

3 Tales

When Lego® Defines You

What your favorite childhood toy might say about you.

by Neale Sournia

My guy is famous. Not a little famous, like I am but a *lot* famous. I don't mention that right off to incur jealousy or envy, I say it because it's a fact. He wanted to pursue certain things in his career, plus he looks a certain way, and talks a certain way, which all adds up in some weirdly exponential and bizarre way as world fame. Get this. My natal horoscope says that the guy I'd hook up with would be highly noticeable. Well, that's bloody true!

My Kick is away on biz, meeting and greeting and glad handing somewhere in the world, and I am feeling whatever I feel when he's far away and it's late and I'd sooner he'd be right here, skin to skin with me. I half watched one of those shows that seem to come on late night about famous people or their humongous homes. This one was a clip show as the host asked each different star, of whatever they were a star of, about what was their fave toy as a child.

A famous actress known for her lanky clothes horse beauty said, "Barbie®." Figures. I could've answered that one, and I've never even met her.

My guy, however, said, "Lego's," and smiled all warm and stuff in memory. Hmm.

It was a good question that, and a very good answer. I wished I'd thought to ask it. Especially, since it made me think. And when he's absent from me I have plenty of time for that.

Hmm. Lego's.

I'm thinking I never knew he had those as a kid, or had played with a friend's set way back in the when. And yet a stranger, a host, knew this about him long before I accidentally stumbled over this clip because of my insomnia from missing him. Hm. And harrumph.

I'm also thinking Lego's are interlocking squares and that my significant guy is no square. A bit old-fashioned but not a square because his humor and his outstanding mind are too out there. Which is great because so are mine. That damnable ten second show clip bothered me a tad, and then I slept on it and it sort of filtered down deep, as such curious things do for me, and woke me in mid dark morn with this math realization: Leggy

actress = Barbie = Yes, of course, duh. And so therefore, my Kick = Lego's = Yes, of course, and duh, you stupid girl.

You see my Kick—I do say “my” a lot, how possessive of me about him—my Kick is a craftsman; an artist with a constructionist's eye. That does sound like a Lego man grown up from a Lego child who's good with his hands; of which I can attest. He wasn't always a stellar crafts maker in his chosen profession, not in his younger days, but he wasn't the most horrible, no matter what anyone says. And now that he's pretty deep on in his career, he's gotten great enough to do what he does with the most decorated, venerable, and award-winning of his kind. Now, he couldn't do that if he stunk big time.

Granted he is a major money draw and sometimes money success isn't artistic success, and then there's this whole out of control fame thing. Do you know that he threw up out of a car once, and it made the damn news. Ew. Why? I throw up all the time.

Knowing my guy.

He has a method to what he does and a thoroughness at which others, not as well-grounded or thorough, don't understand and scoff. As if he were some ditz trying to make importance where there is none. One's work and especially one's life is always important. Kick is a performer whose performances are so subtly well-crafted that, to my utter frustration on his behalf, he gets abused by critics and naysayers because he doesn't make what he does seem hard, or stagy, or over the top.

He is the essence of whatever he does, built square by square, unit by interlocking unit and finishing piece, like an elegant Taj Mahal made all from Lego pieces.

I saw a Taj like that once, and there are pictures on the Net of same. How incredibly difficult and dedicated and artistic did that person have to be to do that? And how many people volunteered to tell him he was a yutz for making such a beautiful thing. Granted, I hope his kid or his hamster didn't starve from lack of food or attention while daddy built it, but y'know....

Every perfect piece in place.

There is beauty in what Kick does, an honest ruthlessness that I respect, of doing what he needs to do even if others don't quite or ever get it or wax on and on for years to denigrate it. Time nearly always confirms that Kick's right, even when it looked like he'd fail, or they thought he'd take the easy money and he didn't, as he took the bizarre, artistic gig and made millions of fans and millions of cash for himself and many someone elses.

He is the Lego Master with every odd little note of character or moment or sound and tone he has control of now as part of his instrument, of him as a total performer. And I am in awe of that because I, as a writer and publisher of my own works, can go back

anytime to change and reissue what I did before; his work stands as is. Remixes, mashups, and clip shows notwithstanding.

The test for me is that I can put copies of his performances in the machine, one after the other, in the time order in which he created each and, like a time lapse video, consume each from first done to most recent.

Each time I do this, I discover a new layer of how he's discarded what doesn't work for him and added and built onto what does, while he crafts beauty or repulsion, whatever the piece requires, with skills that I myself have none of. He chooses from a wide palette that is now at his expert disposal. Bits that once stood alone, as virtually nothing of interest, until my Kick carefully, diligently chose his tools and materials and then crafted beauty, and put another piece of the world in balance.

From simple clip show to deep, earnest thought and feelings, I am touched by his skills and earnestness to learn and stretch and try the new and resurrect the classic old. I love this the most about him, even more than his considerable physical appeal, but most especially because he chose a small, obscure bit that was far outside his normal realm and went out of his way to woo it and to fit it into his well-crafted life in order to make it, to make *her* his own, and a part of him. Of course, that bit, that her he chose was me, and therefore Lego's rule.