

Wonderings...
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I have spent much of my life wondering about art. I secretly never thought I was a real artist and had always felt like an imposter. Consequently, overcompensation was key. My articulation of art was calculated to sound intelligent. I don't intend to say that my words were not meaningful, they were just filtered or a premeditated plan was devised. I often found it difficult to articulate why I did what I did. I just knew I had to be surrounded by creativity.. Why the drive? The passion? Why the uncontrolled need to be consumed by the arts or the superficial annoyances with creating? Why the deep seeded desire to change the community and be the voice of young artists?

What is art and who has the right to define it? I really am not sure of the answer to this question. Is art a statement? Is art an expressed emotion? Is art an experiment in aesthetics? Is art a personal reflected journey? Is art an interpretation of self? To me art is all of these things. I live every day of my life as an artist; getting hit with visions for the next project. For me art is a state of mind, it is a way of life and it is the most sacred expression and divulgence of one being to another. For me art is not a 'something' but a 'way', a way in which we walk through the world. I take in the world around me, analyze the environment and respond to the shifts and visions I encounter. I strive to create work that evokes change and thoughtful approaches for a mindful existence by all who encompass it.