

some paintings bring. It would seem that an artist is extremely well-paid, but, alas, the painters of these pictures have long since been dead, and probably died of starvation at that. Maybe an artist is never very successful alive. You will probably find, if you know artists personally, that even though they may have a certain fame, their bread and butter comes from sources other than their paintings. Your grocer is usually much more of a financial success than the artist.

As far as the public believes, the artist's morals are something out of Boccaccio. From the pulp magazines to some of the better novels, he is chosen as a deep-dyed villain. The general impression is that he spends most of his time in ultra smart penthouses plying maidens with strong liquors with intent on their virtue. He has taken the place of the cruel landlord of the old Victorian melodrama — treacherous, sneering, but with a dash of sophistication for our modern public. He isn't a normal individual; he's a heel. The artist's work has become a byword. "Come up and see my etchings" or variations on that theme have become quite a well-known caption of cartoons in the bawdier magazines. How did all these immoral impressions start? I'd really like to know. I know dozens of artists who are married and live happy, normal lives in much the same manner as the average American family, but you seldom hear of them. Penthouses and strong

liquors are far too expensive a luxury for any of the artists I know — but I have had the experience that people, and especially girls, become wary and strained when they hear of my profession. I suppose that some of the immoral part of the legend has grown up because of the public attitude on drawing from the nude. Mr. Public doesn't seem to understand the difference between the words *nude* and *naked*. Every artist has had sly, or even lewd, inquiry on models in life classes and is supposed to put up with these personal insults, both to himself and to the model, with good humor. Any true explanation as to the impersonal attitude between artist and model is laughed off or silently disbelieved.

Yes, pity the poor artist. In spite of all these drawbacks he has stuck to the game through starvation and adversity, and loved it. Many of my friends, and even I, knew what we were getting into when we selected a career, but those of us who were really interested in art have left the chosen pathway only long enough to make sufficient money to continue along it. Our morals are average; our pocketbooks are empty; we work hard at our painting in spite of general ideas to the contrary. It seems to me that the trials and tribulations of the profession are enough without unjust darts being thrown at its followers, so let's take pity on the artist and stick to facts; I, personally, will rejoice.

SOLILOQUY AT DUSK

BOB HARRIS

Turn low the lights
Half shut the shutters
Seek out the comfort
Of your favorite easy chair
And there

In the intermingled mists
Of lights and of shadows
I shall relate to you
The story
Of Robert Lee

It isn't
An unusual story
It isn't
Intended to be
It isn't
A story of fireflies and of starlight
It isn't
Intended to be

It's a story
Of beliefs
A story
Of ideals, of power, and of truth
Of thunder and of lightning
It's written
In a different world, a florid world
That smells assertively
Of columbine and roses
Or printers' ink and gunpowder

As you read my story
You may
Take it with a laugh
With a shrug of the shoulders
You may
Take it or leave it
As you please

Today
I am thinking . . . today
I am standing atop
The World War Memorial
Today
I am thinking of today
I am seventeen years old
I shall not be eighteen for another year

Today
I am thinking . . . of today
I am happy now
Because I am alone
I like to be alone—
In good company
Today
I am thinking . . . of today
Someone told me today

That I like to be in a minority of one
I do
Because it makes others look at me
I like others to look at me
It's in my blood

Today
I am thinking of today
I was measured today
I am five feet ten inches tall
I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds
My teeth are in good shape
My feet have fallen arches
My heart is none too strong
My hair is a dirty, mud-colored blonde
I am disgusted with my physical self

Today
Today
I am thinking . . . of today
I don't believe in money
Possessions are superfluous
Friends are only good —
For borrowing money

Today
I am thinking of today
I like college
I like it because
No one makes me do anything
I feel free as the bird that flies
I feel free as the wind that howls and
scampers
And then . . . dies

Today
I am thinking . . . of today
Tomorrow
I shall be thinking . . . of tomorrow!