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(S)implistic Art Lessons

Anonymous

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(S)implistic Art Lessons

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ever have I been able to pick up a brush and place pigment on paper. I don't know how to learn how. And isn't it a funny idea anyway, to learn how to create art? It seems so preposterous. After all, we learn words and customs and intonations of words and syllables. But with art, it is not so.

I have tried to use watercolor aimlessly and watch as the streaks dull and dry. I have tried to see if the unbearable lightness of color is desirable—a milky canvas barely visible. But color is dark, edgy, and modern. Of course oils and acrylics are equally beautiful. But that is...what do they call it? Personal preference?

I was taught in grade school? Certainly not to put chalk on dark construction paper or to mark on white paper to show color. Black was the absence of color, the absence of creativity—empty.

Regaled as independent wonders, as individuals, even the artists learn to stay within the lines, lest a mess be created in lieu of art.

Artists, are taught to stay within the lines too: taught that pencils are neater than pens and of simply and avidly loving writing, our hands are forced: there's a right way to write. We crumple sheets of paper that were written the wrong way.

There is beauty, yet too much moderation forces sameness, a sameness that suffocates. In an air we are expected to draw breath from and speak. From our lips we are told we accept scripts and roles easily because we're told that the world is a stage. Of course, we'd all rather be a—rather than have—character.