

Intuitive Collage

by Shelley Klammer



Collage seems to cross all barriers and is immediately accessible to young and old alike. There is an overflowing abundance of images that can be recycled into opulent, intuitive works of art. All it involves is sitting down with a pile of old magazines and choosing images, textures and colors without thinking or judging. Anything that excites or intrigues you is then put together in fresh and spontaneous ways.

Everyone is creative. Authentic creative expression will unfold and develop in complexity and personal meaning over time with no formal art training necessary. You have to stick with it. There is always a natural progression towards each individual's unique style without the need for controlled techniques. Anyone given the opportunity to make spontaneous art in a supportive environment will unfold in his or her own natural way.

When I sit down in my studio and start to flip through old magazines, I keep my mind relaxed and my eyes soft. My breath is deep and gentle as I look for anything that catches my eye. I don't ask myself why I am drawn to images of the old wooden doors, a red bird, the carved bust of a king, a hot pink lotus flower. All I know is that I am delighted with what I find.

My fingers get sticky with glue and paint as I lay down the backgrounds and the collage begins to come together like the mysterious pieces of a puzzle. A black bird drops a seed into a pink flower. Eyes become clocks. A cathedral ceiling evokes the expanded state that I am in.

My collage unfolds with a force greater and more generous than I could ever plan for. The patterns and colors are instantly opulent and richly detailed. I find a warm red Celtic scroll, a verdigris fossil. I look for small finishing details, a wing from a bird, a ladybug, a church steeple. Finally it feels finished and I feel complete, more whole than when I began.

I look up at the clock. Where has the last hour gone? I put the collage up on the window ledge and I look at throughout the day. Insights and ideas come to me as I do other things. I communicate with my collages and with the deeper, more mysterious parts of myself. The carved door feels like a possibility. The king's imperial head feels like strength. I suddenly have an answer to something I have been wondering about. I could act with new strength as easily as I could open up a door and walk through it. Yellow orchids seem to bloom and applaud my insight. My life suddenly feels more vivid and rich with possibilities.

We are all born creative and our souls ache to be truthful and original. Many of us were not encouraged to express our feelings freely as children and so we buried our authentic nature. As adults we can return to our authentic creative natures through spontaneous and intuitive art. There is a deeper more true self within all of us that is always waiting to be discovered.

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