

Art Class

by Jake Barnes

My art teacher hates Salvador Dali. He goes nuts when somebody mentions his name. My art teacher is a nice little man. He's chubby and not very tall and he has a bristly little mustache.

I don't know why he hates Dali. Maybe he had a run in with the man. Or maybe he thinks Dali is a fake. That his art isn't art.

I wonder what the model thinks. The model takes off her clothes and poses nude for our class. We draw her likeness on paper. Not everyone in the class would claim to be an artist, me for one. I wish I could draw and paint, but I can't. I'm a word guy. I like to write. I like to draw, too, but I'll never be an artist. Even a commercial artist. My major is journalism, but I am thinking of switching to English. I love to read.

I have no skill with a pencil or chalk, so what I use in the art class is ink, water colors, and a sponge. I wet the paper. My sketches are abstract, and the professor seems to be pleased with what results. He encourages me. So does the model. On her breaks she looks at the images I have made on the paper and smiles and nods her head.

I really like my art class. It is the highlight of my day. I like my other classes, too, especially English, but life drawing is my favorite. The professor is a good fellow, and the model, well what can I say about the model? I have never seen a naked woman before, except my mother of course. When the model stands next to me and looks at my drawing I get nervous. I feel funny. I wonder if this is what it feels like to be in love.

