

The classroom is where doodling, sketching and drawing begins as an act of rebellion against authority. The imagination fuels the hand in mark making that is unexpectedly honest in registering our emotional states. We don't always know why we're making what we're making but we know we must do it.

For some, it is the place where we start to shape our sensibilities as artists. It is where we create raw unfiltered expression without even realizing it. For many, a reflection of ourselves forms between the margins of looseleaf paper, in textbooks or on the back of a test. Obeying our creative desires, we mount our first exhibition without being offered a show or inviting anyone to see our work.

After class you get to let loose on the chalkboard a bit. You're drawing yourself in a dream or imagined state. Maybe the way you feel is embodied by a character or a mysterious figure that reflects you. All you know is that it's freeing and satisfying to have surfaces inviting you to draw on them. You get a buzz from scribbling motifs and making silly gestures. There's something electric that awakens inside of you that makes you feel alive when you're drawing.

When we're activating those forces within, we get to share our true selves with the world. Our drawings get shown to our friends and others as little pieces of us. Then we can see how similar we are to each other and how drawing is a consciousness that permeates the whole room. It's really just a place to draw.

-Omari Douglin