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February 23, 2020

Script:

Art came out of necessity for me; an outlet needed to express visually rather than verbally. That manifested into a place where I can escape into my work; my room.

My room has many functions so my studio is stored in various vans shoe boxes, ripped artbin portfolios, aardvark boxes, and in both hidden and obvious locations. My usually neat room transforms to fit the project I am working on. Whether that means dragging in huge mirrors to do self portraits, making pieces that are actually part of my room, creating still life-spaces on my desk... you get the idea.

I surround myself with things that inspire me, from my favorite books, record player, previous art projects, instruments, etc.

But I am not just confined to my room as I take my work on-the-go, and often I find myself on the bus heading toward the Lakewood Mall. I can easily practice drawing the various shops or all the people I see until they inevitably finish their shopping break/ sense that I am staring at them and leave awkwardly.

So whether I am trashing my room to make art or drawing strangers, my studio follows me.

