

Post 1

My Creative Process

Insert creativity.jpg
Am I creative? Psychologists say that we all are capable of being creative. I am not convinced. I have never **engaged myself creatively**. *Insert - 2704914203 -ac do* Is it possible for me to explore the workings of my *creative* right brain and become the creative child that will happily engage in fantasy?

Insert untitled
I **decided to find out**. I planned to take black and white photographs of wild animals and use this ^{is} a medium to express some of the feelings I have about my life. I wanted these pictures to reveal the mystery and surprise that I feel when I suddenly came upon one of these creatures. I embarked on my creative process by learning the basics of photography: what kind of film to use, how to load the film, how to turn the camera on, how to adjust the flash, where to buy the film and most importantly how to hold the camera so my thumb isn't part of the finished product.

Formatted: Line spacing: Double

Deleted: employed a creative endeavour

Cinema picture?

Insert 8927701

Post

I visited my friend's acreage to take pictures of some of the animals that lived there. I did it - I snapped photographs of a deer

Insert Fotolia 56395 - deer

standing near a barn, a porcupine wandering through the yard,

Insert 11736239

white ducks eating grain, a rabbit hidden under an old truck,

Insert 900505

Insert rabbit under the truck

funny looking donkey and few horses. I immediately got them

developed. I was excited to begin writing about my creative

Insert pen & paper picture

process.

Insert

Sad Face

Despair - Camera shutter?

Insert

When I received my pictures my beliefs were confirmed - I wasn't

Deleted: As I had believed in the first place I was not creative

Deleted: M

Deleted: , when I received my pictures back

creative. I had taken pictures with the shutter closed; the pictures

that weren't blank were terrible. I managed to get only half of the

rabbit's ear, the sun got in the way of the donkey, and the picture

of the horses was blank. I couldn't find any signs of the ducks and

my thumb clearly showed up in the picture of the porcupine. This

caused me great despair - it was confirmed - psychologists are

wrong - we all don't have a creative side.

Insert blank film

Insert half rabbit's ear

Insert 483381

Insert Fotolia 4434933

Insert Camera & thumb

Insert Despair

(picture of despair)

Part 3

But as I thought about it I realized that the problem might not be a simple lack of creativity. It might have more to do with process. I

was chasing the animals, taking away the magic of the moment. In the past, meeting a wild animal was a surprise full of wonder and mystery, arousing emotions in me.

Picture? images, surprise

I realized the stories I told were things that happened to me. My

stories were spontaneous – they weren't planned. The spontaneity and surprise of the moment was missing in the photographs.

The true story could be captured through the vivid images that I have of the times that I suddenly came upon a deer or coyote.

As my images unfolded, I could clearly see what I had witnessed in the past. I learned trust from the coyote when I happened upon

the young pup, lean and desiccated from the long winter. He was perfecting a "mousing" technique – alert and ready. I stood

watching with a friendly interest – he saw me- he paid little attention- he went on with his business –he trusted me – he

accepted me for who I am.

Deleted: and demanding that I met

~~Picture of pen & paper 1026 writing page~~

Insert 2369/21

Insert photo 535369

I gazed out the window - feeling overwhelmed, doubting myself – not knowing where to begin.

Suddenly, there he was – ^{Insert 2055793} a beautiful little bunny-the grey streaks of fur that flashed as he advanced toward the window. I noticed that his soft downy fur coat revealed the innocence of his babyhood, his snub little nose and his brilliant black eyes that looked directly into mine. He seemed so vulnerable in the cruel word, so tiny and delicate, yet he had strength and confidence to take on the world.

Just as suddenly there ^{Insert Fotofia 1574035 - Buck} was a buck in the open meadow. I stood quietly and stared as he gracefully and calmly walked toward me. He was a large fellow of doeskin colour plush. I saw a wordless gentleness in his expression. The compassion in his eyes flooded me with a sense of peace. He offered to share his power and strength freely. His energy became our energy. In my sense of

Deleted: T

Deleted: With new inspiration I turned toward my computer - I could handle this task

Deleted: T

Deleted: he was

Deleted: this

Deleted: buck-he

peacefulness I felt the energy inside of me. This restored harmony within myself.

I understand that ^{insert disharmony} disharmony such as stress, anxiety, or feeling that something is wrong, are common to the human condition. I ^{insert harmony}

discovered through my creative process that there are moments of harmony, love, enlightenment and pure awareness that I have experienced by watching the animals. My images allowed me to feel fully in the moment. I had the ^{insert courage} courage to reveal my images.

My images are my unique creations.

^{insert chicken ungre.jpg (I want to be unique)}

With new inspiration I turned toward my computer – I could handle this task. (not sure what is happening here – are you photographing him? Not sure why you are turning to your computer)

^{insert Fotolia 4871509}
Butts of horses The End