



Art Can Be Painful

Susan Rizzo

Dr. Murutes was my Art teacher. The night I went to his office to get information on my independent study, this happened: I pulled into the parking lot, put the car in park and turned it off. My car lurched forward and bumped into a cement base holding up a light pole. My mouth hit the steering wheel and my upper lip began to swell. When I got to his office, I was in pain and my lip kept swelling. He came in and said, "What happened to you?" I told him, and we both started laughing. I suppose my embarrassment made me laugh to be in such a situation. He kindly went and got me some wet paper towels to press against my lip. I was greatly relieved when our meeting was over.