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Creative Embodied Energy Expression

Our ancestors knew the healing aspects of creative embodied expression. They sang, danced, chanted, drew, painted on their own and in groups. Culture was kept alive, community thrived, collective wounds were healed, and life continued. While you have life breath inside, you can create anew. Cherish the gift of energy in life now.

Lori Chortkoff Hops, Ph.D., DCEP

The physical energy of light and shadow cast the illusion of three-dimensional reality on the canvas of a painting.

The subtle energy of consciousness shifts and responds while reading the words of a cherished poem.

The physical and the subtle energies of emotion are in motion with the rise and fall of a dancer's body on a stage.

These are examples of creative energy expression, finding form through the physical body. Physical energy of form combines with the subtle, intangible energy of thought. An artist creates, taking subtle energy of an idea or impression and moves it into physical reality, through the body. An observer of the art receives the creation through the physical senses. A new experience is then born when creator and observer meet in the presence of art. The art is transformed with each viewing, always unique

for each person, mood, moment. Three artistic mediums—painting, writing, and dancing—are described as examples of creative embodied energy expression.

PHYSICAL ENERGY AND SUBTLE ENERGY EXPRESSED THROUGH ART

Observation changes the physical structure of three-dimensional reality back into the subtle realm where it originated. It is a continuous loop merging consciousness and matter, leading to dimensional expansion. When we are introduced to art we meet it in the physical reality of light, shadow, movement, and sound, through our senses and body proper. Then, without our conscious awareness, our subtle energy bodies and consciousness instantly respond. The process is so rapid, it often becomes invisible. We act as if the art is creating our reaction, without any personal filters, history, or ownership of identity.



We may experience art or creativity with neutrality, apathy, or polarized reactions of extreme dislike or disgust, rapture, or emotional poignancy. An interplay continues, energy discovering itself, both hidden and revealed.

CREATIVE EMBODIMENT

Underneath this dynamic of expression is the moment spurning the artistic creation. We may wonder what the artist was thinking, feeling, experiencing which gave rise to the art. A mysterious process moves the dancer's body, locates the writer's words, imprints design through paint on the canvas. What was once pure potential becomes manifest in the outer world. Matter is unearthed from awareness, through the body, alchemizing it all. This muse of creative embodiment is our birthright, in a seemingly never-ending supply. Still, it is rare to get a glimpse into the psyche and process which births creative expression.

I will share some examples from my life as an artist embodying creative energy. Physical and subtle energy changes with sinuous flows, stationary blocks, and stunning transformations. This is a universal process, which is found in my creative expression through my body in three arenas: hearing inspiration with writing, embodied emotion with dancing, and novel "language" with painting.

HEARING INSPIRATION WITH WRITING

Words whisper in my mind, spilling into my brain. They are here and not here. No one is speaking, yet a voiceless sound cascades. I write the sounds and words, one by one. Dictating from an unknown source. Surprise. The words have a rhythm, coherence, message. Often without any need for editing. This is not conscious, deliberate writing. I had to unlearn how I was taught to write in school. Have an idea, do research, find a structure, write, edit, rewrite. Start over. Effortful and deliberate.

Instead, I did not have to work at the words which

appeared seemingly on their own accord. It took years of practice to develop the skill of letting go of expectation. I slip into a hovering wakefulness of purpose of intent, a prayer to be clear on a topic or with an inspiration, followed by surrender. Sometimes the sounds and ideas arrive without prior invitation. The poem "Floating" was almost not captured in writing because the words seemed too simple at first. Easily dismissed, like nonsense, or a reading primer for a child. But I tried anyway. Despite the rudimentary nursery story rhythm, the finished product contained deeper elements of images, movement, symbolism, and beauty. It took only a few minutes to write the poem. My only job was to listen and dictate. Not to edit, reflect, or stop the flow.

'One thousand tips a day for wellness' began with a single Facebook post during the start of the pandemic in 2020. I thought it might help someone else if I wrote a few sentences supporting wellness, which I found personally useful in the confusion and isolation of the times. I continued each day, only a few minutes of writing and posting. People started reading, and commenting. It helped me. It seemed to help others. People said it was as if I was writing to them personally, with profound and synchronous communication. The writing gradually changed in style from factual tips, to self-reflection, poetry, and inspirational suggestions. I wrote about what was vexing me, breakthroughs, breakdowns, moments of deep anguish or sorrow, elations, and ennui. I concluded the project after an astounding 1,000 continuous days of posting. A meditation on a unique time in personal and collective history. And I never ran out of something to write, even when I thought nothing would come to mind. I waited, listened, waited, almost gave up, and boom - something would come in. Typically, in less than five minutes. A meditation on trust and patience.

EMBODIED EMOTION WITH DANCING

My first language on this planet, as is true for us all, was the language of energy. Possibly the difference was I carried this mother tongue with me once I



learned to speak aloud. I have been intimately aware of the energy of myself and the outer world. Energy speaks in movement. Expand and contract. Connect and retreat. Ebb and flow. Stop. Wait. Collide. It is a universal language shared through weather, elements, time of day, foods, sounds, bodily changes, mind, feelings.

As a sensitive, empathic young child, the complexity of life sometimes overwhelmed me. I longed for quiet and simplicity. I found this refuge at the dance studio when I was only three. It was a wonderland. I was able to use the language of energy in a safe space with others. No agenda. No demands. Freedom of movement within a structure. Energy reigned supreme.

I still can visit that first dance class, decades later. Blinded by the light shining through the narrow window high above the dusty room, sending particles of sparkle on the creaky beige wooden floor. Enraptured with the square scarf wiggling in my hands, trailing overhead as I scampered in a circle counterclockwise around, following the tiny feet of fellow dancers. Fabric in solid yellow, blue, red, pink, and green. Like transparent flags flying above bobbing heads, tangling in messy hair, covering giggling smiles. I can hear the drum beat pounding through my ears, chest, and legs, urging me to keep up with my teacher marking the rhythm of our movement. I learned to move my body, control and release limbs, head, following the mood the music evokes. I let my body set the pace, rhythm, shapes, tone. Modern dance and Middle Eastern belly dance are my favorites. Improvisational movement is the heart of both styles of dance. Moving spirit from the inside, out.

Once a dance is made public, whether choreographed, or improvised, a sacred space emerges on stage. It emanates from the body with unique energy signatures, launched into the cosmos, joined by the audience. I dance from a place inside my heart, connecting to the heart of others. It becomes a living dynamic, pure energy exchange. No two performances are the same. I lose part of myself

in the movement, the thinking and doing. I make room for another part, the feeling and being. The essence of dance inhabits my body and I relax into the experience. It is electric, expanded, dreamlike yet real. Dance is the creative union of motion, energy, and life.

NOVEL LANGUAGE WITH PAINTING

There is a magic which happens when a paintbrush paints a painting. The artist is a passenger on the journey. I learned from my intuitive art teacher. Set an intention for a mood, image, idea. Choose the colors, and drop control of outcome. Something else takes over, a wisdom guiding the art. Unexpectedly, people, animals and shapes appear on the paper or canvas. It looks one way, until new images are recognized when the work is turned up side-down. Or when layers of paint dries. Or when erasing one part of the drawing, lifting the watercolor, painting over a section, and new images reveal themselves. A transmutation of energy occurs. Full-fledged figures presented with a single stroke of the brush. Like a magician's trick in reverse, now you don't see it, now you do. Voila!

If I am churning with an issue or reaction, I paint or draw. I am never the same afterward. Sometimes I cry, or gasp with the outcome. Sometimes I see life from a different perspective. It often happens quickly. Only a fifteen-minute drawing. Only a three-minute painting. And the next day, I am ready to refine the work, no longer attached to the original impulse. The wave passes. New light shines. Some call it light language. Unusual but familiar shapes, possibly irregular, sometimes geometric, replete with seemingly multidimensional transmissions. It may be reminiscent of ancient glyphs, or contain mystic significance, or archetypal connections. Gazing at the work evokes memories, feelings, information, shifts in subtle and physical energy. Through the intuitive art process, ancestors, guides, beings, and hidden aspects of the self and unseen worlds, find their way into the physical realm. The ancients are reborn.



CREATE FOR YOURSELF

We each have one or more links to the subtle realm through our physical bodies. Find your doorway to enjoy the communion of these energy fields. It may be through visual arts, sports, gardening, cooking or being in nature. Maybe being with people working together for a common goal, or even being in a crowd of strangers draws you into a special place where your creativity incubates and grows. The most important rule, if there is one, is to be yourself. Free from judgment, comparison, or criticism, towards yourself or others. This takes practice, love, and faith.

JUST BE

You were born with the ability to use your senses to express, receive, and transform life force energy. You did so with your first breath, first gaze, first movement. Express yourself in a space that honors your deepest self, just for the joy of it all. Take back the creative arts from a world which compares one to another. Demanding you have to be a professional to be allowed to express creativity. The truth is, if you can breathe, you can sing, in tune or not. If you have a body, you can move, awkwardly or gracefully. If you can hold a pencil, you can draw, simple shapes or with lifelike accuracy. Love your creative impulses into being, with your heart open, even when it is weak or torn. Maybe, especially then.

Our ancestors knew the healing aspects of creative embodied expression. They sang, danced, chanted, drew, painted on their own and in groups. Culture was kept alive, community thrived, collective wounds were healed, and life continued. While you have life breath inside, you can create anew. Cherish the gift of energy in life now. As paradigm busting painter Andy Warhol said, *"Don't think about making art, just get it done. Let everyone else decide if it's good or bad, whether they love it or hate it. While they are deciding, make even more art."* €



Learn more about author Lori Chortkoff Hops by visiting: www.drjudithorloff.com

FLOATING

A Poem by Lori Chortkoff Hops

How keen to float
on a boat
in the sea.
No waves
just me
and you and the sun.
It turns us
inside out
and upside down
to be water born
again.
Rocking away from
the shore,
finding the life
squeezed between
breeze and
mist and
light dancing
on the water.
The rhythm of up
and down, side
to side brings
out the music
in our muscles
and gut and
sinew, lurching
and relaxing like
the sail and the
sheets and the
straining hull.
Tossed around
like toasting
seeds, clamoring
for a foothold on
a shifting floor.
Dance with me some
more.