Chapter 7 Creativity

In the last chapter I stressed the need to redefine our relations with the environment as a natural resource; in terms of the difference between monoculture as reflection of a reductionist approach, and natural diversity as nature's method of adaptation and evolution. In chapter 5 this same dichotomy is expressed as the difference in method between concepts of an Immune System which regards the body as an autonomous defence mechanism, or a relationship with the environment which is dialogical and adaptive according to location or circumstances. On this last count a holistic approach recognises a necessary connection between our bodies and the organising principle of nature, but which emerges into an expressed form or definition only according to the subjective conditions of our imagined purpose in the relationship.

What is missing from the account of monocultural evolution and non-organic concepts of the body is a kind of undefinable adaptive mechanism which guides the process of diversification in the ecosystem as a whole; and also determines a particular subjective conclusion with regard to the development of individual health, a concept which I outlined as including our understanding of consciousness and spirituality. Ultimately these 2 must have the same source and this is known in Eastern metaphysics as the Life Force. This concept first emerged in the West in the form of a Vital force or spirit which was said to animate living things and was even comparable to the concept of the soul. In modern evolutionary theory it is perhaps comparable to the idea of an ecological 'Niche' whereby adaptation of species revolves around a hypothetical 'gap' or niche, [meaning kennel in french], in the environment which steers the adaptive process. I will deal with this idea fully in the next chapter.

Coming then to the relevance of this idea for creativity, I have also outlined how western ideas of individuality or 'selfhood' have produced an understanding of motivation and intention relative to the will of the individual, which has had a tendency to regard the purpose of the will as the production of measurable consequences. In contrast to this I suggested that an alternative view of activity or behaviour pertaining to a liberated idea of 'non-self' as part of an organic whole, leads to a conception of purpose as synonymous with the process. Or more simply, if we regard activity as coming from a part of ourselves which is not motivated by the need to impose a self-generated intellectual interpretation of the outcomes of our activity, then we can perhaps learn to enjoy the process of doing something for its own sake. The benefit of this approach, apart from the satisfaction of knowing that it conforms to a sustainable lifestyle, is that we come to appreciate the inherent qualities of the activity expressed through our sensual connection with the world, and it is this intuitive sensation which constitutes the basis of a principle of creativity.

Indeed such an intuitively-sensed experience again comes back to the need for a holistic meta-concept of an organising principle of life which can incorporate both the subjective valuation of our located and biased activities, and also a feeling for the evolution of the ecosystem as a sustainable process of development. It doesn't really matter whether one calls this the divine principle
of creation, the quantum concept of the origins of the universe, or a sense of
the energetic equivalence of all forms of life animated by the same desire for
ultimate fulfilment. In fact if one was to delve deeply into the experience of
great art, music, and even the minute intricacies of modern theoretical
speculations of how life is organised, there would necessarily be in all of them
a point at which the rational gaze turns its attention to the undefinable spirit
which guides the impulse to discover things in places unimagined in the dark
recesses of the mind, but which are brought forth by the process of inventive
experimentation, doodling or creative interpretation of the song of the skylark.

This is the Thing which I am calling creativity; a process which is only sparsely
allowed for in the imaginings of the bio-medical model of nature and reduced
to the glitz of celebrity chefs on the TV or the need for colouring books for
noisy kids. As I just mentioned, however, without a concept of the dialogical
adaptive process of human development governed by the experience of vitality
as part of the evolution of the whole, our rational projections of Technotopia
will continue to crumble amidst a vanishing ecosystem. The need for a non-
scientific meta-concept of co-evolution can only be based on a much more
inclusive idea of the function of the human senses in relation to the
environment, and an appreciation of the limitations of a humanistic rationalist
outlook.

Of course it is possible to go on attempting to define what is theoretically
undefinable due to its complexity and subjectivity. This is perhaps one way of
interpreting much of what passes for historical objectivity or political dogma.
Another version has a tradition in modern Europe which could be categorised
as Romanticism, in which Poets and writers gave voice to their poetic license to
paint the wonders and magic of a realm untouched by industrial certitude.
Admittedly I too was drawn, through my own attempt to define the crisis of the
environment, as it was then known, to create a kind of science of intuition
which brought in all the formal elements of painting; but years of simmering
down what I thought were logical principles of creativity have in fact led me to
understand that what I then called 'valuing the undefined in nature', is in fact
the key.

Again we perhaps face a crisis of the spirit which reflects our materialist
impasse; but isn't this really the necessary black hole of existentialist despair
which the Zen Buddhists call 'The Great Doubt Block'? A process whereby we
mistake the wood for the trees in terms of becoming so wrapped up in the
need for labels to define the elements of our theory that we lose the sense of
where we are heading. So when I suggest that we can in fact proceed without
labels merely through an intuitive sensation of the appropriate balance of the
elements of our experience, this is also the intuitive feel of the artist for the
right colour to express their feelings, and the emotional liberation of the jazz
improviser in full swing. The unknown of the undefinable is in fact that which
we know most intimately but have not fully realised; the inherent wisdom of
the person as whole being.

Anyway I am perhaps already preaching to the converted in terms of pointing
out something which is already known, the ability to discern the truth of an
experience based on a gut feeling or an informed guess. But although these
ideas exist in abundance in our culture and perform a vital and acknowledged
part of our cultural identity, they remain largely separate from what is termed
the materialist interpretation of 'hard' evidence which comes from forms of
measurement gauged by technical instruments in which the foibles of the
personality are deemed obtrusive, not to say irrelevant. This is the 'Great
Doubt Block' of Materialism in that it fails to see what is in fact blatantly true
based on experience of rapidly declining ecological habitats. And the reason it
is blind to these facts is that it defines its view according to instruments which
have as their focus the narrow aims of humanist domination of nature as a
material resource. It cannot appreciate the value of equality of participation
and the preservation of a quality environment as the right of all life forms,
because it defines it's focus according to the extraction of maximum gain in
terms of rigid processes of hierarchical provision of life as a quantity.

And if it is argued that this is however only an error of calculation in terms of
the maldistribution of what is after all just the means to sustaining life, we can
in fact recognise this so-called miscalculation as the individualist outlook which
determines life according to a rigid and rational structure of resources whose
only value is a narrow definition of life as the controllable hierarchy which we
now have. In other words, the system of control we now have is not just an
expedient way to distribute resources as a means to perpetuating life, it is also
fundamentally a system which cares not to look at other elements of the
quality of life and prefers to have a narrow and controllable system as a means
to preserving its own hegemony. Again the proof of the pudding is in the
eating, otherwise it would be a simple matter to fix the blatant inequality.

So the answer, I am suggesting, is that we need a way of looking both at the
life of our culture and the environment which guarantees the symbiotic
sustainability of both, but which is based on a system which incorporates
equality, appropriate scale, and natural diversity as the indefinable ingredients
which bind community and nourish the roots of our sense of belonging. This 'Je
ne sais quoi' of our local and organic relationship with nature and each other is
also the recognisable spark of individuality and creative inspiration at the core
of each of us; and the animating principle of human love no less than the
erotic force of natural regeneration. In a holistic paradigm, life, love and the
pursuit of tasty vegetables are all encompassed by a sense of nature as a
living force and a cosmic mystery. To move forward as an ecologically benign
species on the planet we have to tune in to this fundamental force for
empathic sensibility in collective consciousness.

The Process is the Goal

So having attempted to grasp what cannot be grasped, or at least owes its
definition to being defined as beyond definition, we have to talk around the
idea in a way which reflects the very nature of language as a holistic system of
abstract labels or symbols which galvanise our energies around a common
theme. There is no one point in the universe we can call a centre, a beginning
or an end. This is the paradox not just of the fundamental relativity of modern science, but of the necessity of conceiving of life as a subjective quest for meaning and as a vision of palpable mystery for future generations. But what we have is not poorer for all that, it means we can dive into the pool of mystery and natural sensation as a source of potential revelation and fulfilment. What we lose in terms of rigid hooks to hang our hat on, we gain in the rich tapestry of life which bursts forth with sensual delight and ever deepening intrigue in its myriad interconnections and vitality.

The above sub-heading comes from a well-worn new-age addage; it also reminds me of a phrase from Thich Nhat Hahn: 'There is no way to happiness, happiness is the way.' It is not a difficult concept; what you are seeking is actually contained in the process of seeking and not in the imagined goal of that process. To seek to be happy is in itself the way to become happy, not just because it focusses our attention on a positive goal, but because the act of will in affirming the desire for happiness is the best way to make our whole selves receptive to the energy of happiness. The more we try to be happy, the happier we become. This is a way of being which accepts the fundamental conditions of life and affirms them through an act of faith.

Equally when we hold the idea of belief in God or a spiritual dimension beyond the mundane appearance of reality, we can either view it as somehow a path on which we are forever striving to attain a point just beyond the horizon, and which is therefore unachievable; or we can learn to develop faith as something which can suffuse our whole being with a sensation of faithfulness. A feeling which leads to the recognition of faith as the basic energy of love and compassion in the world. In transitioning from faith as abstract belief to whole-person sensation of Being, we can grow into an appreciation of its benefits and extraordinary dimensions. In this whole-hearted embrace of the wonders of a created environment we recognise nature as a friend, and therefore the guiding source of life as vitality which organises all its aspects.

Of course such a description reflects my own path in life, but this serves to illuminate how I feel the creative process works through an elaboration of the subjective viewpoint of the individual with vibrant cultural symbols and fecund metaphors for life. From this point my own vision is expressed as the purpose both of my own life and as an attempt to synthesise my efforts with the collective consciousness of the green movement to save the planet. As such, it is my individual disposition as both healthy and happy whole person which adds to the equation in which nature is sensed as part of the dialogical relationship of bodies in search of a mutually beneficial evolution. That such an insight resides primarily in my experience of the truth of that disposition leads naturally to the creative process which furnishes us with symbolic agendas for change and regeneration.

**Style**

Inevitably I end up in a knot of algebraic word-salad as someone called it, but never mind, this kind of structuring may be useful to someone with a leaning
towards mechanical operations. This brings me to the topic of 'Zen in the art of..' type things because I feel it expresses a more accessible image of how creativity underlies a variety of activities. Starting then with '..and the art of motorcycle maintenance' by Robert Pirsig [1974], I was definitely disappointed with this book after years of anticipating it but not reading it because I felt I needed to distance myself from my adolescent infatuation with bikes and cars. Basically it was one of those classics of American culture like Jack Kerouac's 'On the Road' [1951], which I had heard of through the grapevine and which had built up in me an expectation of mystical insight into the new culture of freedom presaged by the sixties.

Due to my own days of vagabondage on the road I was amazed to find that Kerouac's book seemed to revolve around drinking a bottle of whisky in the back of a truck he had hitched a ride with. Big deal! And Pirsig's book was also a disappointment because I was expecting a kind of Zen guide to fixing bikes in a chilled-out and enlightened way. So my impression that the only thing Zen about it was gazing at the landscape as the author recounted the endless miles he had done in the saddle, deflated my anticipation. However I won't use this as an excuse to pour out my own journey with boat engines and sailing generally, although it has been a creative journey of profound depth which has taught me that the appearances, or emotional veneer, of our lives are indeed a reflection of a perhaps dimly-perceived inner path.

Perhaps the lesson of these popularised versions of the contemplative way is one that reminds us that immersion in the paraphernalia of a particular process can often lead to a substitution of the means for the ends. And what I mean by that is that if one gets hung up on the merits of fixing up bikes in a kind of religious way, this could lead to an obsessive distraction away from the original aim, i.e. to achieve enlightenment, and into the endless complexities of engineering or theoretical rationality, [algebraic word-salad!]. In terms of how we view such a process in the context of modern life, I wonder how many people are making car journeys to the convenience store in a gas-guzzling 4x4 just to buy a packet of crisps when really they are addicted to just sitting behind the wheel as a kind of fetishistic ritual. Enough said, I'd rather walk!

Getting back to the theme of creativity I want to consider a few genuinely creative activities, starting with other forms of 'Zen in the Art of...' such as Calligraphy and Flower Arranging. The first of these brings up all sorts of associations, with the origins of writing in pictographic forms, their transmutation with the advent of writing as opposed to oral culture, and the increasing use of script as documentation or work of art in itself. The obvious lesson in wielding the enormous brushes of Zen Calligraphy is that writing must conform to the same parameters of responsible self-discipline as other activities which aim to harmonise bodily existence with spiritual development. That this implies that writing is concerned not just with theoretical knowledge but also lived experience is expressed through the attempt to create beautiful images and even a beauty in the gestures of making the marks on the paper.

And with flower-arranging, although I have little experience of practising this
as an art form in itself, I am assuming that the lure of creating a beautiful bouquet or decorative display is offset against the need to develop the process as a rewarding exercise in itself. As with the archer who finds himself praising his own achievements, this in fact detracts from the ultimate aim which is to achieve a balance of mind and body purely as an intuited harmony between spirit and form. So we see that the role of all these creative activities is not just to create a balanced relationship with the 'other', whatever form that may take; but primarily as a way of refining the sensitivity of the artist and leading them to an inner state of harmony. This allows a subtle balance between the emotional and rational development of the character, which is itself a reflection of the balance in life between spontaneous gesture and careful planning.

Staying with the theme of language, there are numerous echoes of mutual fertilisation between language as performance or utterance and the processes of writing and reading. If we consider storytelling as perhaps the earliest form of oral culture, there are layers of meaning wrapped up not only in the style of the performance as expression of the culture of the audience, but in the narrative which itself acts as a symbolic hub around which real life dramas evolve as social identity and guide to life. In this way the story never emerges into the later notion of abstract knowledge because it bounces constantly between the exaggerated gestures of the performers and the emotional hankerings of the audience eager to explore their own fantasies. It is psychodrama writ-large on the backdrop of life lived in the bosom of nature.

The emergence of written forms evolves gradually from the naturalistic resonance of created artefacts to their signification in formal symbols which extract common themes and synthesise them in a format which can be transposed or transported to different environments. Their initial role in writing as notation for reading out loud in ritual settings gives them a role as sacred artefacts stored in volumes which are laboriously illuminated and copied by dedicated scribes. The advent of silent reading, as Ivan Illich shows in his book 'ABC – the Alphabetisation of the Mind' [co-written with Barry Sanders, 1989], not only changes the form of the script to conform to a grammatical structure suited to ratiocination, but presages the institution of writing as a repository of collective knowledge.

All these forms are still with us today and acquire a status according to the shifting sands of how language is appropriated to serve more or less abstract, rational or dramatic ends. In my own experience of the Quakers who evolved a form of speaking amidst the turmoil of the religiously-inspired civil war of the mid C17th, it remains mysteriously enigmatic and emerges as at once a collective voice inspired by the heat of the moment, at once a declaration of combined purpose directed by the efforts of factions whose beliefs compel them to act. The drama of the performance fluctuates seamlessly between the chewing of the rationalist cud and the outbursting of collective ministry as emancipation from the rigours of ideological persuasion. If creative process it be, then it dallies between a form of historical synthesis and antithesis which can only be termed a process if one remains wedded to the deep conviction of ultimate salvation.
And the last strand I want to consider is that of music. Although I derived the concepts of both rhythm and harmony in my theory of painting in contrast to their musical counterparts, I also developed an understanding of language derived from my painting of the landscape. Later I experimented with a visual form of musical notation which somehow straddled the boundaries between art and music and allowed me to develop a style of improvised music, even if the influence of the visual notation as art remained tenuous. The first process, then, involved seeing the way that form is delineated in the landscape by the silhouette against a light sky. In particular the mountains of the place where I lived for years became known not just by their traditional names, but also by a kind of cubist view of how their character changed depending on where I was looking from. That this view also gradually evolved as I cycled along past it all added to the feeling that the character of the place was expressed in a kind of fluid and changing form much like the lines of a story or a tune. This led me to the feeling that as there had to be some kind of form to which tunes or stories owed their structure, if not their sounds, then this was a likely source. As such this implies that the origins of language, which probably evolved from song, owes its cadence to the melodic function in a tune, and that this is itself tied into the way that the environment conditions our sense of structure as an abstracted feature of the landscape.

Later then, I found myself immersed in a study of music, not just through a fascination with other cultures, but equally because I knew how years of playing had conditioned my body and led to the seizing up of certain muscles after an accident. From this perspective I was interested to come back to music after a long convalescence in a way that shifted my focus and allowed me to unpack my feelings and motivation which I had carried since my youth. I mapped out the forms of the types of music in which I was interested in a graphic way derived from the notes on a keyboard. I had chosen an electronic keyboard because it involved a different way of playing from what I had been used to. By overmapping the structures of pentatonics, major and minor melodic scales and the blues, this allowed me to discern their structural similarities and develop an intuitive path which accompanied my writing of a diary of how my emotions developed and my enthusiasm for the new project. The unexpected upside was that by applying colourful motifs to help differentiate them I conjured up some beautiful images which, as I said, perhaps only tenuously related to the sounds which came out of the keyboard. And the deeper lesson I got from this reminds me of the images of Artist John Cage whose seemingly random musical notations acquire a form which is perhaps reminiscent of the discordant music of some modern classical composers. Again what this speaks to me is the way in which, much as the sound of tapping a cup when half-seen at a distance allows one to clarify that we are indeed seeing a cup, sound and vision are part of the same sensual matrix which plays in our minds as continually referencing and confirming our speculative anticipations.

*Rhythm*
In my formative years I had always dabbled in a variety of creative activities and this left me with a passion for the arts which I pursued relentlessly through my twenties. But it was not until I tired with the all-singing-all-dancing culture of the city and headed out to the country on a quest for the meaning of life that I began to carve out a more applied and rigorous approach. Having been involved with the green movement and become seriously concerned about the potential nuclear wasteland evoked by Chernobyl, I had posed myself the question; if the so-called crisis of the environment is not just a rational problem but one of our relationship with the earth as our spiritual home, then can I not find an answer by the deep contemplation of the landscape through painting it.

I have outlined the outcome of this process already, so what I want to look at here is the process or method which emerged from about 5 years of study into a recognisable pattern which revealed the inner workings of human creativity. Until I started to focus more narrowly on this specific theme my creative activities had been experimental, passionate and inconclusive, largely because I was not bothered to rationalise anything from them so much as being propelled immediately into the next phase of discovery. The vibrant multiculturalism of the city gave rise to a kind of hectic consumption of art for its own sake which reflected a later remark I heard with respect to the 'Live Aid' event; namely that 'multi-cultural is no culture'.

Be that as it may, my youthful exuberance became channelled into hiking excursions into the far reaches of these Isles which distilled in me a yearning for wilderness. Ultimately this led me to the mountains and it was here that my combined search for personal fulfilment and my quest to save the planet converged. It was only this dedication of purpose which brought to light my true potential, a feeling that somehow steered me towards a commitment to painting even though, ironically, my initial quest to head out West had been inspired by the desire to learn Celtic music.

My initial experiments with watercolour gave rise to my innate feelings of inadequacy, but my relative experience with colour allowed me to be inspired by the incredible power of colour in nature to arouse passionate responses. As such I persevered and found that my commitment started to pay off; a feeling of immersion in a supreme calmness enveloped me as I sat concentrating on the particular scene. This resonated with the sense of divine inspiration I was getting from meditation and fasting; and also the exhilaration of mountain climbing and days of rambling spent pursuing the ancient Celtic hermits dream of communion with nature.

Eventually, as I became more confident in my work and started to build up a body of satisfying pictures, I was able to draw out some patterns and this coincided with a growing awareness of an inner process of creativity. But before I describe what I feel this process is, I will sketch in some background ideas to refine what I mean by an inner creative process or rhythm. Firstly then, in consideration of how the concept of time or linear sequence influences my understanding, it is important to realise that a personal view of time is
synonymous with the idea of 'my age'. I view the process of my life through the lens of my evolving condition and spiritual development. Equally the world out there cannot be said to be changing in time with me because my perspective is changing, so what I conclude about the relationship between me and the world is governed both by my self-conception and also by the ambiguities of a world in flux relative to my own maturity.

An anecdote which enhances this sense of the contingency of time for me is given by a story I heard narrated by Alistair Cooke on the radio. His story revolved around the feelings of whites in the segregated southern states of America. To cut the story shorter, he ended up by making a joke of the fact that a black barman had a great sense of rhythm while shaking a cocktail. 'They sure got rhythm!' he intoned as his punchline. I apologise for not giving the whole story, but this is because it fell flat on my ears, basically because it reduces black music to the idea of rhythm as something distinct from music in general. In other words black music is characterised by the unmusical beating out of a time signature which to western ears is merely the necessary underlying structure of the real music. And also without going into the fascinating subject of what music is, you only have to dabble in playing a tuneable skin drum to realise that not only is there a universe of feeling and nuance of expression in the rhythm itself, but that the sound of the drum is a form of total music which explores the infinite variety of percussive instruments.

Anyway this perhaps serves as a background to the feeling that a reductionist or materialist reality is unnecessarily narrowly defined. The compulsion to employ rigid contours for a world in which fluidity and personal ambiguity are bound up in a multi-sensed tangible context, inevitably negates the obvious connection between emotional purpose and a sensibility for the indefinable physicality of the stuff of life caught up in a flow of creative drama. From here we can see that the confluence of my own rhythms and those of an evolving ecosystem are conveyed through a process which is fundamentally organic and couched in the sensual terms of the materials themselves.

This feeling of the creative rhythm of my body, or sensitivity to the energies of the environment in conjunction with a personal narrative, not only became the motorway of my own sense of direction, but gave rise to a subtle feeling that there was a repeating pattern in my endeavours. Basically this amounted to the realisation that the transition, or transformation, from a questing spirit, through a grasping of the nature of the question, to a sudden plunge over a void of mystery, and then followed by a gradual assimilation of revealing ideas to a surge of energetic and spontaneous activity, were facts of the life of the artist which I later explored as a subject in itself. Much as I am doing now, so this merely displays the boundless possibilities of experimental living!

Theory of everything

So having shown that holistic knowledge is obtained through the multiple channels of sense-data; and that the mechanism for this is basically like that of
intuitive creativity where the art of producing results emerges incidentally out of a sensitivity for the context of one's speculative imaginings; I then went on to suggest that one could somehow synthesise the emotional rhythms of this method to give an abstract symbolic form which I have called a creative rhythm or pattern. It remains to add that the actual shape of this pattern will differ depending on the scales of one's search for meaning, but that, in the spirit of the infinite diversity of life, the principle of a symbolic process will remain tied to an essentially spiritual vision rather than any concrete structures.

That being said I will use my own brief description to flesh out a more environmental approach as opposed to my artistic examples just given. On this basis I have divided the process into 5 categories or phases and will use the example of a Swiss Ecological Illustrator, Cornelia Hesse Honegger, to add the content to my model. The reason for this choice is that her research into the effects of Radiation on insects at the Chernobyl disaster site led her to a poignant conclusion which helped me to form my belief that we need a whole new dimension of knowledge to categorise the experience of ecological degradation. What she realised in the course of presenting her illustrations of mutations of insects to the scientific community was that, in the absence of any previous comprehensive study of such phenomena, one naturally reaches for a kind of intuitive vision of what is going on, and that the obvious choice for this is are the images that Honegger painted. Her conclusion then, is that this is really the process which precedes all new discoveries in that we have first to create a category of experience as a general framework for the containment of new concepts, and that because images contain a pre-conceptual form of knowledge they are ideal for this purpose.

What I hope to do next then is to use the framework of my own sense of the creative process involved in trying to determine how to approach environmental problems holistically, and use the example of the mutated insects found near Chernobyl as a way of giving substance to the theory.

1). The Quest
The starting point of any quest for progress is the nagging feeling that something is wrong, or maybe that a better world is possible. In the case of Chernobyl this is not hard to see. But perhaps the underlying motivation, in my case when I went to the conference in this country a year later, was a desire to understand what was going on, what is radiation, and why do I feel so trapped and powerless in the face of the seeming certitude of science which defends it and moralises about my dissent as being anti-social?

2). The questions
Although I have in fact already filled in some questions in my first paragraph, what I mean by finding the right question is that sometimes we don't really have a grasp of what the right question is, because that would be to anticipate an answer as being at least in the right sort of area. In my case this was actually the case; I went there feeling that I
should find answers based on my conditioning in a rigid form of materialism. I expected a certain kind of answer, which I didn't get because the platitudes were unsatisfying. Indeed it is only recently that I have come to realise that my misgivings with a definition of radiation pertaining solely to a fangled thing called a Geigercounter were right. There is now much better understanding of the effect of accumulated environmental nuclear residue than there then was. And also it is only recently that I have really managed to understand the sophisticated idea of an undefined value as a guide to measurement. But this is to jump ahead!

3). The Emotional Void
What follows from a vague appreciation of where one might be heading is the necessary release of pent-up feelings which had been the source of anxiety, but which can now lead one to a more balanced sense of one's own place within a sphere of recycled being or healing. In my case the creative rhythm is perhaps still ongoing because I am finding that the more research I am doing for the sake of compiling this book, the more insight I am getting. But in getting to that point I have been through a dark tunnel of realisation that I have been carrying the burden of feelings of socially-manufactured guilt, and also a sense of frustration that my vision of life struggles to see the light of day. In the case of Nuclear energy, the void is represented by the sheer depth of negativity of those who stick blindly to theories of limitless and 'free' energy, happily ignoring the obvious side effects and impossibility of safe disposal of waste.

4). Too many answers
So once I have managed to digest the possibility that a future generation may actually have the sense to do away with Nuclear power, not to mention weapons; and also cast off the burden of guilt and despair, I am then faced with a veritable barrage of opportunities. The answers come thick and fast in a maelstrom of vitality which is overwhelming to the extent that one has to learn to quiet the mind as the source of intentional behaviour and let the floodgates open until the waters subside. What remains then is perhaps a bundle of new raw-materials and maybe some new tools which give rise to the next phase of creative activity. I often find myself wondering what the message of this book is, and who is likely to appreciate it. Therefore I construct an answer according to a hypothetical reader which has emerged as something like the need for disillusionment, re-education, inspiration and fulfilment. Not unlike my headings for the creative rhythm in fact! So the bottom line then is that if you are sufficiently equipped to understand the folly of modern claims that we can understand and conquer everything, and that this is supposedly a desirable and good thing, then its alternative, a sustainable, unpolluted, egalitarian and spiritually conversant culture will act as the motivation to keep chipping away at the old block of dogmatic patriarchy.
5). Action!
The last phase is to throw yourself into that activity which either you
know best or have developed a new taste for. This is not a process of
arduous rote-learning of conventional methods and applying them
through copying others. It has to come from the energy of the inspiration
and take as it's materials the stuff of the natural forms we are engaged
with. The artistic process is one that uses its sensations as a guide to
gesture; its vision of a possible outcome as a structure within which the
body learns the new shape of its design and builds it's temple. In terms
of the actions we can take as responsible stewards of the earth faced
with the many accidents and deliberate spillages of lethal poisons
through nuclear-tipped conventional weapons, look no further than the
mutated insects Honegger has painstakingly documented. A lesson I
learned from this, like with the understanding that official methods of
measuring ingested radiation are horribly deceptive, is that activity must
be contingent to the overall purpose of our lives. We have to embrace
the qualities of our environment in an intuitive way which indicates our
own potential to act as guardians of unbalanced industrial despoliation.
Personally I have only to spend a short time in a natural woodlands away
from the hubbub of civilisation to feel the deep sense of how these
Essential Beings are being ethnically cleansed from the landscape. The
ultimate principle then is that we are a part of nature and we have the
ability to repair the damage wrought by misguided materialist
catastrophes, but that we have to create a whole new way of thinking
and behaving if we are to succeed.