. It means that we cannot go on. We cannot make another move. Everything that we thought we could do we have done without result. We even give up all hope of getting the work and perhaps even the desire to have it. But we still go on without hope or desire or dreams or anything. Just going on with almost no memory of having done anything. Then it is not us.

Then it is not I.

Then it is not conditioned response.

Then there is some hope of a hint of perfection.

Without hope there is hope.

And without desire there is hope.

We do not ever stop because there is no way to stop. No matter what you do you will not escape. There is no way out. You may as well go ahead with as little resistance as possible – and eat everything on your plate.

Going on without resistance or notions is called discipline. Going on where hope and desire have been left behind is discipline.

Going on in an impersonal way without personal considerations is called *a discipline*.

Not thinking, planning, scheming is a discipline.

Not caring or striving is a discipline.

*Defeated*, you will rise to your feet as is said of *Dry Bones*.

These bones will rise again.

*Undefeated* you will have nothing to say but more of the same.

*Defeated* you will stand at the door of your house to welcome the unknown, putting behind you all that is known.

*Defeated*, having no place to go you will perhaps wait and be overtaken.

As in the night. To penetrate the night is one thing. But to be penetrated by the night that is to be overtaken.

Defeated, exhausted and helpless you will perhaps go a little bit further.

Helplessness, even a mild state of helplessness is extremely hard to bear. Moments of helplessness are moments of blindness. One feels as though something terrible has happened without knowing what it is. One feels as though one is in the outer darkness or as though one has made some terrible error – a fatal error. Our great help that we leaned on in the dark has deserted us and we are in a complete panic and we feel that we have got to have help. The panic of complete helplessness drives us to fantastic extremes, and feelings of mild helplessness drive us to a ridiculousness. We go from reading religious doctrine and occult practices to changing our diet. Or from absolute self-abasement or abandonment to every known and unknown fetish.

It is hard to realize at the time of helplessness that that is the time to be awake and aware. The feeling of calamity and loss covers everything. We imagine that we are completely cut off and tremble with fear and dread. The more we are aware of perfection the more we will suffer when we are blind to it in helplessness.

But helplessness when fear and dread have run their course, as all passions do, is the most rewarding state of all. It is a time when our most tenacious prejudices are overcome. Our most tightly gripped resistances come under the knife and we are made more free. Our lack of independence in helplessness is our most detrimental weakness from the standpoint of art work. Stated positively, independence is the most essential character trait in an artist.

Although helplessness is the most important state of mind the holiday state of mind is the most efficacious for artists: "Free and easy wandering" it is called by the Chinese sage Chuang Tzu. In free and easy wandering there is only freshness and adventure. It is really awareness of perfection within the mind. Everyone has memories of adventures within the mind, strange and pleasant memories, but not everyone is aware of adventures within the mind when they happen.

I want to recommend the exploration of mind and the adventures within in the mind. It takes so much time, that is the difficulty. It is so hard to slow down to the pace where it is possible to explore one's mind. And then of course one must go absolutely alone with not one thought about others intruding because then one would be off in relative thinking.

Being an artist is a very solitary business. It is not artists that get together to do this or that. Artists just go into their studios everyday and shut the door and remain there. Usually when they come out they go to a park or somewhere where they will not meet anyone. A surprising circumstance that I will try to explain.

The solitary life is full of terrors. If you went walking with someone that would be one thing but if you went walking alone in a lonely place that would be an entirely different thing. If you were not completely distracted you would surely feel "the fear" part of the time. I am not now speaking of the fear and dread of

helplessness which is a very unusual state of mind. I am speaking of pervasive fear that is always with us. It is a constant state of mind of which we are not aware when we are with others. We are used to this fear and we know that when we are with anyone else, even a stranger, we do not have it. That is all that we do know about it. In solitude this fear is lived and finally understood.

Worse than the terror of fear is the Dragon. The Dragon really pounds through the inner streets shaking everything and breathing fire. The fire of his breath destroys and disintegrates everything. The Dragon is indiscriminating and leaves absolutely nothing in his wake.

The solitary person is in great danger from the Dragon because without an outside enemy the Dragon turns on the self. In fact, self-destructiveness is the first of human weaknesses. When we know all the ways in which we can be self-destructive that will be very valuable knowledge indeed.

The terrible thing is that we are not just the Dragon but the victim even when he is destroying someone else, and our suffering is according to just how destructive he feels. So we cannot afford one moment of antagonism about anything.

I hope that it is quite plain that I am not moralizing, but simply describing some of the states of mind that are a hazard in solitude.

Sometimes through hard work the Dragon is weakened. The resulting quiet is shocking. The work proceeds quickly and without effort. But anytime the Dragon may rouse himself and then one is driven from the studio. If he can then have a good contest with someone else he is thoroughly aroused and the next day he will go on and on about his victories round and round in the mind. I am sure you have noticed it. But if he only goes to the park he does not get completely roused and the next day he will perhaps be quiet.

We cannot and do not slay the Dragon, that is a medieval idea, I guess. We have to become completely familiar with him and hope that he sleeps. The way things are most of the time, is that he is awake and we are asleep. What we hope is the opposite.

I have known some very young artists who are familiar with the Dragon and know many of his ways. They also recognize fear

and are independent of judgement. They recognize themselves as mere shadows in reality. They like to be alone and seem to have had plenty of practice of being alone since early childhood. All that is a tremendous head start in art work and these artists are correctly recognized as geniuses.

We will all get there someday however and do the work that we are supposed to do. Of all the pitfalls in our paths and the tremendous delays and wanderings off the track I want to say that they are not what they seem to be. I want to say that all that seems like fantastic mistakes are not mistakes and all that seems like error is not error; and it all has to be done. That which seems like a false step is just the next step.

You may as well give up judging your actions. If it is the unconditioned life that you want, you do not know what you should do or what you should have done. We will just have to let everything go. Everything we know and everything everyone else knows is conditioned. The conditioning goes all the way back through evolution. The conditioned life, the natural life and the conventional life are the same.

Say to yourselves: I am going to work in order to see myself and free myself. While working and in the work I must be on the alert to see myself. When I see myself in the work I will know that that is the work I am supposed to do. I will not have much time for other people's problems. I will have to be by myself almost all the time and it will be a quiet life.

Success is contentment with no discontentment about anything, anything in the work or anything outside the work.

What was the reaction of the person who first made a symmetrical house. He felt new contentment in the house. He could see that it reflected himself. He felt a satisfaction in having built it and perhaps an awareness of clarity in his mind as the means.

A contentment with oneself that is success. Do not stop short of real contentment. You may as well never have been born if you remain discontented.

Perfection is not necessary. Perfection you cannot have. If you do what you want to do and what you can do and if you can then recognize it you will be contented. You cannot possibly know what it will be but looking back you will not be surprised at what you have done.

For those who are visual minded I will say: there seems to be a fine ship at anchor. Fear is the anchor, convention is the chain, ghosts stalk the decks, the sails are filled with Pride and the ship does not move.

But there are moments for all of us in which the anchor is weighed. Moments in which we learn what it feels like to move freely, not held back by pride and fear. Moments that can be recalled with all their fine flavor.

The recall of these moments can be stimulated by freeing experiences including the viewing of works of art.

Artists try to maintain an atmosphere of freedom in order to represent the perfection of those moments. And others searching for the meaning of art respond by recalling their own free moments.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG ARTISTS

The life of an artist is inspired, self sufficient and independent (unrelated to society).

The direction of attention of an artist is towards mind in order to be aware of inspiration.

Following inspiration life unfolds free of any influence.

Finally the artist recognizes himself in the work and is happy and contented. Nothing else will satisfy him.

An artist's life is an unconventional life. It leads away from the example of the past.

It struggles painfully against its own conditioning. It appears to rebel but in reality it is an inspired way of life.



## THE STILL AND SILENT IN ART

When interest in graphic art wanes I suppose it is possible to imagine its slipping out of sight but I do not believe in that possibility.

My interest is in experience that is wordless and silent, and in the fact that this experience can be expressed for me in art work which is also wordless and silent. It is really wonderful to contemplate the experience and the works. I am sure there will always be some who make this response who will want to try to express it graphically.

But with regard to the inner life of each of us it may be of great significance. If we can perceive ourselves in the work – not the work but ourselves when viewing the work then the work is important. If we can *know our response*, see in ourselves *what we have received* from a work, that is the way to the understanding of truth and all beauty.

We cannot understand the process of life – that is everything that happens to everyone. But we can know the truth by seeing ourselves, by seeing the response to the work in ourselves.

Those who depend upon the intellect are the many. Those who depend upon perception alone are the few.

We perceive – We see. We see with our eyes and we see with our minds. We want to see the truth about life and all of beauty. Both are a great mystery to us.

*Perceiving* is the same as *receiving* and it is the same as *responding*. Perception means all of them. It goes on all the time whether we are asleep or awake. When we wake we can recall that which we perceived while sleeping.

Perception is a function. A function is part of a process. It does not identify. We are not identified by perception.

We also think. Perception is the primary experience. Thinking; we consider that which we have perceived. It is a secondary experience. Thinking compares everything that we have perceived with everything that we are perceiving at the moment.

There is no difference between thinking and relative living. Thinking leads to pride, identification, confusion and fear.

Work is a function in which we seem to be identified. But in reality work is a part of the process of life in which we cannot perceive the beginning or end of our function. We have no understanding of the process of life, in whole, or in part, and we never will. We cannot therefore identify ourselves with our work. Since the process of life reaches to the furthest star the work of each of us is of no significance in the process. In *the great process*, in the sum total of the outward being of all living things our work is insignificant, *infinitesimal and insignificant*. *This must be realized.*

## WHAT IS REAL?

We are in the midst of reality responding with joy. It is an absolutely satisfying experience but extremely elusive. It is elusive because we must recognize so many other things at the same time.

The memory of past moments of joy leads us on. The responses of happiness and joy are our first concern.

Works of art have successfully represented our response to reality from the beginning. The artist tries to live in a way that will make greater awareness of the sublimity of reality possible. Reality, the truth about life and the mystery of beauty are all the same and they are the first concern of everyone.

I want to emphasize the fact that we all have the same concern, but the artist must know exactly what the experience is. He must pursue the truth relentlessly. Once he sees this fact his feet are on the path. If you want to know the truth you will know it. The manipulation of materials in art work is a result of this state of mind. The artist works by awareness of his own state of mind.

In order to do so he must have a studio, as a retreat and as a place to work. In the studio an artist must have no interruptions from himself or anyone else. Interruptions are disasters. To hold onto the "silver cord", that is the artistic discipline. The artist's own mind will be all the help he needs.

There will be moving ahead and discoveries made every day. There will be great disappointments and failures in trying to express them. An artist is one who can fail and fail and still go on.

Let us now consider response to the concrete. Sometimes some things look very beautiful and we are moved to happiness and joy. Sometimes some things taste very good and we enjoy them and are satisfied.

Let us look at our response to food from the beginning. We grow almost all of our own food. We enjoy digging and planting

the seeds. We enjoy watching the plants grow and the fruit develop. Imagine a pear tree covered with golden fruit. Suddenly we pick the fruit and eat it and it is entirely destroyed.

It is the same with animals. They are beautiful to us and we enjoy them but suddenly we kill them and eat them.

Violence, destructiveness and possessiveness are an integral part of response to the concrete. This distresses some people very much and they would like to escape from response to the concrete in order to avoid them. But there is no escape.

Besides violence, destructiveness and possessiveness we have to face frustrations. We think that we practice restraint in order to avoid frustrations. But restraint is not possible because we have to do what we have to do.

We are most concerned because having experienced joy we know that it prevails and we think that with violence, destructiveness, possessiveness and frustration we are off the track. The transcendent response that is free from and unrelated to the concrete environment is so blissful and seems so much more innocent that we wish to seek to maintain it at the expense of a concrete response. But it is not possible and *it is not desirable*. We are as though on an adventurous journey and frustration merely points out those things to be avoided and the rest maintains us on our way. We cannot understand the details but we can know the truth about it and accept it all and be contented.

*Responding with joy* is the path and we should work and eat with joy. The joy counts and nothing else does.

There is in reality no need for *self-sacrifice* and no call for it. Do not settle for the experience of others. If you follow others you are in reality at a standstill, because their experience is in the past. That is circling. Even following your own past experience, is circling. Know your own response to your own work and to the work of others.

To *recall* in one's own mind past concrete experience is not circling. It is so much easier to respond accurately when alone. Experiences recalled are generally more satisfying and enlightening than the original experience. It is in fact the only way to know one's whole response.

To illustrate *recall* I will quote Wordsworth on having seen daffodils.

“For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.”

The straight forward path, as we so often have been warned, is extremely hard to maintain. Only joyful discoveries count. If you are not making them you are not moving.

Now let us turn to abstract response, the response that we make in our minds free from concrete environment. We know that it prevails. We know that it is infinite, dimensionless, without form and void. But it is not nothing because when we give our minds to it we are blissfully aware.

Being without imperfection it is perfection. And being without parts it is whole.

It is from our awareness of transcendent reality and our response to concrete reality that our minds command us on our way – not really on a path or to a gate – but to full response. Complete consciousness is present to us at all times, every moment, but we reject it in order to maintain our prejudices, our ideas. But sooner or later we will relinquish our ideas in favour of response because the truth prevails.

In the meantime we can see ourselves in our work. We can see ourselves moving along. We can see the steps we take. We can see that there is no such thing as going backward. We can be contented.

We can know every day what we must do and we will have plenty of energy with which to do it. We will know when it is something we want and we will know when it is something that we do not want.

There is a great hunger and thirst in all of us for the truth whether we are aware of it or not. There is no-one unfeeling or unseeing. To think oneself unique is the height of ignorance.

Appetite is of course positive but sometimes *in moments of weakness* we have an immense yearning to escape. This is a very strong feeling and very unattractive. If you feel *yearning* you should go off by yourself and give it full reign and then you will see that with great earnestness and determination it says, “me, me, me, me, me”.

You will see that yearning is defiant and rebellious and, also, it exhausts itself which proves that it is unreal. We must give up the idea of *salvation*. You cannot be saved and the rest left.

You must want joy for all not just for yourself. The exact same joy, want it whole-heartedly for all. To want joy for yourself is unreal, off the track and untrue. It is just as unreal to think you *give* joy to others. Each has its own joy. Joy is life. You cannot give life. You can want them to have it, that is as much as you can do.

Joy is *Perception*. Perception, reception and response are all the same. Sometimes we perceive, sometimes we receive and sometimes we respond but it is all the same.

It is all awareness of reality.

In a Chinese vase we can see all that the artist rejected in order to have as close an approximation as possible to his response to reality. We can feel as he felt looking at his work. The same response is made continually over a thousand years. Proving it is reality. That is what art is about.

There is no such thing as "contemporary" art. Any material may be used but the theme is the same and the response is the same for all art work.

There is one great difference from man to man that I must mention. It is a difference in *willingness* to perform his function. We, each of us, is born to a certain function. Sometimes our function is hidden from us by prejudice and fear. When an artist becomes aware of his exact function, that is when he knows, suddenly, exactly what he will do and how he will do it. We say that he has attained to his *vision*. If this happens when he is very young we say that he is a genius. It is sometimes baffling to the rest of us that we have to do so much work that is unrelated to art work. But looking back we can see the positive aspect of all of our actions. Without *vision* that is without exact awareness of our function we are discontented. When we are completely aware of our function we are contented. You can see that discontent is a positive state of mind urging us on to discover our function.

Do not waste your feelings of discontent on society. When you feel discontented ask yourself "what do I want", "what do I really want". As soon as you ask yourself this question you will realize that discontent arises out of it.

Your unwillingness to function may be so strong that you cannot even ask yourself this question, in which case you will seek help from others. But there will be no help for you anywhere. You will find your vision for yourself at some time when you are alone.

Part of our resistance to function is general resistance to concrete reality, to violence, destruction, possessiveness and frustration, but most of it is due to Pride and Fear.

When pride engages our minds it destroys everything that we see, because pride countenances only pride itself. There is another part of our minds that can see pride in action – raging against this, and raging against that. Sometimes when not otherwise engaged it rages against ourselves. Pride is responsible for all of our blindness and a great deal of our discomfort but in the end it will go down because it is not real.

Pride and deceit are one and the same. All of our deceit is due to pride so you can see that it is a very tricky enemy.

We are aware of fear as soon as we are alone. Some of us are so faint-hearted that we never allow ourselves to be alone for this reason. But artists must of necessity be alone and therefore they must recognize and overcome fear. This is a very long process.

If we say that we do not have pride and fear that is one of pride's deceptions, because we are all conditioned in pride and fear.

Now we must consider the idea of *Power* because without freedom we cannot make our full response. With the idea of power in our minds we are subject to that power. If you believe in it, then it exists for you and you are naturally subject to it. But in reality there is no power anywhere.

Speaking of physical power: water power is in reality that element following its natural course downhill even though it may flow through a dynamo. There is no entity that may be termed power just by itself.

In the psychological field: still considering power we encounter one of our most troublesome concepts, the idea of authority and obedience. Using the parent-child situation as a base it is generally believed that those in authority are on top and those in obedience below.

I want to take time with this concept and prove to you beyond doubt that authority and obedience exist at the same time in

each of us, that we are all in a state of obedient authority at all times, that it is a sublime state and that it is in fact a state of positive freedom. In order to do this I will speak only of obedience.

Our lowest form of obedience is perhaps our obedience to animals. We strive to accurately obey animals providing them with water, food, clean housing, medicare and social security. In return, and all the time the animal obeys us. If it does not, it is considered to be a no-good animal.

Our most heart-felt and anxious obedience is a mother's obedience to the infant, and her slavish obedience to her children as long as they are in her care. Also from the very first moment the infant and child must obey the mother. It is plain, is it not, that they are both in authority and both in obedience at the same time. The authority-obedience state of being is not a "sometimes" state but a continuous state of being. We are always in authority and always in obedience.

The obedience of children is generally worthless because they are inattentive and desultory. But there is obedience on the part of some adults that is marvelous in its expression.

The obedience of performing musicians is extremely sensitive and accurate. There is no way to describe the reward of absolute obedience. Any response to art is obedience. I wish I could point out how authoritative art work is dependent on the obedient state of mind. Instead I will continue with concrete examples.

A policeman obeys the commands that come over his radio and performs the dirtiest jobs in society, he also risks his life and as a result he has a certain authority. The President, having promised certain things to the people, obediently presents them to Congress and obediently carries out the dictates of Congress. He is the top authority because of his talent in obedience.

The most troublesome anti-freedom concept is our belief in a transcendent supreme authority. It is recognition of our state of obedience that makes us postulate this authority. But when we see that all the authority there is, is within ourselves as a result of our obedience then we are free. This is the only road to freedom.

The idea of leadership is another stumbling block to freedom. You must see through leadership to its non-existence. A leader

exists only in the minds of his followers. Some leaders keep their followers from changing their minds by the use of fear. In reality there are no leaders or followers. Everyone is on his own private line.

The first step in giving up the ideas of power and leadership is to give up wanting them for yourself. It sounds easy but your conditioning has been *that power and leadership lead to freedom* regardless of the inherent contradiction in that statement.

What is our happy conclusion. It is that we have plenty of *energy* and we enjoy action. There is a *purpose* in our lives and it is in operation every minute. When we are right *on the track* we are rewarded with joy. We can know *the whole truth* with a request to our minds. If we are completely without direction we can withdraw and our minds will tell us the next step to take.



## WHAT WE DO NOT SEE IF WE DO NOT SEE

We all believe in life.

We feel a certain devotion.

We feel called upon to live as good a life as we can.

We feel that we are in the dark and that even in darkness we must struggle to know what is best to do.

Not altogether but each one every moment.

We feel that we should not live in just the same way as our ancestors lived. We feel that we should take a step forward.

We know that this step will be in the dark and will require courage.

Our tremendous urge forward has a grip of steel.

Because we are in the dark there is suffering and difficulty.

Life is an adventure and adventures are difficult.

They are hard work and one does not know how they will go on or how they will end.

Nevertheless we have a tremendous appetite for the adventure of life.

We are continually restless if we are not moving forward according to our potential.

Although we are in the dark we are not without guidance.

Our guidance is called inspiration.

In crisis we say to ourselves: "What can I do", and miraculously our mind answers and tells us what to do.

This miraculous answer is called an idea very often but it is not an idea.

There are different parts of the mind.

When we are angry one part of the mind stands as though outside and we see ourselves raving.

This part that stands as the outside of ourselves is *the conscious mind*.

The conscious mind that is aware of perfection, happiness and the sublime.

When we see ourselves with the conscious mind angry and perhaps raving we feel guilty.

We recognize that we are off the path – We are off the path of true life.

The conscious mind says *Yes* and *No*.

When it says: “*Yes, go ahead, this is the way*”, we feel happy.

When it says: “*You should not be here and you should not be doing this*”. At those times we feel unhappy.

Our problem is not that we do not see or hear the conscious mind but that we do not obey.

When we see ourselves angry and the conscious mind is saying “*No*” we still go on.

And when it says: “*You should not go*” we rationalize and say: “*Everyone else is going*”.

We knowingly disobey the conscious mind.

In this life we are struggling from death into life.

This has been remarked by all sages of all times.

The adventure of life is the relinquishing of death and the acceptance of life.

In the lives that we lead there is both life and death.

The conscious mind is life and happiness and all things sublime.

Death is all thing anti-life and truth.

The most dangerous anti-life and destructive tendency is self deception known as fantasy. Imagining that we are other than we are.

The opposite of fantasy, *true knowledge of self*, is the greatest wisdom.

The conscious mind is awareness of the sublime and it tells us what to do by showing us when we are off the track.

Obedience to the conscious mind carries us forward to greater awareness.

Disobedience of the conscious mind carries us backward to less awareness.

With more accurate obedience we become rapidly more aware of the sublime: of beauty and happiness in life.

We become more devoted to life.

With disobedience we become less and less aware with less respect for life.

This is the side of death in the adventure of life versus death. We will be disrespectful of life and everything in it, even of ourselves. We will be complaining and destructive and we will have resistance to living our own life.

Other peoples lives will look better to us than our own life, more interesting and more rewarding.

This is a very unnatural state of mind. If you have this state of mind you must recognize at once that you are very far off the track of life and happiness.

To correct this state of mind you must say to yourself: "*I want to live a true life.*"

That is all you have to do to turn from death to life.

Asking for life and truth you will be on the side of life and against death.

I will not speak any more of death because it does not count.

Reality is positive.

Art work is a celebration of reality of the positive.

A positive response to life (which we call happiness) is not a single response. It is infinitely various and goes far beyond what we are able to bear.

We cannot reproduce reality or represent it concretely. It is ineffable.

In art work we represent our own happiness because of our awareness of the infinite sublimity of reality.

Without awareness of beauty, innocence and happiness and without happiness oneself one cannot make works of art.

Criticism and discontent expressed concretely are complaint and destructiveness. All negative expression is anti-life and anti-art.

Besides recognition of the sublime there are two other elements in life that must be recognized and lived.

They are *self knowledge* and *potential*.

If you have enough respect for yourself you will ask yourself: "*What am I.*"

If the answer is "I am a man" then the question becomes: "*What is a man.*"

When you come to the end of all ideas you will still have no definitive knowledge on the subject. Then you will have to wait for inspiration.

Until you can clear up your true identity you will be tied to a repetition of this life.

I have come to tell you the easiest way to find an answer to this question.

First you must say to yourself: "I want to live a true life." Then you must watch your mind to see the response that it is making to life.

You will discover the true response that you yourself make to life undistorted by the ideas of others.

You will make discoveries every day and they will all be very helpful.

Just as consciousness of the sublime is the path of life so is self knowledge the path of life.

Neither consciousness nor self knowledge can be pursued socially.

In groups we can compare our observations of life but life itself is lived by individuals.

Changes in social living are the result of changes that take place in individuals.

First some truth must be recognized by an individual (that is what we call inspiration) and then it must be expressed concretely and responded to by others.

The cause of these changes is not with us but is a result of the battle of life and death.

It is not just big inspirations that move life forward.

Every time an individual asks his mind what to do and receives direction and acts upon it life moves forward.

Since we almost all live in this way life moves forward very rapidly even though we have some tremendous setbacks.

It is up to us only in that our pursuit of awareness is on the side of life.

As life is recognized death is overcome.

The only triumph in life is the triumph of life itself.

Our awareness of it we feel as happiness.

Art work represents this happiness.

It does not represent life because life is infinite, dimensionless. It is consciousness of itself. And that cannot be represented.

But our positive response to life can be, has been, and is represented in art work.

And now we come to the last element to be considered, our individual potential.

**We**, each of us feels that our life is not like anyone else's life and **that** is absolutely true, infinitely true.

**To** live an absolutely original life one has only to be oneself.

**In** nature there is no sameness anywhere. There are no two rocks alike, no days alike, no moments alike even forever.

And no two people alike or any moment of their lives.

**It** follows from this that we cannot help one another since our responses are not alike.

**Since** we are not alike the experience of others is of no use to us.

**This** is particularly obvious when we wish to know what to do.

**We** are all born with a certain potential. It is different from that **of** anyone else and it is necessary to life.

**We** must unfold our potential as a contribution to life.

**We** are born to do certain things and we are born to fill a certain **need**.

**If** there is a bare spot on the ground the best possible weed for **that** environment will grow.

**In** the same way our lives are created out of necessity and we are **created** with the potential to meet the necessity.

**The** resistance to function, that is our resistance to the unfolding **of** our potential is due to the strength of the negative in life.

**We** are born as verbs rather than nouns.

**We** are born to function in life, to work and do all positive **actions** that will carry out our potential.

**When** our potential is fully expended we will not be back. Our **concrete** existence will come to an end.

**Our** ideas – deductions made from observed facts of life, are of **no** use in the unfolding of potential.

**Only** obedience to the conscious mind counts. That is like saying **only** inspiration counts.

**Inspiration** is a command. While you have a choice that is not **inspiration**.

**If** a decision is required that is not inspiration and you should **not** do anything by decision. It is simply a waste of time.

**Things** done by decision even if it is a summit decision are **ineffective** and they will be undone.

**Only** actions carried out in obedience to inspiration are effective.

When we first begin art work we usually have a lot of ideas that we have to try. But nothing that we do really satisfies us.

Finally we are absolutely defeated. We do not know what to do. I want to try to explain to you that defeat is the beginning, not the end of all positive action.

A baby learning to walk knows that if he stands on his feet he will fall. He knows that he cannot walk. He is defeated and helpless.

This knowledge is an absolute prerequisite to inspiration.

Defeated and helpless he receives the inspiration to get to his feet.

He is now defeated and helpless with regard to taking a step but again he is commanded forward.

At every moment we are helpless and defeated and at every moment we are commanded forward by inspiration.

There is no choice while we are on the true path.

Our inspirations come as a surprise to us.

Following them our lives are fresh and unpredictable.

But if in disobedience we imitate the lives of others or follow concepts or precepts our lives will be dull and unsatisfying and predictable.

The unfolding of potential in obedience to inspiration is happiness in this life. An arduous happiness in which we move forward.

Disobedience is unhappiness and moving toward unconsciousness.

Happiness is self sought. It is life.

You can only bring happiness to others by being happy yourself. You can only be happy by being on the path of your unfolding potential.

The path will be revealed to you by a request to your own mind.

If your mind is concerned with the political, with policies and methods, with causes and reforms your work will not be in the art field.

The Greeks made a great discovery. They discovered that in Nature there are no perfect circles or straight lines or equal spaces.

Yet they discovered that their interest and inclination was in the perfection of circles and lines, and that in their minds they could see them and that they were then able to make them.

They realized that the mind knows what the eye has not seen but that what the mind knows is perfection.

They determined that with the help of the conscious mind to attain to perfection.

Because the Greeks sought the guidance of their conscious mind their work is very inspiring to us. Because they were inspired we are inspired by their work.

Work that is guided by the conscious mind is immediately responded to by others.

It is very easy to see how Greek art has been a very for-life-against-death action.

Today we realize that perfection is out of reach for us because we ourselves are a part of Nature but it is still our greatest interest.

What we see now is that the path pointed out to us by the Greeks, the path guided by the conscious mind, is the path of life and happiness and accomplishment in this world.

To discover the conscious mind in a world where intellect is held to be valuable requires solitude – quite a lot of solitude.

We have been very strenuously conditioned against solitude. To be alone is considered to be a grievous and dangerous condition. So I beg you to recall in detail any times when you were alone and discover your exact response at those times.

I suggest to artists that you take every opportunity of being alone, that you give up having pets and unnecessary companions.

You will find the fear that we have been taught is not just one fear but many different fears.

When you discover what they are they will be overcome.

Most people have never been alone enough to feel these fears. But even without the experience of them they dread them.

I suggest that people who like to be alone, who walk alone will perhaps be serious workers in the art field.

All effective work in any field is dominated by the inspiration of individuals. All other work is evanescent.

Inspiration is never destructive.

This has been pointed out most effectively by Gandhi and after him by Martin Luther King.

It never points to what someone else should do. It tells the individual what he must do.

All of your inspirations will be related to your particular potential.

Thus Martin Luther King suggested to the colored people that they must not try to change the white people but must change themselves. Not by policy or method but each one must change himself.

And I suggest to you that this way is not just for emergencies but is the way of life.

The individual by himself must move forward by inspiration in order to live. Not by help from others or with knowledge from the past. Real life is lived by Self Discovery.

In the night inspiration falls on the world like rain and penetrates our minds when we are asleep.

It is because of this that we are so eager, so desperate for sleep. It penetrates all clear minds.

People with such minds wake up eager to carry out the commands of inspiration.

They feel energetic, enthusiastic and are happy at the prospect of life.

They also feel contentment and spontaneous gratitude and are filled with the spirit of adventure.

If you think all night or if you are drugged inspiration cannot penetrate. Then with reluctance you will be forced to live a life of habit.

If during the day you can keep from intellectualizing your life and keep from dreams you will double your possibility of being inspired. You will then move forward very quickly.

It is commonly believed that accomplishment follows dreams. Nothing could be further from the truth. Those who dream dream and those who can act are active.

The pretence of children is not a dream. They are playing and they know it.

Children make a perfect response to life. They see everything as beautiful and perfect, often telling their parents how beautiful and wonderful they are.

Children always love their parents with perfect love regardless of what the parents are like. They have to learn to bear frustration which makes them seem unhappy at times.

Living without sufficient inspiration which is the incentive to life we tend to forget the perfect response we made as children and we become more and more blind.

It is necessary to make an absolute *about face* and search out our true response.

You will be thinking: "It is easy enough for children because they have no responsibilities", but I assure you that you also can make a perfect response to life without worry or strain.

You have to see what you have to do in your mind's eye.

You have to give it time.

It is hard for your mind to get through to you because of the jumble it is in.

With seeing the direction the energy necessary to carry out the action is given. When it is carried out the energy is taken away so that you can rest.

If you feel tired it is because you cannot see.

If you cannot see the next step you will take and the happiness you will know taking it. Then you cannot see.

If you cannot see you must withdraw yourself till you see what your next action will be.

In confusion and blindness there is no help for you anywhere except from your own mind.

From your own mind there is all the help you need.



## THE CURRENT OF THE RIVER OF LIFE MOVES US

What we really want to do is serve happiness.

We want everyone to be happy, never unhappy even for a moment. We want the animals to be happy. The happiness of every living thing is what we want.

We want it very much but we cannot bring it about.

We cannot make even one individual happy.

It seems that this thing that we want most of all is out of our reach.

But we were born to serve happiness and we do serve it.

The confusion is due to our lack of awareness of real happiness.

Happiness is pervasive.

It is everywhere. And everywhere the same.

And it is forever.

When people are really happy they say: "This will last forever even after death", and that is true.

When we are unhappy it is because something is covering our minds and we are not able to be aware of happiness. When the difficulty is past we find happiness again.

It is not that happiness is all around us. That is not it at all. It is not this or that or in this or that.

It is an abstract thing.

Happiness is unattached. Always the same. It does not appear and disappear. It is not sometimes more and sometimes less. It is our awareness of happiness that goes up and down.

Happiness is our real condition.

It is reality.

It is life.

In this life, life is represented by beauty and happiness.

If you are completely unaware of them you are not alive.

*The times when you are not aware of beauty and happiness you are not alive.*

When we see life we call it beauty. It is magnificent – wonderful. We may be looking at the ocean when we are aware of beauty

but it is not the ocean. We may be in the desert and we say that we are aware of the “living desert” but it is not the desert. Life is ever present in the desert and everywhere, forever. By awareness of life we are inspired to live. Life is consciousness of life itself. The measure of your life is the amount of beauty and happiness of which you are aware. The life of an artist is a very good opportunity for life. When we realize that we can see life we gradually give up the things that stand in the way of our complete awareness. As we paint we move along step by step. We realize that we are guided in our work by awareness of life. We are guided to greater expression of awareness and devotion to life. We recognize the great exultation with life of great artists like Beethoven and we realize that all great artists praise and exult life. The life of an artist is completely unmaterialistic, because beauty and happiness and life are all the same and they are pervasive, unattached and abstract and they are our only concern. They are immeasurable, completely lacking in substance. They are perfect and sublime. This is the subject matter of art. Naturally artists become passionately devoted to life – not to material living, not to the conventional idea of life but to the life that we see. The fields speak and the hills speak “as though with tongues” and what they say is wonderful. You must say to yourself: “How can I best step into this state of mind and devote myself to the expression of life.” You must not be led astray into the illustration of ideas because that is not art work. It is ineffective even though it is often accepted for a short time. It does not contribute to happiness and it is finally discarded. The art work in the Metropolitan Museum or the British Museum does not illustrate ideas. The great and fatal pitfall in the art field and in life is dependence on the intellect rather than inspiration. Dependence on intellect means a consideration of observed facts and deductions from observation as a guide in life.

Dependence on inspiration means dependence on consciousness, a growing consciousness that develops from awareness of beauty and happiness.

To live and work by inspiration you have to stop thinking. You have to hold your mind still in order to hear inspiration clearly.

Even now you can hear it saying, "Yes" and "No". You look at a painting and say: "Is this it", and your mind answers and says: "Yes" or "No".

If it says "Yes" it means that you have just made the work that you should have made. What your mind says *never* applies to anyone else. This work is what is possible for you according to your awareness of life.

There are no criteria. No possibility for criticism.

By the use of intellect we have created a world of ideas that does not actually exist.

The political world is a structure conceived and agreed to by us but it is not a reality.

You have been conditioned to believe that this political world is in fact real.

With this conception it is believed that we have come into ownership of the world and that we are responsible for creating it. And with this concept we have placed ourselves in a condition of perpetual responsibility and reform.

But since we are not creating the world, since it was created before us and we are merely in it, and since we do not own it, our whole political concept is false.

It is untrue. It is not based in reality or true life.

An artist must see this and give up all reform and political considerations.

The world evolves due to changes that take place in individuals. By individuals I mean all living things.

The world evolves due to a growing awareness in the lives of all things and is expressed in their actions.

The actions of all things are guided by a growing awareness of life. We call it inspiration.

Living by inspiration is living. Living by intellect – by comparisons, calculations, schemes, concepts, ideas – is all a structure of pride in which there is not beauty or happiness – no life.

The intellectual is in fact death.

I will give you an example: If you were at the beach and keenly aware of the shining waves, the fragrant air, the freedom of mind, feeling happy and free – that is reality. That is life.

Now if someone came on the beach with a radio and tuned it to the news – that is the intellectual and political. You would feel the shock of moving suddenly from reality to unreality. You would be depressed and irritated.

The political is a negation of life. It is negative living, anti-life. The divide and own concept. The we are the creators concept is the concept of pride. Where pride walks nothing of life remains. It is the supreme destroyer of life. Pride leaves nothing in its path. It is death in life.

All great visionaries agree that we move in this life from death to life, from error to awareness of truth, from negation of life to total awareness and devotion, passionate devotion to life, from death to everlasting life, from blindness to enlightenment, from unconsciousness and dreams to consciousness.

I will describe to you the negative attitude toward life even though it is ineffective and of no account. The negative person has no respect for life, his own or anyone's. He is complaining and destructive and convinced that to get ahead in life he must take advantage of others. He is going to fight, born to fight – for his rights, for his ideas, in self defence and for his advantage.

*All aggressiveness is negative regardless of the cause, except in the defence of innocence. (In the defence of innocence we will all be very brave. No practice is needed.)*

We must not worry about the negative attitude in others. When I say the negative is of no account I mean it is ineffective negatively in life. Since it is a part of life and life is positive it is of course positive. And we can see dimly how the Mafia for instance preying on the weak makes them turn away from pride in themselves.

Evil in life is the actions that result from lack of respect for life.

That is enough for death, now for real life.

In real life we get everything we want and need, just like the grass. It is all laid on.

*Fate is kind.*

You will look back in old age and say: "I had everything I really wanted."

When we see someone who has been poor all his life we think that he has been deprived but in reality he was unable to want more than he had. His lack of potential for life limited his life. He lacked energy, zest and gratitude.

*Fate is kind.*

At every moment we are presented with happiness, the sublime, absolute perfection. We are unable to grasp it due to the pull of death, commonly known as weakness.

*Fate is kind.*

In that beside the pull of death there is the pull of life, which is our desire to live fully and truly, a very strong pull indeed. When we engage in the battle with death the pull of life always wins. If death wins temporarily it means the battle is not over.

If you want life on your side or to be on the side of life against death you must surrender completely to life. You will have to make an about face because you have been conditioned to responsibility.

There are lots of parents who would like their children to be artists but when they get to this point of surrender to life they change their minds. Everyone who cannot himself surrender to life will be antagonistic.

It is in this way that an artist becomes a pariah. He is described as egocentric when in reality he sacrifices the most. The children of artists are very well off because their parents are guided by life, and life dictates that innocence must be protected *as the source*. The wives of artists also if they are more innocent than their husbands will be protected.

If you are on the side of life you are warned not to offend against innocence and if you disobey your own mind you are rendered helpless.

It is the same with painting. If the word from your mind is that the painting is not good enough and you decide to fight the world for it, you have rejected your inspiration and are rendered helpless.

But when you give up the painting and return for help, inspiration like a good mother returns and you are once more on your path.

Hold fast to your life, to beauty and happiness and inspiration, and to obedience to inspiration. Do not imitate others or seek advice anywhere except from your own mind. No-one can help you. No-one knows what your life should be. No-one knows what your life or life itself should be because it is in the process of being created.

Life moves according to a growing consciousness of life and is completely unpredictable.

If you live according to human knowledge, according to precept, values and standards, you live in the past.

If you live entirely in the past you will not know beauty or happiness and you will not in fact live.

You must believe in life. Believe that you can know the truth about life.

You must reject the idea that mankind is in control. That is the same as an ant believing that the anthill is life.

Since we are not in control we need not worry about life, nor about our own lives but wait in readiness.

Suffering in life being a part of life is also positive, since all of life is positive.

Suffering means that you have engaged to resist death and the battle of life and death is on. Life will win.

It was the pull of life that incited you to resist death. That is why I say that the current of the river of life moves us. Awareness of life, beauty and happiness is the current of the river.

With great awareness we move rapidly. With no awareness we do not move. Life moves on and we remain in death, in confusion and lack of happiness.

I am sure that all of you have had the vision of stepping into a boat and casting off and being afloat on the river of life. That vision is at the urging of life itself.

Those with a strong urge to adventure will move rapidly.

Those with security as a goal will not move.

Truth is the goal.

Truth at whatever the cost – the cost is high in suffering.

Those that want to live a true life that is a life that is guided by the conscious mind are surrounded by multitudes that are practically dedicated to ancestor worship.

The multitudes that believe that right and wrong are established and that all that is required is conformity.

The multitudes that give lip service to the transcendent but when the chips are down live a completely materialistic life of conquest and possession.

We don't have to think about the multitudes since all things in life are positive but I assure you that the state of mind necessary to create effective art work is just the opposite of the state of mind of the multitudes.

But we are still not rebels.

To rebel means to destroy existing circumstances. It is anti-life since life is the real creator.

I think you can see that it is life itself that creates life out of death.



## BEAUTY IS THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

When I think of art I think of beauty. Beauty is the mystery of life. It is not in the eye it is in the mind. In our minds there is awareness of perfection.

We respond to beauty with emotion. Beauty speaks a message to us. We are confused about this message because of distractions. Sometimes we even think that it is in the mail. The message is about different kinds of happiness and joy. Joy is most successfully represented in Beethoven's ninth Symphony and by the Parthenon.

All art work is about beauty; all positive work represents it and celebrates it. All negative art protests the lack of beauty in our lives.

When a beautiful rose dies beauty does not die because it is not really in the rose. Beauty is an awareness in the mind. It is a mental and emotional response that we make. We respond to life as though it were perfect. When we go into a forest we do not see the fallen rotting trees. We are inspired by a multitude of uprising trees. We even hear a silence when it is not really silent. When we see a newborn baby we say it is beautiful – perfect.

The goal of life is happiness and to respond to life as though it were perfect is the way to happiness. It is also the way to positive art work.

It is not in the role of an artist to worry about life – to feel responsible for creating a better world. This is a very serious distraction. All of your conditioning has been directed toward intellectual living. This is useless in art work. All human knowledge is useless in art work. Concepts, relationships, categories, classifications, deductions are distractions of mind that we wish to hold free for inspiration.

There are two parts of the mind. The outer mind that records facts and the inner mind that says "yes" and "no". When you think of something that you should do the inner mind says "yes" and you feel elated. We call this inspiration.

For an artist this is the only way. There is no help anywhere. He must listen to his own mind.

The way of an artist is an entirely different way. It is a way of surrender. He must surrender to his own mind.

When you look in your mind you find it covered with a lot of rubbishy thoughts. You have to penetrate these and hear what your mind is telling you to do. Such work is original work. All other work made from ideas is not inspired and it is not art work.

Art work is responded to with happy emotions. Work about ideas is responded to with other ideas. There is so much written about art that it is mistaken for an intellectual pursuit.

It is quite commonly thought that the intellect is responsible for everything that is made and done. It is commonly thought that everything that is can be put into words. But there is a wide range of emotional response that we make that cannot be put into words. We are so used to making these emotional responses that we are not consciously aware of them till they are represented in art work.

Our emotional life is really dominant over our intellectual life but we do not realize it.

You must discover the art work that you like and realize the response that you make to it. You must especially know the response that you make to your own work. It is in this way that you discover your direction and the truth about yourself. If you do not discover your response to your own work you miss the reward. You must look at the work and know how it makes you feel.

If you are not an artist you can make discoveries about yourself by knowing your response to work that you like.

Ask yourself: "What kind of happiness do I feel with this music or this picture."

There is happiness that we feel without any material stimulation. We may wake up in the morning feeling happy for no reason. Abstract or non objective feelings are a very important part of our lives. Personal emotions and sentimentality are anti-art.

We make art work as something that we have to do not knowing how it will work out. When it is finished we have to see if it is effective. Even if we obey inspiration we cannot expect all

the work to be successful. An artist is a person who can recognize failure.

If you were a composer you would not expect everything you played to be a composition. It is the same in the graphic arts. There are many failures.

Art work is the only work in the world that is unmaterialistic. All other work contributes to human welfare and comfort. You can see from this that human welfare and comfort are not the interests of the artist. He is irresponsible because his life goes in a different direction. His mind will be involved with beauty and happiness. It is possible to work at something other than art and maintain this state of mind and be moving ahead as an artist. The unmaterial interest is essential.

The newest trend and the art scene are unnecessary distractions for a serious artist. He will be much more rewarded responding to art of all times and places. Not as art history but considering each piece and its value to him.

You can't think "My life is more important than the work" and get the work. You have to think the work is paramount in your life. An artist's life is adventurous. One new thing after another. I have been talking directly to artists but it applies to all. Take advantage to the awareness of perfection in your mind. See perfection in every thing around you. See if you can discover your true feelings when listening to music. Make happiness your goal. The way to discover the truth about this life is to discover yourself. Say to yourself: "What do I like and what do I want." Find out exactly what you want in life. Ask your mind for inspiration about everything.

Beauty illustrates happiness; the wind in the grass, the glistening waves following each other, the flight of birds, all speak of happiness.

The clear blue sky illustrates a different kind of happiness and the soft dark night a different kind. There are an infinite number of different kinds of happiness.

The response is the same for the observer as it is for the artist. The response to art is the real art field.

Composition is an absolute mystery. It is dictated by the mind. The artist searches for certain sounds or lines that are acceptable to the mind and finally an arrangement of them that is accept-

able. The acceptable compositions arouse certain feelings of appreciation in the observer. Some compositions appeal to some and some to others.

But if they are not accepted by the artist's mind they will not appeal to anyone. Composition and acceptance by mind are essential to art work. Commercial art is consciously made to appeal to the senses which is quite different. Art work is very valuable and it is also very scarce. It takes a great deal of application to make a composition that is totally acceptable. Beethoven's symphonies with every note composed represent a titanic human effort.

To progress in life you must give up the things that you do not like. Give up doing the things that you do not like to do. You must find the things that you do like. The things that are acceptable to your mind.

You can see that you will have to have time to yourself to find out what appeals to your mind. While you go along with others you are not really living your life. To rebel against others is just as futile. You must find your way.

Happiness is being on the beam with life – to feel the pull of life.

## ILLUSTRATIONS

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*Untitled*, 1960

Blue ink on paper, 22,9 x 22,9 cm

Annemarie and Gianfranco Verna, Zurich

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*Untitled*, 1961

Watercolor, pencil and china ink on paper, 22,9 x 22,9

cm Private Collection, Basle

p. 55

*Starlight*, 1962

Oil on canvas, 30,5 x 30,5 cm

Private Collection, Basle

p. 65

*Water*, 1962

Watercolor, pencil and ink on paper, 30,2 x 30,2 cm

Private Collection

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*Untitled*, 1977

Watercolor and china ink on paper, 22,9 x 22,9 cm

Private Collection

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*Untitled*, 1978

Watercolor and ink on rice paper, 22,9 x 22,9 cm

Annemarie and Gianfranco Verna, Zurich

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*Untitled*, 1978

Watercolor and colored china ink on paper, 22,9 x 22,9 cm

The Jedlicka Family

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