My Life is Illmatic

Last night I attended the one night only showing of the documentary “Time is Illmatic” surrounding the creation and motivation of rapper Nas’s critically acclaimed album “Illmatic”. Although this documentary had many introspective and educational clips, what stood out for me (aside from his brother Jungle’s award winning presence in ANY scene he was in), was that, this album came out in 1994 and only sold roughly 59,000 copies (a HUGE disappointment by those days standards). 20 years later, not only are we still talking about it….it’s still SELLING! Yes, in an age where it’s all about first week numbers and instant gratification/recouping of funds, this album of again 20 YEARS is STILL selling and is currently at roughly 1.6 million copies sold!

Often times, I criticize myself in regards to time. I feel this unearthly/uncontrollable pressure and urge to focus on how long it is taking me to complete a task, and how profitable it is. Maybe that’s the accountant side of my brain concerned with efficiency, or maybe it’s something else. I once heard my generation (born in ‘87) referred to as the “fast food” generation where we don’t care as much about quality but quantity. With this new age of YouTube and the internet pumping out entertainment, ideas, and content every minute, I can only imagine the level of urgency the generation after me feels. Because of this documentary, I can no longer subscribe to this idea of time, as it’s a relative term and anything I want to create, I want it to be great forever.

Moving forward, my only concern is if I feel comfortable with the work I’m putting out to the public. Perfection is something I’ll never be able to attain, but I can achieve comfort. Similar to self-awareness, you have to truly appreciate yourself, until you can then accept appreciation from others. I have to be okay with the idea that in this time, in this hour, in this minute, my idea may not be well received, but this hour doesn’t dictate the future. Things can change for the better or for the worst with the flip of a butterfly’s wing, and when that change happens, I want my ideas and ideals to remain constant at the core. I refuse to box myself into ‘now’ because my time is, and always has been, Illmatic.