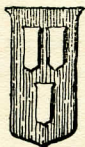




highlights



Highlights



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LIGHT ON HIGHLIGHTS

A HIGHLIGHT is a concentrated light, always to be found on the light side of things, never on the dark. It is the accent which enlivens the object on which it plays.

It is most cosmopolitan, most impartial. It caresses with equal ardor all things, animate and inanimate: babes, bugs, barrels, beggars, maids, ad infinitum.

Girls try to smother the merry highlights with powder, but they will provokingly shine on.

These particular "Highlights" will try to give the highlights on your activities, aspirations and perspirations. They will light on you and on your tears of despair and joy.

HAMMER AWAY

If, after a brilliant spell of drawing and painting, when it seemed as though Rembrandt would have to step off his pedestal in your favor, you hit an excruciating spell and everything you do is execrable—don't wince. Stick with it till you pull out. You will eventually.

It is the anvil on which you are hammered into better shape. All the successful artists have experienced, and

are experiencing, the same thing. They, too, relate their progress from fire to anvil, anvil to fire, and fire to anvil.

It is a most disheartening, discouraging ordeal, but it is what makes or breaks you. Stick it out.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF AN ART STUDENT

August 2—Started school. It's fine. Many peachy girls. My heart whirled like a windmill in a tornado. I wish Joe could be here to see the swell antiques—Mr. Meyer and some of the girls.

August 3—Getting on fine. Haven't got well acquainted yet. Fell in love with three girls. I don't know what their names are yet.

August 4—Progressing well. Myrtle has such gorgeous eyes. Her soul seems to pour right out into mine. I think I like her best. She is my inspiration.

August 5—Art is great. Helen posed in sketch and I could adore her all I wanted. She has such a lovely complexion and such wonderful lips. I wonder if she cares for me.

August 6—Ruthe has the most entrancing smile and is my ideal girl. I wish she would smile only at me—forever. I'm sure she loves me. She sat next to me in pen and ink and liked my "technic" very much.

August 7—Working hard. I'm sure that I love Alma the best of them all. She inspires me more. Besides, she has a swell car and might give me a ride sometime.—F. G.

THE FUTURE OF PUBLICITY

BY GLENN WESSELS

THE influx of educated workers into the advertising field is one of the notable changes in the business world during the past decade. It is only necessary to look into the advertisement sections of old and new magazines to realize the change to an infinitely higher standard. Even the maligned billboard now lays claim to artistic recognition, whereas it was not long ago considered an eyesore. What is the future of this new practical art and science?

"Publicity" is a term that has well-nigh lost its meaning by misapplication. Various authorities have used various phrases: "the interpretation of a character, a product or an idea," "the science of creating true impressions," "the creation of mutual understanding and therefore confidence." These are statements of the ideals of the new type of publicist (the very fact that he *has* ideals above that of bread and butter distinguishing him as a new type!)

The ad man is not necessarily a parasite. Sincerity of purpose and serious study have made him as essential to modern business as the actual manufacturies. His office is the creation of a feeling of need where there is need without the feeling. He helps the world choose what it buys. The practice of gulling as many as possible into buying he has found not profitable. He has found that a satisfied customer is the reliable support, therefore he must be sincere in his statements and in the impressions he conveys by his illustrations and decorations. It is evident that a wrong impression is apt to be considered

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an out-and-out lie. What knowledge must he have to give him complete power of truthful expression?

It is recognized that artistic and literary ability are essentials, but if the art be mere meaningless decoration and the words mere euphonious expressions, the ad man will miss his purpose.

First he must find where the need lies for what he has to sell. Among the sick or the well, among the bricklayers or the bookkeepers? There are occupational classes galore, each with its trade slang, its general prejudices and beliefs. Or his product may have a regional appeal, or even a racial interest. Any class of people may be advertised to in terms of their common interest. All humanity divides itself into mental types with different mental reactions.

The effect of certain color schemes and form arrangements upon these various types are phases of psychology necessarily interesting. Through long association the human race has come to find certain meanings in certain colors and forms when connected with certain ideas. Even in an abstract way, an indefinite arrangement of lines may convey a distinct impression of grandeur, or refinement, or strength or other such feeling. These meanings are modified regionally and racially, according to the sum of common experience. The individual reactions, due to purely individual experience, are of value only as they exemplify the type. Copy, illustration, decoration, lettering, all must be determined by the meaning to be conveyed and by the understanding of the class appealed to. The deep understanding of human nature, combined with knowledge of art technique and the possibilities of reproduction, makes the great publicist of the future.

For the artist there can be no greater work than the interpretation of the true inwardness of an advertised product in terms which meet the desired customer on his own understanding. His whole work takes on a significance greater than the vague ideal of beauty. There is need of delicacy of feeling, absolute sincerity, scientific study and thorough understanding. The publicist will stand as the great peacemaker, the great creator of confidence and mutual understanding between classes of the future.

Futurist (and Impossible) Pictures

Picture Marty in a barber's chair,
Picture the barber cutting his hair,
Picture the hair all over the place,
Picture the look on Marty's face.

That hero, "Beau Brummell" Ker,
Fell for a beautiful tutor;
She left for L. A.,
South far away,
Now he sighs for sunshine and her.

"Get Bee—ze—e"

Marty, come fix this,
Marty, come fix this,
Marty come fix this little boy.

I've fixed him behind,
I've fixed him before,
And I've fixed him so often
I can't fix heem no more.

ART AND EGO

BY FRANK GERITZ

IN a world of egotists, the artist is possibly the greatest. He needs be if he would succeed. He, or rather his ego, must always believe in his talent, his superiority and ultimate success. It is possible that in ratio that his ego is developed, plus his ability to work, that he succeeds as an artist.

As a beginner, his admiration and worship of the work of senior students and old masters rouses his ego to say that he will be able to surpass the former shortly and equal the latter ultimately.

When his eyes see more and his clumsy hands respond more readily, he realizes that the skill of the seniors is farther off than he thought. Here his ego consoles him by showing him all who are less talented than he, there being many such in his mind, and then spurs him on to equal and best the skilled seniors.

Even though he may despair at times of attaining the skill which would content his soul and be an artist, his ego will persist in telling him, he will.

On realizing that he can't best the "geniuses," his ego will keep him at work by making excuses. It says: "Well, you have a different style, strong and powerful like Brangwyn's or Bellows'. They've been at it longer. They have more training. They are designers while you are a painter."

When by chance or thought he evolves a method of painting, or drawing peculiarly his own, and which radically differs from accepted methods, his ego will uphold him, saying his theory is best, and will offer reams of argument to confirm it.

Even when his stuff won't sell, is ignored or repudiated, his ego will tell him all are jealous, crazy and do not know and can't appreciate art.

If his ego is strong enough, the chances are he will win out in the end, be acclaimed a genius, receive fame, honors, medals, and his pictures will sell at fabulous prices—when he is dead.

SPECULATIONS

BY ROBERT BUTLER

First Student—What's that she said?

Second Student—In the shadow of that yellow jar is purple and green, and in that blue dish, grey russet. I think she is seeing things.

First Student—Well, see the outline of that plate. She says to put it in with dots and dashes, saying: "Now you see it, now you don't." I see it all the time.

Second Student—The teachers are a queer bunch. I notice that a lot wear "specs." I guess they have to, to see all that funny stuff.

First Student—Yes, that must be it. That fellow who teaches oil painting, he can see bright yellow in rusty lead and every colored thing looks reversed colors to him. And did you notice, the "specs" he wears are so artistic?

Second Student—Then again, I heard that guy who teaches us perspective say (he also wears glasses), "If two parallel lines were extended they would meet." Doesn't that beat the Dutch? Euclid never taught me that.

First Student—Oh, this is modern art, and I guess to be real artists we shall have to get a pair of those artistic specs.

MIRTHFUL HIGHLIGHTS

Mr. Nahl was explaining to his class that the length of a woman's foot corresponded with the width of her waist. Charles Shockey, after cogitating deeply for a few moments, remarked: "Gee, I'll have to look at a woman's foot in the future to know whether I can hug her or not."

Teacher (R. L. F.), encouraging student: "Just start all over again. Every time you work over a design it makes you that much stronger."

Hawk: "Gee, I must be a regular Samson by now."

"Oh, Doris!" gasped Mildred Hansen, reaching the top stair, puffing a good deal, "my breath comes in little short pants."

Shirlie: "There's a draft in this room."

Zella: "Well, darling, shut the window."

Mr. Dinsdale jumped up immediately and banged down the window.

Elinor Calnen: "I'd never want to come to life unless I had some anatomy."

He Blew His Blues Away

Wessels was a Piper's son,
He learned to pipe when he was young.
The only tune he really knew
Was about an "Alcoholic Blue."

Instruments of Torture

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If instrumental doesn't get you,
Mechanical must.

~~postergraph~~
~~Cc~~