



Night Moves

The new webcam that I set up a couple of weeks ago is turning out to be a lot of fun. I tell you, it will be such a fount of ideas for these stories - I am going to really have to be careful not to overdo it!

If you didn't catch the story where I talked about the new webcam, I can bring you up-to-date by simply mentioning that the Woodblock Webcam - the video view of my workbench - has now become live full-motion video, far more interesting than the 'stop motion' shots that it was previously.

It has become apparent though, that being 'Live on Air' all the time while I work does have drawbacks, and one of these is that I have to remember that because people are watching, I am no longer free to behave the same way that I would were I 'alone'. Now that's actually not so difficult, because I am basically a well-behaved polite guy anyway, and don't make too many extraneous 'noises'. The other morning though, I just couldn't stop *yawning* while I worked, and this soon caught the attention of at least one of the viewers, who posted a message on the webcam 'chat' board, asking if I were getting enough sleep these days.

I assured him that I was (for the most part), and that my apparent sleepiness was due to my burning a little bit too much of the 'midnight oil' the previous evening.

What had I been doing? Well, there's a story there ...

This story though, is not about me, but is one that I heard told about Michelangelo the sculptor. Whether or not is it true I have no idea, and now that I give it some thought, it seems more like a Hollywood episode than anything else, so I certainly don't vouch for its truthfulness.

Back when Michelangelo was a young man, he served as an apprentice in the workshop of an experienced sculptor. He wasn't alone there, as there were a number of young men also training together, all - of course! - intending to become the 'next big thing'. One morning, one of the young men was making an extravagant show of his sleepiness, being unable to control his yawning, and all the while making sure to let everybody know just why he was so 'exhausted'. It was all something to do with a certain young lady of his acquaintance ...

Michelangelo listened to all this, becoming more and more exasperated, and finally losing his patience, shouted at the man, "What is all this nonsense?! Do you want to call yourself a sculptor? Do you want to do great work?"

And he followed this with an absolutely classic line, "What you put into the ladies at night, can not go into your work in the morning!"

Just how the young man responded to this is not recorded, but the fact that we no longer remember his name, but *do* remember Michelangelo, perhaps tells us all that we need to know!

But now that I have told you this little story, I have to be very quick to add that I have a completely above-board excuse for my own sleepiness that morning. As you know, I run my little company here pretty much alone, and I had spent the prior evening very busy in ... programming some updates to my website. Time passes very quickly when doing such work, and it is not uncommon for me to be climbing the stairs to my sleeping place at somewhere 'around' two in the morning.

But do you think it might be true that 'What you put into the programming at night, can not go into your printmaking in the morning'?

I wonder!

David Bull
Seseragi Studio
Nagabuchi 8-4-5 Ome City
Tokyo Japan 198-0052
<http://astoryaweek.com>