

# Creativity: Path to Wisdom and Joy

Clare Hedin

*"A hidden wave of passion lies just below the surface of most people's lives, a passion yearning to be liberated from the paralyzing myths of talent, skill, inspiration, accomplishment, success and failure, and just plain not being good enough"* (Michell Cassou, *Life Paint and Passion*, pg. xix)

It is funny how, in some paradigms, being creative has got caught up with the idea of being considered either special or, on the other hand, somehow irresponsible. It seems like there is a time when we are encouraged to be artistic, to be children playing with colors, sounds, being loud and ugly, imaginative and fanciful and believing in anything we choose to without any kind of judgment, any kind of label. And then we grow up. Once that has happened - forget it, it's all over! The colors are toned down, the sounds tidied up and made orderly and the ugly is hidden away where it can't be seen and, ideally, can't even be felt. As an adult, if you talk to yourself, or an imaginary friend, you are quite likely to get put on medication and, in some circles, if you don't hide the ugly, people won't want to approach you at all - you won't be considered safe. It seems that the idea is that, once you grow up, humor, exploration and adventure have a place, but it's somewhere in the back row or, as I call it, the 'waiting room' of life. As an adult, the priorities often switch to developing an absorbing and demanding career, a tangible life, and perhaps even having a family. All these things are important, but, does anything we choose in life have to be approached as a trade off for *play*, for *expressing* oneself, being *personally free*? Somewhere along the line, life got too serious and so did we! Life without creativity is not a joyful experience.

Creativity seems, once we are adults, to be saved for only the chosen few who know how to paint, sing, dance or perhaps design buildings and their interiors, to name but a few crafts. It costs money and it takes training. There is an association with career and with exclusivity. I myself have trouble with this vision of creativity, I think it is much more earthy, rich and humorous than that. If I had to think of a Goddess to liken it to, creativity would have to be Baubo, with her big belly and her outrageous earthiness and laughter. Baubo was said to have come across Demeter when she was in mourning - because she could not find her daughter Persephone - and, somehow, in spite of Demeter's despair, in a short time, she managed to have her howling with laughter, with her lewd jokes and earthy humor, which alchemically transformed Demeter's sense of helplessness into a decision to act, to find her daughter. This she eventually did, for Persephone was in the dark underworld of Hades and she made a deal with Hades to have her daughter back - the terms of the deal leading to the agricultural seasons that we experience today. Baubo here, for me, represents creativity. She used humor to transform Demeter's introspective sorrow into active, self-empowered re-engagement. This is the power of engaging creatively with life, this is the power of creativity.

So, what is creativity? Creativity is all about being outrageous and also, at the same time, it is an incredibly quiet, sensitive and totally personal process of introspection. And I don't consider it as limited to just the paint brush or the piano. I think it is a way of being, a way of communicating, a way of knowing ourselves and God at the same time. In this paper my emphasis is on the more obvious artistic components of creativity, but my vision also goes beyond that to the daily choices that we make in our lives and how we think in general, how we respond to our aliveness. How willing are we, for instance, to explore the ways that we think? How willing to try on different hats of perception when confronted with situations that challenge us, challenge our paradigms?

Creativity is physiological as well as emotional and spiritual. When I am being creative, my cells *buzz*, my head feels light and open and my body *vibrates* with emotion, elation, passion, aliveness and focus. At the same time, I am also aware of an introspective contemplation. There is an alertness, a listening, a total presence and connectedness - my whole being is alive with the joy of really *being*, really *being alive!* But again, what do I mean when I say being creative? What is it's nature? Where does it come from? What does it look like? Why is it important? And, am I contradicting myself when I say it requires discipline to chose the creative approach to everything in and around us, to everything in and around our lives?

Creativity means options, it means insight, it means movement and exploration and it means discovery of self through faithful expression, or as Michel Cassou - 'art as liberator' teacher - says in her book *Life, Paint and Passion*;

'Creation, if you let it, will force you out of the limited definition of who you think you are' and is a 'self-exploding activity' (L.P.& P., pg. 174).

It is much more than we can imagine. And it is not limited to simply using art tools to create a representation of a image, or keys on a piano to narrate a Tchaikovsky Sonata. It is a force, the energy of life itself speaking to us, through us and beyond us, back to itself. It is the breath of yin/yang. Whatever created this planet and everything on it is constantly emanating from us, it *breathes* through us. This is consciousness. This is creativity.

Sometimes when I go to the piano, before I have even sat down, my fingers have landed somehow on the keys, and a sound is emanated. It informs me, it intrigues me, I am listening. I sit down and follow its lead, paying attention, exploring the sounds and the patterns of sounds that are emanating from this piano and from this moment. I feel privileged, enraptured and excited to be there - it is me as third party, not the creator but the listener, the follower and interactor. The moment will last as long as it lasts and then I take over to perhaps finish it off (if it feels like a piece) or I may just sit there after the experience of playing and just let the moment of silence and stillness, as the harmonics of the piano resonate off into the distance, wash over me, and carry me beyond myself, beyond desire. There is a baskingness in the realization that I have visited with metaphysical reality, with beauty (beauty for me

includes 'ugly' - it means 'total experience', 'total immersion, 'total expression' and 'total acceptance'), and that I responded to it, with it. Again, the 'it' that I am referring to is consciousness. In order to explore creativity we really need to explore what we mean by consciousness. As one gentleman put it, in Natalie Rogers' book, *The Creative Connection*, when talking about an experience of dance;

*'I have to say, I didn't dance. **It danced me!** I'm just a businessman. I've never seen a ghost or a spirit, but it danced. I did something important for me. It gave me tremendous pleasure.'* (T.C.C., pg. 56)

Consciousness, for me, is what we are, it is where we come from, it is "I", it is "God", it is *important*. And it deserves to be listened to for those reasons. Sometimes we get too close to ourselves on the outside (i.e. 'How do I look? What are they thinking of me?) and not close enough to ourselves on the inside (i.e. How do I feel? Am I being authentic?). This is where we can experience conflict around expression. Earlier, I referred to 'faithful expression' and I want to clarify - in order for the creative process to be connective in nature it needs to be authentic - which means that *we need to get out of the way*. This does not mean that we are to ignore ourselves but that we are simply to keep our judgments away from our sensitivities and our inner sensibilities. For instance, in *Life, Paint and Passion*, Michel Cassou describes a moment with one of her students;

*"This is trite," George said as he attempted to tear the picture off the wall. "All my paintings look cartoonish. I have the ability of a three year old."*

*"If you can paint like a three-year-old, that is a great compliment," I said. "The work of a child is alive and fresh, just like what you are doing now - except you are looking at it with old eyes."* (L.P.& P., Pg. 56)

We crucify ourselves with such judgments and say things that we wouldn't dream of imposing on another person, whatever their age. The important thing is to enjoy the process, to *allow* the process, feel the feelings, and allow ourselves permission to be wrong, right, crazy, ugly, messy, outrageous, inventive and playful! Our authentic experience has to have permission to show up, to reveal itself through us, to breath - or scream! - itself in and out of our consciousness and our psyches.

*'To create is to recognize that real beauty is found only in the honest gesture, wherever it leads, and that no harmony can be found outside it.'* (L.P.& P., Pg. 62)

If our feelings are authentic (which they always are) they need to be let out and we need to allow for the process to inform us, to tell us something about ourselves whether we like what we see or not. Our adopted or learned self-image gets in the way of our opportunities to discover who we really are. And who we really are is what we can actually contribute to the world and to ourselves as we travel through it, walking this earth with truly large and authentic steps - Baubo steps.

There is a psychological element to this process of course, and the creative act, if we engage with it, can be helpful in letting us see where we are caught, and stuck in self judgment. We can use this process to assist us in becoming free to live the lives that we want, with a self-image that is informed by God itself, by consciousness, by creativity.

There is something to be known about the creative process that is helpful and, not wishing to state the obvious, it is this: - creativity is creative! i.e. it is spontaneous and it is in charge. It is a flow that is an emanating life force, perhaps, dare I say it, having fun! Expressing itself out into the universe through us and allowing us the privilege of feeling it happen. We are not, however, simply vessels for 'other' we *are* the other manifested, and continually manifesting itself, ourselves. We are the self, manifesting the Self, through the act of creativity. We, as self, are no small part of that. We color the Self as if flows through us, giving personality and expression to each individual moment of manifesting. There is no right or wrong here, it all just *is*.

There are times in our lives when we feel expansive and communicative, chatty and vivacious. There are also times in our lives when we feel painfully sensitive and darkly self-conscious, un-connected to life, to ourselves, and unable to participate. We feel blocked from ourselves, from the very light of the sun and move around in a trance-like shadow of quiet, contemplative, timeless, isolation...desolation. We do not really feel like we are on the earth at all, but floating around in the dark recesses of our own forgotten and abandoned psyche where there is nothing gravitating us to a union with our own daily lives. We are dis-oriented and we cannot hear life calling us.

There is a relationship here between the psychological and the spiritual. It is hard to say, when we fall into darkness if we are falling into psychological hell, the infamous 'dark night of the soul'(where we can feel so utterly separate from God, from creation) or whether we are still acting as expressions for the larger consciousness. Does life itself have cycles of retreat, regeneration? If one were to look at its harvesting cycles, crop growing, seasons and even the animals hibernating during the winter, it would seem that life itself has its 'moods', its timing. If life were a painting of its own moods, then it would have every color, every shade of brown, every experience, every development, every mood, every moment on its own canvas, the canvas of the planet and all its inhabitants - *which includes us*. And are we then, perhaps, vital, vibrant and real expressions of these changing earthly and cosmic moods, manifested as humans instead of, say, squirrels, the tides or the tall grasses? Is it perhaps not an expression of our *separateness* but a sign of our *connectedness* that we do have mood shifts of such enormity i.e. are we simply manifesting the changing expressions of consciousness, the planet, that is authentically, un self-consciously expressing itself, moment to moment? How could we be any different from that from which we come and of which we are a part? Regardless of the issue of free will, we are still connected, and inter-connected, expressions of being.

So, there is the suggestion, for me, of cycles - cycles of creativity. I want to suggest the following pattern as a point of exploration ...yin, gestation, dark night of the soul, flowering, yang, joy, completion, wisdom, yin...

Sometimes, I feel creative, sometimes I feel disconnected. When I feel disconnected, I eventually remember that I need to create. Through the act of creating I find myself again. When I am experiencing silence, interior and exterior silence in my life, it usually means that I wandered off somewhere inside without paying attention to my surroundings and then I got lost (rather like Hansel and Gretel, but without the crumbs!). Once I get lost, I feel lonely for myself, I miss my experience of aliveness, so I seek connection and that's when I start being creative again - it's my way of re-connecting and I find relief in the expression. When I first become aware of feeling lost or disconnected, it can unsettle me; 'Why aren't I *creating*?!' 'Who am I when I'm not creating?' 'Where did I go?' 'What is this *place* that I'm in?' 'How do I get back?' This self-doubt, these questions are hard to sit with - we like to have all the lights on, we are afraid of the dark. But there is a place, in the cycles of creativity, for this not-knowing. If we didn't get lost from time to time, how would we be able to rediscover ourselves? In the rediscovery there is always something new. The questions, the self-doubt, are the reason for this period of gestation. This is the 'dark night of the soul' - both cosmic and individual, where we redefine ourselves, where we begin again, where we weave back together any severed connections to spirit. It's how we renew ourselves and, also, how we shed our old skins. The very questions themselves show us where we are stuck. They show us what paradigm we are living in - and, perhaps, *whose* paradigm we are living in! It is both psychological and spiritual. The more times we go there, the broader the pallet from which we can paint.

The flowering is when we begin to find peace with the questions and the uncertainties of our existence - not necessarily their answers, but acceptance of their presence, of our presence, of the dichotomy of being alongside the questions. In the darker corners of our existence, when we feel alone in the silence, we find something of ourselves that was missing, that we were too busy to notice before. That part of us calls out to us and draws us into its world. When we are there we begin to weave the parts of ourselves back together again so that the tapestry of our lives, of who we really are, can be made whole and authentic - telling us our whole story. If we do not retrieve those parts of ourselves then we are lost to ourselves and living only a shadow of our potential, not for success, but for full living, for the joy that can come with the courage to live, to truly live. That is when we begin to act out in the world again, we 'yang' our way out into the world again, and are somehow completed - until the next time...

I want to talk a little bit about how I got involved in the creative process, the different stages it went through and where I am with it, my relationship to it now, today.

I do remember, at primary school in England, doing sewing and embroidery using large needles, thick, brightly colored woolen thread and making up patterns on the criss-crossed pink material as a cover for my hymn book. I called the teacher over and proudly showed her the 'new language' that I was creating! I was so thrilled and totally engrossed. Luckily she was a supportive teacher and showed genuine interest in my enthusiastic efforts. At the same school - Woodford Prep.- I, along with my class mates, also had group music classes where Mr. Potter, the teacher, would play songs on the piano and we would all play our recorders and triangles and sing and create general mayhem and clutterful, noisy sounds! When I was a little older (all of 8/9/10) I got involved with model making and would spend hours playing with clay and papier mache, making shapes and little towns and miniature landscapes. I loved it. I was totally un self-conscious. However, there were moments where the process shifted from being self-absorbed to being self-conscious. At our school we had morning assembly every day. Anyone who played piano or was having piano lessons, was required to play as everyone filtered in and, if memory serves, we would also be required to play the hymn of the morning. This was no mean feat. All these people, all this potential for mistakes. I remember feeling so small sitting at that big piano, it was really scary. And it didn't stop there. Once I had started to take exams (and this carried on through secondary school) I had to perform recitals and learn how to play complicated pieces of classical music, along with scales etc. Again, I remember walking in to the large hall, my shoes squeaking on the wooden floor as I walked alone, in silence, up to the piano, past the panel of judges. Every sound I made echoed back to me my silence, my aloneness, my separateness. I passed all my exams. But all those recitals, all that learning, all the anxiety about making mistakes - it cost me something. It cost me, Me. And in that cost, was the ability to be conscious, to be comfortable, to be present and fluid. Music was no longer my friend but my unchosen nemesis. I dreaded the lessons - they were just plain boring! The teacher was concerned with results, not process. So I became a little production factory (like so many learning musicians and artists) that was going to prove the worth of my teacher rather than have a revolutionary experience of *being* and *self-discovery*, that I could call my own!

Michel Cassou talks about the difference between creating as a process vs. for a product;

'If you paint for product, you have a certain result in mind. You have a direction, a goal, a place you are trying to reach-you follow a map. If you paint for process you can go anywhere. There is freedom. Possibilities are endless.

*If you paint for product you have to follow the rules that keep you on track of your expectation. You have to calculate, organize, plan every move. When you paint for process you listen to the magic of the inner voices, you follow the basic human urge to experiment with the new, the unknown, the mysterious, the hidden. Process is adventure; product happens only within the parameters designed.'* (L.P.& P., Pg. 4)

i.e. when you paint for product, the product is what matters. When you paint for process it is You that matters. The emphasis is completely different, significantly different.

Natalie Rogers, in her book 'The Creative Connection' also has something to say on this subject of product vs. process;

*'It is a process of discovering ourselves through any art form that comes from an emotional depth. It is not creating a "pretty" picture. It is not a dance ready for the stage. It is not a poem written and re-written to perfection.'* (T.C.C., pg. 2)

This process of being 'judge-able' in an examination situation for something that is meant to be a creative act is not 'safe' as Natalie points out;

*An environment of psychological safety-one in which you feel free to explore a variety of feelings, responses, and projects - is paramount to your ability to be creative. Such an environment depends on acceptance, empathy, and nonjudgmental facilitation.'* (T.C.C.,pg. 14) ...

and

*'To accept a person's feeling-such as embarrassment about dancing, or shyness or fear about using colors-rather than trying to talk her out of that feeling, gives the individual a sense that she is safe to be herself.'* (T.C.C.,Pg. 15)

I didn't feel that kind of safety. Not only was I painfully shy, but, I was already in a competitive environment - and I was the competition! i.e. I had to overcome my own tendency - or ability? - to make mistakes, to be wild and creative, to *change shape*, to *make myself up*.

After I left school, at 17, I ran away from the piano as fast as I could. I vowed never to have another lesson, never to feel so trapped again. The learning process had left me feeling inadequate intimidated and self-conscious. Not good grounds for exploration, especially self-exploration.

It was to be many years, 12 in fact, before I came back to the piano. But in the meantime, I did continue to explore music, and art also, on my own. I took up the saxophone, the drums and sang. I was exploring life in all the forms that it showed up in, musically. Percussive drums connected me to the earth, saxophone to its melodic soul, and singing was just 'something I did' - I enjoyed it. Every so often I would have to check in with myself as to how I was approaching these offerings in my life and invariably I would have fallen back into old habits of rigorous practice schedules and tight, frustrated ambition. How we *absorb* what we are taught about learning, about *being* - whether we have enjoyed it or not!

I want to focus on what part art played in my life in the meantime. The various expressive art forms exist for a reason - even though they all essentially are opportunities to experience spirit and express spirit, they each have their own features, their own characteristics or personalities ...

... I went to art school in San Francisco and studied art classically and, not surprisingly, it was boring, tedious, precise work - not unlike my experience of learning the piano! Three hour classes would drag by. However, what I found would happen, during the gaps in between semesters is that I would just experiment. With no expectation of a particular outcome, I would put on my paint clothes, pull out whatever paints and materials I could find and just play with color. I had such fun. The meaning was in the process, not the destination and that process was experience *in the moment* - direct experience, no restrictions! I had a blast and I felt alive. There was no-one watching - it was just me and God, me and Consciousness, me and my self having fun, being creative, being *altered* through the experience. I would feel my aura *beam*:- I was 100% present, totally immersed, happy and absorbed in the process I was experiencing. I learnt something from that. I learnt about moving the lines of expectation, and I learnt about getting out of the way. When I got out of the way, I got to be surprised, informed and lifted beyond the mundane-ness of repetition.

Another thing that started to happen is that a friend lent me a guitar and I promised myself that I would just have fun with it - I had absolutely no interest in 'learning how to play', I just explored . Again, it was a private relationship between the guitar, the music, God, and me. And I began to write songs. Initially the songs were just for me, but after a while, they got shared with other people. What my songs were speaking of belonged to many other peoples experiences and so a connection was born - all because I got out of the way. The reason I am telling you all this is to point out the aliveness that is available in freedom of expression when we allow God, Creativity or Consciousness to be the artist, as opposed to trying to do it all ourselves.

Natalie lays out a whole 'culture' of how she sees creativity, in her book *The Creative Connection*, which - although it is somewhat long, I wish to include here since she does such a great job on outlining the various aspects of creativity from the point of view of a transformative arts therapist (which is what she is);

*\*All people have an innate ability to be creative.*

*\*The creative process is healing. The expressive product supplies important messages to the individual. However, it is the process of creation that is profoundly transformative.*

*\*Personal Growth and higher states of consciousness are achieved through self-awareness, self-understanding, and insight.*

*\*Self-awareness, understanding, and insight are achieved by delving into our emotions. The feelings of grief, anger, pain, fear, joy, and ecstasy are the tunnel through which we must pass to get to the other side: to self-awareness, understanding, and wholeness.*

*\*Our feelings and emotions are an energy source. That energy can be channeled into the expressive arts to be released and transformed.*

*\*The expressive arts-including movement, art, writing, sound, music, meditation, and imagery-lead us into the unconscious. This often allows us to express previously unknown facets of ourselves, thus bringing to light new information and awareness.*

*\*Art modes interrelate in what I call the creative connection. When we move, it affects how we write or paint. When we write or paint, it affects how we feel and think. During the Creative Connection process, one art form stimulates and nurtures the other, bringing us to an inner core or essence which is our life energy.*

*\*A connection exists between our life force-our inner core, or soul-and the essence of all beings.*

*\*Therefore, as we journey inward to discover our essence or wholeness, we discover our relatedness to the outer world. The inner and outer become one.' (T.C.C., pg. 7-8)*

In a nutshell, she is saying that who we are, how we feel about ourselves, how well we know ourselves and how much we can grow psychologically, is directly affected by becoming engaged in the creative process. Her emphasis is on the psychological, mine is on the spiritual. The creative act is a wise one to choose - because it not only leads us to ourselves but also to each other and to the cosmos. When we are open to the creative act, when we allow it to flow through us, we are acknowledging that we are not just one separate individual body, but that we come from something greater than us that can inform us and fill us up with its presence *consciously*. In other words, we are not alone and we are not expected to be. We are an extension of all that is and therein lies the source of our self-knowledge, of Self knowledge and of wisdom.

Since I had my own experiences of self-consciousness (as opposed to self-actualization or self-affirmation) when learning how to 'do' art and music, I know how cramping it can be. The trouble is that this is an experience that goes beyond just being an artist - it steps into the realms of being a human being - for what we learn in the world, we inherit as universal consciousness, universal rules. This is something that I would love to have an influence on. I want to do it differently - I want for people to learn again how to have fun with themselves - regardless of the forum. It is important for us to be able to unwind, unlearn the restrictions and the rules, and retrieve our creative impulses so that we can have a direct experience of ourselves and of the divine ... so that we can really accept ourselves. I have played with different ways of doing this with and for people, with an emphasis on integrating the playful use of art to compose music and the personal approach to singing that expresses truly authentic presence and not so much 'correct procedure' when singing a song. I love to work with people's creativity, creatively, because I know how precious it is, how vital it is and how strong it is when we let it teach us. Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than seeing someone come alive and return to themselves, to their body, to their joy. This is something that we can take out into the world, into our daily lives and our relationships.

In the title of this paper I cite consciousness as a path to wisdom and to joy. And here is why:- in the creative act, we learn to experience ourselves as part of something, part of a bigger connection to life and to the universe. We are re-connected to our ultimate consciousness and our self gets informed and expanded by our Self, in our connection to the divine. We experience ourselves as ultimately important - we matter *because we can feel*. In life, we learn how to forget who we are and what it is to be alive, how magical it is to even exist and how much play there is in those two things. We get conditioned beyond reason to behave in appropriate ways, *proper* ways. We lose ourselves and end up floating out in space, tired and weary and we experience life as something to be 'got on with' instead of enjoyed. I do believe that life is a universal opportunity to be joyful and curious, to know ourselves, from every level of being available to us. Not just the 'special ones' who have 'talent'. I believe we all have talent - whether we are raising children, playing the piano, teaching a class, or suffering from a serious physical or mental condition - we can't help it! We have the talent of life, of living and we can do that with full immersion into the process, with full expectation, not of result but of presence and vitality. Life is to be lived, not practiced. One of our biggest fears in regard to being authentic is summed up so poignantly by this lady in Natalie Roger's book;

*"Will anyone love me if I'm all of me?" (T.C.C., pg. 21)*

We can't wait for people to love us, we have to start loving ourselves. And we do that by getting to know ourselves. If we know ourselves, and know how to operate according to the influence of the highest form of consciousness available, which I think we find when we are being creative, when we are approaching life creatively, we can experience ourselves in a way that we might otherwise miss. Each of us in an individual but that which we connect to when we are being creative in our lives is always the same source of inspiration, of play, of honesty and of raw emotion. We have that in common. Being creative is not always going to be an easy experience for we do have to travel through our own selves, our own emotional meshwork, in order to reach it but what happens is authentic self-knowledge, authentic Self-knowledge and a true relationship with the divine. That's why creativity is important. It is like active prayer and active therapy without the religion, without the therapist. It is both loud and silent and it is all yours - a private conversation between you and God - and where else are you going to find greater wisdom than from directly listening to, talking with and expressing this divine relationship through your paint brush, your music, your walking, your gardening, your bathing, your nurturing. Everything we do can be experienced as creative if we want it to be. It doesn't even have to look different from when we are not considering it as such but it will certainly always *feel* different.

In the bigger picture, beyond artistic forms of creativity, being creative means responding directly to life, to our own individual, inner callings. Earlier I mentioned that being creative requires discipline. The reason I say this is because it requires us to make honest, thoughtful, authentic choices for ourselves in response to our needs. Oftentimes this can mean choosing in direct opposition to our cultural heritage and the rules that we have already, oftentimes, set up

for ourselves - *without even realizing it*; paradigms can be invented or inherited and once in place they can become dangerously rigid. It takes discipline to honor that which our social environments (esoteric and exoteric) may not support us in choosing. However, the sands of time shift with the tides, and so must we. We are alive, and life is never still. So let's listen to the breeze and respond in kind. We do not need to be afraid of who we are because who we are is beautiful, vibrant, lush and exciting, beings of God, of truth - truly, creative beings of wisdom and joy. And where is the wisdom? The wisdom is in the self-knowledge, in the Self-knowledge; it's in having the view from the top of the tallest mountain and from the bottom of the deepest cave and all the bits in between! *All* the bits in between! Wisdom and Joy, in Creativity; it's what life is for, it really is.

With thanks,

Clare Hedin

**Bibliography:**

- Cassou M., and Stewart C., [Life, Paint and Passion](#) 1995 (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)
- Rogers, N., [The Creative Connection](#), 1993 (U.S.A., Science & Behavior Books, Inc.)