11/30/21

When he was a young man he had read James Joyce's "Portrait as an Artist as a Young Man" and had wanted to become an artist-- an artist in general and a writer specifically. The introduction to the book had an informative introduction that talked about this model in relation to how an artist must do their work:  
(world artist mirror artist world )  
But he had always found a block somehwere between himself and that mirror. It wasn't so simple as just setting up a mirror and looking. He'd tried to look in the mirror and work that way and had felt a notty black black between himself and that mirror. He was a step away from the world, sure, but he was trying to get back there with the use of this mirror, but he couldn't see shit and it made him feel like he did not have a fixed perspective. He wrote into notebooks. He wrote about travels. He wrote letters and emails and song lyrics and fragmented stories. How did you believe in something enoughnup front to KNOW that it would be worth the inbestment . The time, the energy, the sacrifice.  
He tried this for several decades-- low-key continuing to write as he taught English, learned Chinese, and sold luxury items. But then there was always that block, that seperation. Larry Johnson's yard of unfinished projects-- a barn, a sauna, tar paper on his trailer, "Wolf Inn" across the street. It burned down. Boonie laid down to die there. A death-- we all mourned Grandpa, Grandma, Champ.  
Obsidian stone-- black and shiny-- formed in my mind as the iconography of the block. He smoked a joint, felt terrible, suddenly had a vision of the laughing Buddha-- begins laughing himself. Win, sky, blue sky leaves.