

Good art.

I just want to make good art,
and be okay.

Pyramids with the pointy end at the bottom. The bottom two centimeters is what is, and everything else stacking upwards between the inversely exponential lines is everything else. As soon as the word count starts going up, explaining the complex simplicity of this piece splits away from the point I'm trying to make, and the oxymoron appears.

I just want to make good art. Let's get that straight.

The audience is to be for peers the same age as the author, so me. I do not want this to be overly poetic, or try to be something beautifully crafted, flowered with overdone metaphors or similes, in fear of looking like a complete tool. If I were ashamed to show the piece to peers, due to an attempt in showering it in grammatical decorations, then the piece would be a fail and unrepresentative of what I want it to mean. You can't force beauty into a 7th form essay via the likes of thesaurus.com.

I know that.

I just want to make good art.

Write spoken words and speak them right. Somehow mix statement of intents with the curriculum standards and personal poems. Write letters to my shoulder angels and mis-angels.

I've gotta bring back this vase of truth and beauty. How can writing be true and therefore beautiful if it needs to be good to be marked to a standard though? Painting and making whatever I reckon is cool for no particular reason at all. That'd be ace. But oh the irony the irony the irony.

I just want to make good art.
And say it without the slight hitch in my breath.

The hormones screwing you over, internal struggles, relationship complexities, general dynamics of working stuff out, not hurting anyone whilst trying not to be hurt yourself....so complex it is almost impossible for someone to get behind it and nutshell it into a piece of writing. Complex in the way that if you try bring the complexity to light through writing a poem say...you look like a tool punching too high above your academic and philosophical line. Pyramids with the pointy end at the bottom.

I yearn to squander it. With that same heart that carries the urge to squash animals into my arms affectionately and desperately and hold them in a sweat like blood surge heavy frantic frenzy. Gigil. The same heart that is squandered by adolescence himself.

So I just want to make good art and be okay.

The not being able to get anything right and perfect. The yearning to be “good”. The wanting to make art that doesn’t follow rules. Just find a balance between them. Craft a piece so simple it could slip under the radar as a makeshift to do list, yet also somehow capture everything I want it to say in this sublime perfection of a piece...Perfect art..

It will pretend to be funny, but really it’ll probably be really really darn sad.

It will remedy that idea of existing and being beautiful. Truth and beauty.

It will mould old vases into novels, to be poured over by the likes of Matisse and read on Venus’ moons.

I know of an American artist, Tony Conrad. I’ve been trying to find his documentary for ages now. “*Completely in the Present*”. But no one’s heard of the man or his movie. I think I hope if I find it it will wake me up. He shall funnel his genius into my heart and I shall funnel that heart to excellence endorsement and satisfaction of art. If you know where I can find it, please let me know.

I just want to make good art.

I want to make myself so proud I swell into a puffer fish of shining blazers and badges.

I just want to be so happy.

Mould old vases into novels and albums of truth to fill galleries. Be a brilliant brilliant artist who loves their work and doesn’t care to put it up for criticism. Live in golden honey and love and live. Cut people out, paste them into books. Take photos on black and white film of my sister and aunt and uncle and grandma and mates and dogs and furniture and paintings and walls in my house.

just make good art .

I'll make art so sick I will be so happy.

I'll make myself so proud I swell into a puffer fish of shining blazers and badges.

I'll be so happy.

If I were a credited author, such as of the likes of David Mitchell....I would find myself in a different position. Not facing the ironic bias of having to write about the struggles of adolescence and the pressing criticism one experiences constantly, whilst simultaneously being one. With green green envy, I look to Mitchel and every other established author in the world; even those who names are of my peers and so talented in their practice I believe they are secretly 10 years above us all.

I will make good art.

And I will be okay.