

Make Life Not Art

So far the greatest accomplishments of my life are starting a sound art gallery in 1989 and being a father starting in 1990.

So much of my life is consumed by being a parent that it seems like there is little time for much else. Nevertheless I have done and continue to do many other things. I don't know how it is possible to remain so naive while living in New York City since 1978, but somehow I am still surprised that it took me so long to accept that I was an artist, whatever that is. I remain on the outskirts of the music and art world while living here in New York which is of course one of the centers of western culture today. I had begun writing about my life in art on the computer earlier this year but I never went back and read it and a recent hard drive crash lost whatever it is I had to say. So now I begin again with the realization that perhaps my biggest accomplishment in this life is the raising of my daughter Luna who is now 15 $\frac{3}{5}$ years old. I should add: connected to that and vital to that endeavor is the successful and satisfying relationship to my partner and Goddess on Earth-Andrea- after many years of turbulent, messy though sometimes wonderfully exciting but ultimately unsatisfying relationships. What inspired me to start writing this is the realization that my campaign of Make Life Not Art which was a slogan at the Generator Sound Art Gallery in the East Village came into full fruition with the birth of Luna on August 16, 1990 - long before I recognized my self as an artist and even before I knew much about art history, Fluxus and all that. Without having gone to art school or even thinking of art school, without ever having even been to an art museum until I was 18 and without the dream or even the awareness of the existence of the possibility of being an artist - I have lived an artistic life as full and as broad as an artist. I feel strange writing that but its true. I took accounting in high school and was prepared for Business school when I enter college without a single thought to anything else - until the last day of high school when Mr Collins my English teacher and the only teacher I had any relationship with asked me what I was going to study in college. When i told him Business Administration he acted surprised and told me he thought I had such a passion for poetry we had taught in class. I thought about his comment for 2 seconds and two days later changed my major from Business Administration to Modern Poetry.