

# i'm a REAL artist

BY ELIEZER SOBEL



I'm a real artist.  
I love all the colors in my  
paint set. Sometimes I  
use a brush and  
sometimes my  
fingers.

>>>  
I can draw anything I  
want to in the whole  
wide world: This is a  
horse riding on the  
swings in my backyard.



Sometimes I just like to play with all the colors and  
nobody knows what it is—not even me!  
I just blob my brush in the paint and slosh it on  
the paper any which way. I never know what I'm going  
to do next. When one color runs over another color,  
I get a new color!  
If someone asks me what it is, I just say "I don't  
know, what do you think it is?"

>>>  
I can put myself in my paintings, and do  
anything I want to: This is me driving an  
ice-cream truck. I think I'll give myself  
some sunglasses and a triple-scoop  
cone—vanilla, chocolate and strawberry.  
And a dog riding on the roof!



Today I think I'll swing from the  
moon and jump into a cake! Or make  
my cat climb a tree that grows  
apples, bananas and clocks!

>>>  
If I'm really mad about something, I make angry  
paintings. Or if I'm sad, my paintings cry too. I hang  
them in my room along with all the other paintings.  
I love to lie in my bed and look at all the colors and  
all the imaginary places I have created on  
plain old white paper.  
I'm a real artist.

# dispensable teachings



BY EDDIE GREENBERG

“Life is a short day...but it's a working day”  
— Gurumayi Chidvilasananda

Do you know what they call Miles Davis in  
France? Kilometers Davis.

I think I'm the only person ever to have a panic attack at a George Winston concert.

Conversation overheard at a faculty meeting in a Seattle High School: “Why don't we form a committee to develop a plan that will expedite and facilitate the process of exploring the early stages of completing the application for the grant, and since we have so much on our agenda this week, let's table the suggestion until our next meeting.” (I didn't make this up.)

Choose next  
month's mustache:



I started out in therapy 25 years ago because they told me I had no self. So I developed a self, and now they tell me the road to enlightenment is to have no self, so I'm looking at 25 more years of therapy to get rid of myself, and I just hope they don't change their minds again, because basically all that has happened in the last quarter of a century is that I personally bought my therapist a timeshare in Cancun.

Yearn baby, yearn.

“We cannot solve our problem of separation for the same reason we cannot blow out a picture of a candle.” — Stewart Emery

**EDDIE GREENBERG IS EXPERIENCING TEMPORARY WELL-BEING AND CONSEQUENTLY IS NO LONGER FUNNY. HE IS AVAILABLE FOR BAR-MITZVAHS, WEDDINGS AND KUMBHA MELAS. Pheddievag@aol.com.**

