

HAPPINESS

1947

A radio station in Delhi asked me to give a talk about Happiness. What is Happiness? Happiness is joy, joy is in beauty. It is the hearth of all creative forces of man. Happiness is not in gold. Many are the examples of how deeply unhappy are the rich. The beauty of life is not in gold. Luxury is in gold. And luxury is usually the antipode of beauty.

Happiness like bliss is a timid bird. It is easy to frighten away the wave of happiness. It is easy not to sense whence is wafted this benevolence. In the routine of every day *mechanical* labor it is not easy to discern the wing of happiness. Should one condemn those who have altogether never heard about happiness? To all the persecuted, to all those steeped in bitterness and animosity even the word "happiness" will appear as a derision.

Some people may say that "happiness" is rolling in marvelous cars. That "happiness" is gorging on sumptuous food and in gilded apartments. This "happiness" takes into itself the power to oppress, to humiliate, be unjust and deride the weak. This "happiness", like a dark ghost, hangs over, threatens, sullies each sigh and smile of beauty. Does one teach in schools about this gaudily painted vampire which in daily life is called "peoples happiness?"

Nothing is said about sacrifice. But the entirety of gilded vegetativeness is extolled and emphasized. Yet, it is shown with a smirk, calling it enjoyment and attainment. Many are the substitutes but especially terrifying is the substitute for happiness. How to condemn those who are longing for enjoyment when they are never told about sacrifice and the beauty of achievement? When the achievements of antiquity are revealed to them as fit only for ridicule.

It is painful to see how ignorance tramples down the best flowers. Small is the consolation that vandalism is due to ignorance. Millions of years of human existence produced a multitude of achievements. Why to reject them? Goal-fitness teaches caution. Co-measurement reminds about harmony and rhythm. They are the path to happiness.

Do not fear to reiterate about beauty. The Garden of Beauty needs watering. Drought kills all that lives. But if even deserts can come alive under the hand of care then the daily life can also blossom with rarest flowers. The family, inspired by art, will be a stronghold of the government. Many countries are alive because of memories of their creative achievements. Even an achievement of the past does not become rusty and saves the nation from decay. No one will dare to say that one has sufficiently spoken about beauty and creativeness and that it has done enough for them. Self-perfectionment, knowledge, and love are infinite. Great is the magnet of happiness.

Wonderful is the joy born because of beautiful creations. The steps of happiness uplift and transform the surroundings. The first step will be one of collecting: "my things," "my joys". Then comes the next step, when the condition of self-hood will depart. Why is an object "mine?" For how long? Let it bring joy to all. And with such thinking will arise the third step - will come the broadening of consciousness. There is the true, unconstrained joy! The flights of happiness!

"When we speak about the heart we speak about Beauty." The "Heart carries within itself the beauty of Existence." The heart as a creative magnet carries within itself fiery energies. Could one without these maxims contact the realms of joy and happiness? Joy is affirmed through straight knowledge. Man will not rejoice at ugliness, if his heart is aflame. While speaking inspiringly of happiness one must affirm also the joy and the heart - these are the talismans against despair, boredom, downfall, decay. "Let the consciousness be drawn toward the Garden of Beauty."

"The hour of affirmation of Beauty in life has come." "It has come in the rebellion of peoples. It has come in storm and lightning."

Happiness is in harmony and in equilibrium. But this equilibrium is based on rhythm. The sun also functions through explosions. Likewise the evolution is full of explosive revolutions. Complex are the rhythms of the universe. It is not easy for the consciousness when it is expanded, because it is then immersed in infinity. It is not strange that the small consciousnesses, in their own way, feel more happy. But happiness is infinite and knows the inavoidability of creative flights. That which has to come let it be hastened!

The path to happiness, to the equilibrium of energies, is not an easy one. And it is good that these strongholds are conquered in labors. Great is instantaneous illumination, but one must be able to safeguard this fiery blossom so that it should transform the whole life. Let it illumine the entire horizon. Then the terrors and ghosts are not frightening.

In happiness fear is abolished. Does one teach how to eject fear? Courage is the shield of happiness. But this shield must be forged in the fire of achievement. In any daily routine, in any and every labor may be forged the armor of achievement. It is wisely spoken to say: the "heros of labor." The fight for a better future is carried not only on the battlefield. Indefatigability, patience, achievement of better quality, are tested in the life of every day. The achievement of humaneness grows in labors. Happiness lies in conscious labor. The song of labor is the great harmony for all seekers.

Many are the obstacles in the streams of life. Many dangerous stones and rushing currents. Happiness has many enemies. All kinds of malice, depression, and slander, all these creep out and gnaw at the roots of happiness. Among the dark enemies will be also the excessive mechanization of our age. Mechanization can choke the creativeness of the nation. Mechanization can destroy culture. Even civilization itself may suffer from excessive mechanization.

At present is increasingly developed the wireless transmission of energy. At first glance the benefit is quite apparent for television, for radio, and for many new discoveries. But who knows to what an extent will the space be oppressed by the forcibly captured energies? We know now how the space is crammed with contrasting radio transmission. The currents upset each other, are piled up upon one another, and fade out in the immeasurable tension. How long will it last?

Of course the wireless transmission of energy helps to realize the forgotten forces of man. Energy of thought as yet is partially acknowledged, and for the ignorant ones it remains within the boundaries of some sort of sorcery. Disorderly, chaotic thinking will also be among the enemies of happiness. Does one teach in the schools about the significance of thought? Or is this great science remaining among the number of forbidden acquisitions? For how long?

Milling about and erring, they will come again to happiness. The old proverb "Beauty will save the world" will again become alive. Could one in the day of Armageddon speak of beauty? Yes, one could and one should. Beauty is not a sentiment but a beautiful, rising, leading reality. Something was already known in the depths of consciousness, but a spark was needed in order to make the mechanism work. The spark will flash out and produce the glow of beauty, and the tired worker will again arise full of strength and clear wishes. He will wish and he will achieve. And the difficulties and the obstacles will become possibilities.

But for a blind eye the beauty will not flash out. One must desire to see beauty. Not "prettiness" but the majesty of beauty itself. Happiness is therein that this beauty is inexhaustible. For everyone beauty can flash out and transform any life. There are no forbiddances against it. There are no barring locks. On wings of beauty is strength renewed and the eye becomes the master of space.

Happiness is joy. Joy is in beauty.