Masculinity is Stunt Magic

David Blaine buried himself alive. David Blaine held his breath and then counted to infinity. David Blaine caught a bullet in his teeth. He’s always chasing a white whale. I thought it might end like Grizzly Man, but no, David Blaine didn’t die in the Garden, lacerated his throat raw. No doctor can tame him No friend can dissuade David Blaine. He hides cards inside Han Solo’s fruit. He made Kanye smile. He gulped down David Beckham’s wedding ring. David Blaine made Drake wince harder than Rihanna curbing him. Ashy Larry called him Satan. David Blaine once read a mean tweet about himself that said he looked like his voice was putting his face to sleep. but he pulls the trigger himself, because he doesn’t want to put that on someone else again. He knows this way is less tragedy, more farce. He calls his daughter before bedtime and talks to her about Belugas and the regular magic of evolution or extinction. It’s not that I want what he has so much as the permission he’s granted. He showed George W Bush a trick like tying a balloon animal at a kid’s birthday and the next thing you know they could find passports but not the black boxes. David Blaine could
be Rasputin, a sorcerer laid in state, but he’s on TV puking frogs into Steph Curry’s wine glass for the gram because he read a book about a man who made his stomach an aquarium.

He wants to be an ecosystem buried in so much water, clawing his way into or out of wonder like a stranger in a small town gathering suspicion, puffing his chest and choking a white whale from his notorious throat.